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English Verse

EDITED BY

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13

TRANSLATIONS

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INTRODUCTION.

THE affluent of Translation cannot be said to have added its volume to the stream of English Verse until the first quarter of the sixteenth century, although it had been preceded by two or three centuries by a flood of paraphrase of metrical romances of French origin. It was the outflow of two springs, separated by fifty generations of mankind, one rising from the heart of a pagan poet in the Rome of Augustus, the other from the heart of a Christian poet in the Scotland of James the Fourth. The Scottish poet, Gawain Douglas, was the son of Archibald Douglas, historically known as the Great Earl of Angus, and popularly known as Bell-the-Cat. Born about the beginning of 1475, Gawain Douglas was liberally educated for the church, and is thought to have made the tour of the Continent, as was then and later the fashion with the young gentlemen of England and Scotland. His first preferment on entering into holy orders was to be Provost of the Collegiate Church of St. Giles, in Edinburgh, a place of great dignity and revenue, and to this appointment was afterward added the rectory of Hawick, and the abbey of Aberbrothick. Abbot, rector, and provost,

he found, or made, leisure in which to cultivate the courtly Muse, and before the close of the century had translated Ovid's Art of Love, and had begun, if he had not finished, two original allegorical poems, The Palice of Honour, and King Hart.

Apart from its poetic merit, which is considerable, The Palice of Honour is noteworthy on account of the promise made therein by the poet to translate the *Æneid.* This translation, the first metrical one of any classic into the English tongue, was begun in his thirty-seventh year, and, carried on stoutly for sixteen months, was finished in July, 1513, about two months before the battle of Flodden. A fatal field, and long remembered by the great Scottish families whose ancestors perished there, it was disastrous to our learned ecclesiastic, whose two elder brothers were borne away by the wild waves of that lost battle, and were followed within the twelvemonth by their stricken father, who died of grief at their loss. The title and estates of the old Earl descended to his grandson Archibald, whom Queen Margaret, the widow of the dead king, married before the year of her mourning was over. Among others who were slain at Flodden was the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, to whose see the Queen Regent straightway nominated Gawain Douglas, and entreated the Pope to confirm her nomination. He refused to do so, and appointed Forman, Bishop of Moray, to the vacancy. The chapter, however, had a mind of their own, and, approving neither of Forman nor of Douglas, chose Hepburn, Prior of St. Andrew's. "Douglas gained a step on his rivals, by what is generally considered a great step in law, obtaining possession. With a con-

siderable body of retainers, he seized on the castle of St. Andrew's; but Hepburn, with a greater force, soon succeeded in expelling him, and retained the place till Forman appeared with the Earl of Home, and ten thousand men at his back, when he thought it prudent, for an annual consideration, to forego his pretentions and allow the papal nominee to enter into undisturbed possession. Douglas, who is said to have been ashamed of the ungodly contest, made no attempt to revive his claims." In the following year (1515) the Queen and the Pope nominated him for the Bishoprick of Dunkeld, which had become vacant, and in which he had a powerful competitor in Stewart, a brother of the Earl of Athol, who was elected by the chapter. The Duke of Albany had now become Regent in place of the Queen, and on the charge of having illegally procured a bull from the Pope he caused Douglas to be imprisoned for more than a year. Finally released and reconciled with the Regent, he was consecrated Bishop of Dunkeld, but could only obtain possession of the episcopal palace by the aid of an armed force, which compelled Stewart to capitulate. A strife of parties, lay and cleric, which need not be gone into here, compelled Bishop Douglas to seek refuge in England, where he was pensioned by Henry the Eighth, and where in 1522 he died in London of the plague.

Warton professed to admire Bishop Douglas's translation of Virgil, which he declared was executed with equal spirit and fidelity, and it was to him a proof that the Lowland Scotch and English languages were nearly the same at the time it was written. No later writer has shared this opinion, which Warton himself could not

have entertained seriously, nor long, for when he proceeded to make an extract from one of the good Bishop's prologues he deemed it advisable to follow it with an Anglicised version in prose. The readers of sixteenth century verse who can understand what Warton has quoted from Douglas, without a glossary, have made a tolerable advance toward philology. A few lines will probably determine the proficiency of those who may honor this sketch with a perusal:

> "As fresche Aurore, to mychty Tithone spous,
> Ischit of her saffron bed, and euyr hous,
> In crammesy clad and granite violate,
> With sanguyne cape, the selvage purpurate,
> Unschet the wyndois of hir large hall,
> Spred all with rosis, and full of balme royall.
> And eik the hevinly portis cristallyne
> Upwarpis brade, the warlde till illumine.
> The twynkling stremouris of the orient
> Sched purpour sprayngis with gold and asure ment."

About five years before the death of the Bishop of Dunkeld, and four years after the battle of Flodden, the Earl of Surrey, who commanded the English forces on that dark September afternoon, was made the father of a son, whom he named Henry, and who inherited from him all that was best and worst in the hot blood of the Howards. Of this young nobleman, companion of a prince, cupbearer to the King, Knight of the Garter, courtier, soldier, scholar, poet, little is to be said here, except that his was the first English hand to take up the golden pen of Translation after the Scottish poet had laid it aside forever. It is the glory of Surrey that he discovered blank verse, and, more fortunate

than Douglas, that he discovered it when he sat down to turn the stately epic of Virgil into English Verse. Precisely when he made his translation of the second and fourth Books of the *Æneid* is not known, but in all probability several years before 1547, when he perished on the scaffold. Ten years after his death Tottel, the publisher, made a collection of his poems, the poems of Wyatt, and a number of fugitive pieces by other writers, and issued them in a Miscellany, which has ever since borne his name. Tottel's Miscellany was the first English anthology, and for a long time the most popular one. It passed through four editions in two months, and was reprinted seven times in the next forty years. Douglas's translation of Virgil was not published until Surrey had been dead six years, but it certainly circulated in manuscript, for a verbal comparison between certain passages in it and in his version shows that he must have read it and studied it. Between the learned prelate and the impetuous soldier the seeds of Translation were broadly sown in English literature, and from that day to this, a period of more than three centuries, they have never ceased to bring forth an abundant harvest.

The bibliography of the translators by whom Surrey was succeeded is too extensive to be entered upon here. Their name was legion, and their work for the most part awkward and uninteresting. Among the earliest of this race was Thomas Phaer, who in 1558 converted into English metre The Seaven Firste Bookes of the Eneidos of Virgill, and before his death two years later converted into the same metre the eighth, ninth, and a portion of the tenth Books; Jasper Heywood, who in

1559–60–61 translated the *Troas*, the *Thyestes*, and the *Hercules Furens* of Seneca; Barnaby Googe, who between 1560 and 1565 translated and published by instalments the twelve Books of The Zodiake of Life, written by the goodly and zealous poet Marcellus Pallingenius; Thomas Drant, who in 1566 Englished, according to the prescription of Saint Hierome, two books of Horace's Satires, and followed it up the next year with his Art of Poetry and his Epistles; George Gascoigne, who with Francis Kenwelmarshe, made, in 1566, a translation of the Jocasta of Euripides; Arthur Golding, who in 1567 translated Ovid's Metamorphoses, a worke very pleasaunt and delectable; Abraham Fleming, who in 1575 drew into plain and familiar verse the Bucolics of Virgil; Richard Stanyhurst, who in 1583 translated the first four Books of the *Æneid;* and Abraham Fraunce, who in 1588 translated the second of the Bucolics, and the Aethiopical History of Heliodorus, and in 1591 Tasso's Amintas. A few lines from the *Thyestes* of Heywood will give the reader a fair idea of what translation was in the Age of Elizabeth:

"What furye fell enforceth me
to flee th' unhappie seate,
That gape and gaspe wt greedy iawe
the flecying foode to eate?
What god to Tantalus the bowres,
where brethyng bodies dwell,
Doth show agayne? Is ought found worse
then burning thurst of hell
In lake alowe? Or yet worse plague
then hunger, is there one
In vayne that euer gapes for foode?
shall Sisyphus his stone

> That slypper restles rollyng payse
> vpon my backe be borne?
> Or shall my lymms with swyfter swynge
> of whirlwyng wheele be torne?"

Besides this augmentation of the stream of English Verse from classic sources, so far chiefly from Latin ones, there trickled into it little rills and rivulets from the song of France and Italy. Wyatt and Surrey, for example, translated a number of Petrarcha's sonnets, and Spenser rendered six of the Visions of that poet from the French of Marot, and made a blank verse translation of fifteen of Bellay's sonnets. Watson published in 1582 his Centurie of Passionate Sonnets, many of which were translations, or imitations, of Latin, Greek, French, and Italian poets, and eight years later he Englished The First Set of Italian Madrigals, not to the Sense of the original Dittie, but after the Affection of the Noate. In the following year Sir John Harrington published his translation of the Orlando Furioso.

While these poets and poetasters were educating, in their poor way, their countrymen to understand the poets of other times and tongues, the first great English Translator was maturing. Born five years before Shakespeare, at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, nothing is known of the childhood or youth of George Chapman, except that when he was about fifteen he was sent to Trinity College, Oxford, where he passed two years, with a contempt of philosophy, but in a close attention to the Greek and Roman classics. Naturally he quitted College without taking a degree. From this point there is a blank of nearly twenty years in the history of

Chapman, who seems to have found his way up to London, as Nash, and Greene, and Peele did, and to have found some kind of literary employment. To be a scholar and a poet then was a commendation to the favor of men of rank and family; the pride which to-day would resent patronage from one's superiors did not exist. There were no great booksellers until later, and consequently no princely payments for books. Authors lived as they could, generally in disreputable lodgings, often in the mansions of their wealthy friends. With rare exceptions—Shakespeare being one—their career was summed up in the melancholy line of Johnson:

> "Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail."

It is no dishonor, then, to the memory of Chapman to suppose that, like Spenser, he had his Sidney, and, like Shakespeare, his Southampton. He dedicated his first production, The Shadow of Night (1594), to his deare and most worthy friend, Master Mathew Roydon, with whom he was on such terms as to justify him in calling him "sweet Mathew," and he repeated that endearing expression a year afterward in the dedication of his second volume, Ouid's Banquet of Sence. Before the publication of this volume he was enrolled among the dramatic poets of the time, and had written his first comedy, The Blind Beggar of Alexandria, which was played by the Lord Admiral's men in the beginning of 1595, though it was not printed until 1598. This last year was an important one in the history of English Translation, the most important that had occurred since Bishop Douglas completed his translation

of Virgil, for in this year Chapman published the earliest of his Homeric translations, The Shield of Achilles, and Seaven Bookes of the Iliades of Homere, Prince of Poetes. Twelve years passed between the publication of these and that of the first twelve Books of the Iliad, and another year before the publication of the complete work. During this time Chapman wrote ten comedies and tragedies (one in conjunction with Jonson and Marston), which were played at the Rose, and Blackfriars, and were, we suppose, fairly successful, and also wrote the last four sestiads of Hero and Leander, which Marlowe left unfinished at his death. Among his friends were Shakespeare, Jonson, Daniel, and Drayton, and tradition makes him a frequenter of the Mermaid Tavern. That he shared in the wild flow of animal spirits for which it was famous is not likely; for he was of a grave and reverend character, learned, like his friend Master Jonson, but without his boisterous truculence, and without the quick, natural wit of his friend Master Shakespeare. A worthy companion of noblemen, his chief patron was Henry, Prince of Wales, whose early death was deeply lamented by so many poets, and by none more deeply than Chapman, who, in the dedication to An Epicede, or Funereal Song, which he devoted to his memory, assured his affectionate and true friend, Mr. Henry Jones, that the dismayful loss of his most dear and heroical patron, Prince Henry, had so stricken all his spirits to the earth that he would never more dare to look up to any greatness; but, resolving the little rest of his poor life to obscurity, and the shadow of his death, prepare ever thereafter for the light of heaven.

To the ten plays already mentioned Chapman now added two more, and a masque, which was exhibited by the societies of Lincoln's Inn and the Middle Temple at Whitehall, on the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth and the Palsgrave, and proceeded in the meantime with his translation of the Odyssey, of which the first twelve Books were published in or about 1614, and the last twelve about a year afterward. The Whole Works of Homer were published about 1616, and were followed in the same year by his translation of Musæus, and two years later by his translation of Hesiod. These were succeeded by The Crowne of all Homer's Workes, Batrachomyomachia, or The Battaile of Frogs and Mise, the date of which is uncertain, though the dedication to the Earl of Somerset shows (to those who remember his infamous history) that it could not have been before 1621, and in 1629 by a translation of the fifth satire of Juvenal as A Just Reproofe of a Romane Smell-feast. He died on May 12, 1634, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and was buried by the side of the Church of St. Giles's in the Fields. "Over his grave, near the south wall of the church, was soon after a monument erected, built after the way of the old Romans, by the care and at the expense of his beloved friend Inigo Jones." Such was George Chapman, Father of all the English translators of Homer.

Chapman was held in great esteem by his poetic contemporaries, young and old. Davies of Hereford addressed a poem to him as the Father of our English Poets, and Browne praised him and his translations in Britannia's Pastorals. When he was imprisoned with Marston for writing Eastward Hoe, Jonson voluntarily

shared his imprisonment, and when he published his translation of Hesiod, Jonson wrote a copy of commendatory verses upon it, in which he called him his worthy and honored friend. And Jonson spoke well of him in that famous but captious talk with Drummond, in which he freed his mind with regard to his contemporaries. He said, to be sure, that the translations of Homer and Virgil in long Alexandrines were but prose; but he also said that Chapman and Fletcher were loved of him, and that, next himself, only he and Fletcher could make a masque. Wood, who probably knew some of his younger contemporaries, describes him as a man of most reverend aspect, religious and temperate, qualities rarely meeting in a poet; and that indefatigable gatherer of literary traditions, Oldys, says that he was much resorted to in the later years of his life by young people of parts, as a poetic chronicle, but that he was very choice whom he admitted to him, and preserved in his own person the dignity of poetry.

Whatever may have been the reputation of Chapman as a translator, during his lifetime, it appears to have been eclipsed after his death by his reputation as a dramatist. Edward Phillips, the nephew of Milton (1675), had not a word of praise for his translations of Homer and Hesiod, though he admitted that he was not thought the meanest of the English poets of his time, particularly for his dramatic writings; Winstanley (1687) spoke of the fluency of his Muse, and the repute that he gained by these translations, which in those times passed as works done without compare, though in his Homer he had since been very far outdone by Mr. Ogilby, an opinion which ranks among the curiosities

of criticism, but in which he was not alone, for it was shared by Langbaine (1691), who kindly accounted for the inferiority of Chapman by ascribing it to the ill choice of his measure, to the obsolete expressions in use in his time, and to the undeniable fact that Translation was then in its infancy. But Langbaine went even further than Winstanley, for he thought that Mr. Ogilby himself had since been as far exceeded by the exact and curious pen of Mr. Hobbes. Langbaine was a fair man, however, for after declaring his adhesion to Hobbes (whose translation of Homer is probably the worst that was ever made), he proceeded to quote from an old poem entitled A Censure of the Poets, the author of which was courageous enough to think that the translators of England were as worthy of praise as her poets.

> "First reverend Chapman, who hath brought to us
> Musæus, Homer, and Hesiodus,
> Out of the Greek; and by his skill hath rear'd
> Them to that height, and to our tongue indear'd,
> That were those Poets at this day alive,
> To see their Books, that with us thus survive,
> They'd think, having neglected them so long,
> They had been written in the English Tongue."

But if the critics at the close of the seventeenth century were against Chapman, the poets were for him, for Dryden tells us that the Earl of Mulgrave and Mr. Waller, two of the best judges of the age, assured him that they could never read over the translation by Chapman without incredible transport. Dryden's own judgment was less favorable, and that of Pope was rather patronizing than just. Chapman's reputation

steadily declined throughout the eighteenth century, notwithstanding the pleasant things that Warton said about him, and was so low at the beginning of the present century that Ritson in his *Bibliographia Poetica* (1802) simply set down the names and dates of his translations of Homer and Hesiod. But the reign of the Ritsons and Langbaines and Winstanleys, and the followers of Pope and Dryden, came to an end, as far as old George Chapman was concerned, in 1808, when Lamb published his Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, an admirable book, which revived the memory of the Elizabethan and Jacobean poets, and anticipated the ripest poetical criticism of to-day. Here is what he said of Chapman: "The Selections which I have made from this Poet are sufficient to give an idea of that 'full and heightened style' which Webster makes characteristic of Chapman. Of all the English Playwriters Chapman, perhaps, approaches nearest to Shakespeare in the descriptive and didactic, in passages which are less purely dramatic. Dramatic Imitation was not his talent. He could not go out of himself as Shakespeare could shift at pleasure, to inform and animate other existences, but in himself he had an eye to perceive and a soul to embrace all forms. He would have made a great Epic Poet, if indeed he has not abundantly shown himself to be one; for his Homer is not so properly a Translation as the Stories of Achilles and Ulysses re-written. The earnestness and passion which he has put into every part of these poems would be incredible to a reader of mere modern translations. His almost Greek zeal for the honor of his heroes is only paralleled by that fierce spirit of Hebrew bigotry with which

Milton, as if personating one of the Zealots of the old law, clothed himself when he sate down to paint the acts of Samson against the Uncircumcised. The great obstacle to Chapman's Translations being read is their unconquerable quaintness. He pours out in the same breath the most just and natural and the most violent and forced expressions. He seems to grasp whatever words come first to hand during the impetus of inspiration, as if all other must be inadequate to the divine meaning. But passion (the all in all in Poetry) is everywhere present, raising the low, dignifying the mean, and putting sense into the absurd. He makes his readers glow, weep, tremble, take any affection which he pleases, be moved by words or in spite of them, be disgusted and overcome their disgust. I have often thought that the vulgar misconception of Shakespeare, as of a wild, irregular genius 'in whom great faults are compensated by great beauties,' would be really true, applied to Chapman. But there is no scale by which to balance such disproportionate subjects as the faults and beauties of a great genius. To set off the former with any fairness against the latter, the pain which they give us should be in some proportion to the pleasure which we receive from the other. As these transport us to the highest heaven, those should steep us in agonies infernal."

The current of Translation which entered the stream of English Verse in the second decade of the sixteenth century in the Virgil of Douglas, reached the close of that remarkable century, after many wild and noisy wanderings hither and thither, in the Tasso of Fairfax. Godfrey of Bulloigne, or The Recovery of Jerusalem,

was so popular in the very year in which it was published that extracts from it found a place among the specimens of celebrated poets in England's Parnassus. His poetic Majesty King James valued it above all other English poetry, and King Charles, of blessed memory, in the time of his confinement, used to divert himself by reading it. Phillips extolled it as an exact version, in which Fairfax was judged by some to have approved himself no less a poet than in what he had written of his own genius; and Winstanley expressed the same opinion in nearly the same words. Dryden linked his name with that of Spenser,—the two being great masters of our language who saw much farther into the beauties of our numbers than those who immediately followed them. "Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families. Spenser more than once insinuated that the soul of Chaucer was transferred into his body, and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease. Milton has acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original; and many besides myself have heard our famous Waller own that he derived the harmony of his numbers from the Godfrey of Bulloigne, which was turned into English by Mr. Fairfax."

If quantity were quality, as some of the living English poets appear to believe, the first lustrum of the seventeenth century was largely enriched by Joshua Sylvester's Du Bartas. Chronologically, Sylvester's translation from this poetaster dates back to 1590, when he published a version of a poem by him on The Battle of Ivry. He was not the first, however, to Eng-

lish the Sieur du Bartas, for six years before he put pen to paper, his future Majesty King James, then an awkward, shambling, pedantic Scotch lad of eighteen, printed in his Essayes of a Prentise a translation of the *Uranie* of that illustrious and divine poet. Sylvester published his great translation of Du Bartas in 1605, and by so doing supplied the Puritan portion of his countrymen with a great many thousands of lines of tedious religious rubbish. "Nothing can be more uninspired than the general run of Joshua's verse, or more fantastic and absurd than the greater number of its more ambitious passages, for he had no taste or judgment, and, provided the stream of sound and the jingle of the rhyme was kept up, all was right in his notion." His contemporaries called him "the silver-tongued Sylvester;" Jonson praised him in a copy of commendatory verses; Dryden, in his boyhood, thought Spenser mean in comparison; and he had the greater honor of being one of Milton's early favorites.

It is impossible in a paper like this to follow the main current of Translation in English Verse through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries,—much less to trace its manifold windings from the masterpieces of antiquity to the imitative masterpieces of modern times. It is safe to say that eight out of every ten volumes of verse published in the seventeenth century were freighted with translations, either from the classic poets, or from the poets of France and Italy. The seventeenth century poets were versed in Greek and Latin, if not in other tongues; as learning was then understood in the Universities, they were men of learning. One of the first Latin poets to be translated after

Virgil was Lucan, the first Book of whose Pharsalia was Englished by Marlowe. Marlowe's version was followed by one from Sir Arthur Gorges in 1614; by another from Thomas May in 1627, and, in 1631, by a continuation of the subject to the death of Cæsar; and by a third, in 1718, from Nicholas Rowe, the dramatist. Francis Beaumont published a translation of the story of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus from the fourth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses in 1602; and George Sandys made a translation of the first five Books of that poem in 1621, and of the whole poem in 1626. To a third edition of this version, published six years later, he added a translation of the first Book of the Æneid.

To follow the current of Translation from the third to the ninth decade of the seventeenth century, and to describe the fleet that it bore with it into the broad stream of English Verse,—triremes of the ancients, and cockboats of the moderns,—demands more space than can be given here, where only a few names can be mentioned. Tracing this current chronologically, we und, in 1625, a translation by Sir Thomas Hawkins of the Odes of Horace; in 1636, a translation by Sir John Denham, of the second Book of the Æneid; in 1646, translations by Richard Crashaw from Virgil, Heliodorus, and the Italian; in 1647, a translation by Sir Richard Fanshawe of the Pastor Fido of Guarini; in 1648, a translation by Sir Edward Sherburn of Seneca's Medea and Answer to Lucilius; in 1649, a translation by John Ogilby of Virgil; in 1651, translations by Thomas Stanley from Anacreon, Bion, Moschus, Ansonius, Secundus, and translations by Sir Edward Sherburn from the Greek of Theocritus and Coluthus, the

Latin of Martial, the Italian of Marino and Preti, and the French of St. Amant; in 1652, a translation by Barton Holyday of Horace and Juvenal; in 1655, a translation by Sir Richard Fanshawe of the Lusiads of Camoens; in 1656, a translation by John Evelyn of the first Book of Lucretius; in 1658, The Passion of Dido for Æneas, out of the fourth Book of Virgil, by Edmund Waller and Sidney Godolphin; in 1660, translations by Sir Robert Howard from Virgil and Statius, and a translation by John Ogilby of the Iliad; in 1664, translations by Sir Richard Fanshawe from Virgil, Martial, and the Spanish; in 1666, a collection of translations from Horace by Alexander Brome, and other eminent hands; in 1675, translations by Thomas Hobbes of the Iliad and Odyssey; in 1680, a translation by the Earl of Roscommon of Horace's Art of Poetry; and, in 1681–84, translations by Thomas Creech from Theocritus, Lucretius, Horace, Virgil, and Juvenal. To this imperfect mention of English poetic translators should be added the great names of Ben Jonson (1574–1637), who rendered Horace's Art of Poetry, three of his Odes, an epigram of Martial, and a fragment of Petronius Arbiter; of Abraham Cowley (1618–1667), who rendered eleven of the Odes of Anacreon; and of John Milton (1608–1674), who rendered Horace's Ode to Pyrrha.

Three years before George Chapman closed his eyes in death, another English poet, who was to follow in his footsteps, opened his eyes to life. Born near Oundle, in Northamptonshire, little is known of his boyhood, except that he was educated at a small school in Tichmarsh, and was sent later to Westminster, where

the master, the famous Dr. Busby, under whose charge he remained some years, imposed upon him the task of translating the third Satire of Perseus. Elected to one of the scholarships of Trinity College, Cambridge, he spent seven years at that seat of learning without distinguishing himself, and then removed to London, where he settled under the protection of a kinsman, a republican judge and councillor, whose clerk or secretary he became. His contributions to English Verse so far were a rugged poem on the death of a young nobleman, in the worst manner of Donne or Cowley, and some commendatory lines before the divine epigrams of a rhyming friend. To these effusions he was to add a third during the second year of his London life, and, think what we may of it, the event which occasioned it was a great one—the death of the Lord Protector. But he did not rise to it, for his Heroic Stanzas on the Death of Oliver Cromwell are as dreary reading as Davenant's Gondibert, after which they were modelled. Another great event which followed hard upon the death of Cromwell sent the poet's republican kinsman back to his native county, and set the poet himself to writing another effusion in honor of it. Its drift may be inferred from its title: Astræa Redux, a Poem on the Happy Restoration and Return of His Sacred Majesty, Charles II. Tradition houses him at this time with Henry Herringman, at the sign of the Anchor, on the lower walk of the New Exchange. This gentleman was the principal publisher of poetry and plays, and the wits of the day were accustomed to meet at his shop. Among others who frequented it was Sir Robert Howard, an indifferent poet and drama-

tist, whose acquaintance our poet was proud to make, and for whose Poems, which Herringman published, he wrote a copy of extravagant verses. He may now be said to have entered upon the walk of letters in which he was afterward so distinguished, and which, if it was occasionally strewn with roses, was thickly beset with thorns. His principles were not so austere as to prevent his making his way by the prevailing mode, whatever it might be ; if he could write a poem on Cromwell one year, he could write another the next year on Charles the Second. Milton, unfortunately, was less versatile, and in consequence was in hiding at the house of a friend. The most promising way that was offered to our facile versifier was the Theatre, which was recovering from the paralysis of Puritanism, and rioting with fevered activity, if not with health. Plays were in as great demand, as when Greene, and Peele, and Marlowe, and Jonson, and Shakespeare went up to London some eighty years before, and this demand created other Greenes and Peeles, but not other Marlowes, and Jonsons, and Shakespeares. Its greatest creation was the easy-minded young person—whom we are considering,—John Dryden, who, in his thirty-third year, produced his first comedy, The Wild Gallant.

The Drama by which the Restoration of His Sacred Majesty, Charles the Second, was characterized forms a melancholy chapter in the history of English Verse. Clever in some ways, it was shallow and meretricious, false and unnatural in sentiment, and devoid of everything poetic except the poetic form. Intellectually regarded it was ridiculous, morally regarded it was a

disgrace to the nation that tolerated it. Never before or since did the Dramatic Muse descend to such depths of degradation. And Dryden helped the descent beyond any poet of his time; other poets may have written as lewdly, but none wrote so largely as he, and none attained such popularity. With abundant leisure and abundant curiosity one might manage to read his dramatic performances once. They were written in what was then thought the heroic vein, and they dealt with Indian Emperors, Aurengzebes, Dukes of Guise, Don Sebastians, and other simulacra of greatness. The blank verse of Shakespeare was not good enough for them, so Dryden proceeded to heighten the couplet for their royal mouths. All talked in rhyme, all talked alike, and if they ever deviated into sense it was by accident. It was opera without music, the *ballet* without dancing. It belittled great things, as when Dryden re-wrote the Tempest, and gave Miranda a sister with a lover, who had never seen a woman, and Caliban a companion female; and it desecrated divine things, as when he turned the ore of Paradise Lost into an opera on The State of Innocence. And Milton consented to the deed, saying contemptuously, "Ay, you may tag my verses if you will."

The character of Dryden compared favorably with the character of his contemporaries. He was too poor to be reckless, and too industrious to be profligate. That he indulged in the gallantries of his time is likely enough. Rumor attached his affections to an actress who performed in several of his plays, and the rumor was not detached from his memory half a century after his death. "I remember plain John Dryden," wrote a

correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine, in 1745, "before he paid his court to the great, in one uniform clothing of Norwich drugget. I have eat tarts with him and Madame Reeve at the Mulberry-garden, when our author advanced to a sword and a Chadreux wig."

Through his acquaintance with Sir Robert Howard, in whose house he lodged after leaving the shop of Herringman, Dryden was introduced to the polite world, and to the sister of his host, the Lady Elizabeth Howard. The reputation of this lady, a daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, was not beyond reproach. There is extant a letter of hers, written to Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, in or about her twenty-third year (1658), in which she hopes he will not be so unjust as to believe all that the world says of her, but rather credit her protestation of never having named him to her friends, being always careful of that, for her own sake as well as his. She adds (in a postscript), that if he will meet her in the Old Exchange, about six o'clock, she will justify herself. Dryden is supposed to have married this dubious gentlewoman between May, 1665, and December, 1666, when the playhouses were closed in consequence of the plague and the terrible conflagrations which followed it, and to have resided at the house of his father-in-law, the Earl of Berkshire, at Charlton, in Wiltshire. If he could have divined what was in store for him, while eating tarts with Madame Reeve in the Mulberry-garden, he would probably have remained a bachelor, and the Lady Elizabeth would have continued to write explanatory letters to noblemen. She is very ill thought of by Dryden's biographers. "The lady was violent and capricious in tem-

per, and weak in understanding; she brought but little fortune to compensate for her deficiencies in the qualities expected in a wife. Dislike was aggravated by poverty. She did not share in the general admiration of her husband's genius, nor lighten the toils by which it was supported. She seems to have possessed neither sweetness of disposition, generosity of mind, nor attraction of person. A man of genius, of all others, can hope for happiness only when united to a woman of sense."

If Dryden had been industrious as a bachelor he was compelled to be more industrious as a married man. He made an agreement with the King's Theatre to supply it with three plays a year, for which he was to have about one-tenth of the shares into which the stock was divided, and which produced him three or four hundred pounds a year, and though he was not held to the strict letter of his agreement he wrote more plays in less time than any other English dramatist. Two years after the death of Davenant, who had succeeded Jonson as laureate thirty years before, the laurel was bestowed upon Dryden, with the customary butt of Canary, and attached to it was the office of historiographer-royal, which was worth two hundred a year. The grant must have gratified him. "To John Dryden, Master of Arts, in consideration of his many acceptable services done to his majesty, and from an observation of his learning and eminent abilities, and his great skill, and elegant style, both in verse and prose." Of course he had rivals whom his success embittered, and who sought to crush him. His most formidable adversary was Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who ridiculed him

and his rhyming tragedies in the famous farce of The Rehearsal, the force of which must have been acknowledged by Dryden himself. Another adversary, but not a formidable one, was Elkanah Settle, who was pitted against him by the Earl of Rochester. A third was John Crowne, another creature of Rochester's; a fourth was a man of genius, Thomas Otway. Rochester assailed Dryden in an anonymous satire, and, coming off second-best in the encounter of wits that ensued, he had him waylaid in Rose Street, Covent Garden, on the night of December 18th, 1679, as he was returning from Will's Coffee House to his House in Gerrard Street, and severely beaten by hired ruffians. A reward of fifty pounds, and an offer of a free pardon, failed to discover the perpetrators. What the Mermaid Tavern was in the days of Jonson, Will's Coffee House was in the days of Dryden. It was at 23 Great Russell Street, and thither, after writing in the mornings, and dining *en famille*, Dryden repaired o'nights with the wits of the time. They sat at different tables, on the first floor, and happy was the young beau who obtained the honor of a pinch of snuff from the poet's box. He had his armchair, which in winter was placed by the fire, and in summer on the balcony, and these he called his summer and winter seats.

Think as we will of Dryden's tragedies and comedies, he was one of England's great men of letters. Wrong-headed in his dramatic practice, he had a masculine mind, and within his limitations was a skilful and powerful writer. He developed late, and to the last was growing. He was fifty before he wrote his Absalom and Achitopel, and sixty-three before he be-

gan his translation of Virgil. He was poor, for he had discontinued writing for the stage, and his pension was often in arrears. Like Jonson, he was obliged to solicit those in power. He did so in a manly way. "'Tis enough for one age to have neglected Mr. Cowley and starved Mr. Butler." As on his first coming up to London he was employed by Herringman to write prefaces, dedications, and such occasional work as might be demanded of him, he was now employed by later publishers to do similar drudgery. He wrote a preface and a Life of Plutarch for a new translation of the Lives, and he projected a Miscellany, which was made up of translations from Ovid, Horace, Theocritus, and Virgil, and a number of prologues, epilogues, and smaller pieces. It extended to four volumes, which were published under different titles at intervals between 1684 and 1694. Two years before the latter date he issued a translation of Perseus and Juvenal, in which he was assisted by Duke and Creech, and two of his sons, and it was highly thought of. "Dismissing now all inferior engagements, having relinquished the stage forever, and anxious, by the success of some great work, to save himself from the approach of poverty in his declining life; Dryden, in the full maturity of his practised powers, with great knowledge of the laws of poetry, and with all the dexterity and grace that arises from experience and exercise, commenced his translation of Virgil's Æneid. Johnson says that the nation considered its honor interested in the event. Sir William Dolben gave him the various editions of the author. Dr. Knightly Chetwood furnished him with the life of Virgil and the preface to the Pasto-

rals; Addison supplied the arguments of the several books, and an Essay on the Georgics. The first lines of this great poet, which he translated, he wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass in one of the windows of Chesterton House, in Huntingdonshire, then the residence of his kinsman and namesake. To those who look with reverence to the Genius Loci, which talent and virtue have sanctioned by their residence, it will be far from uninteresting to hear that the version of the first Georgic and a great part of the last Æneid were made at Denham Court, in Buckinghamshire, the seat of Sir William Bowyer; and that the seventh Æneid was translated at Lord Exeter's, at Burleigh. Thus the venerable oaks, and the gray battlements of that princely mansion are hung with poetic tablets and noble recollections of departed genius; no less are the grottos of Twickenham and the glades of Dawley filled with the fondest remembrances of the past; the gardens which Pope loved, and the retreat which Bolingbroke adorned, will ever have an interest to the mind of taste, beyond what the charms of nature could alone impart." Begun in the summer of 1694, Dryden's translation of Virgil was published by subscription in the summer of 1697, and is believed to have realized for him more than twelve hundred pounds. He died on a Wednesday morning, at three o'clock, on the 1st of May, 1700. He was about to be interred privately in the churchyard of a neighboring parish, but the Earl of Dorset, Lord Jeffries, and others determined that he should have a grand funeral. So the body was removed to the College of Physicians, where it lay in state for ten days. On the 13th of May

Dr. Garth pronounced a Latin oration over it in the theatre of the College, and the last Ode of the third Book of Horace was sung. Then, attended by nearly fifty coaches, and with music, it was moved to Westminster Abbey, where it was deposited in the grave of Chaucer. Such was glorious old John Dryden.

Not long before the death of Dryden, probably in the last year of his life, he was seen by a boy of twelve. It may have been at Tonson's shop, it may have been at his home in Gerrard Street, or it may have been at Will's Coffee House. Wherever it was, he saw him, and remembered his face well, for he looked upon him even then with the greatest veneration, and observed him very particularly. He was a plump man, of a fresh color, a down look, and not very conversible. "Who does not wish," asks Johnson, "that Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid him, and foreseen the greatness of his young admirer?" This young admirer was the son of an honest merchant of Lombard Street, who dealt in Hollands wholesale. The Hollands specified was not the fiery beverage to which the poorer classes were addicted, but the fine linen in which the gentry encased their persons. He was a linen-draper. Successful in business, he retired to Binfield, in Windsor Forest, where he tenderly cared for his boy, who was a sickly, ill-shaped little body. This bright creature began to write verses earlier than he could remember, and one of the first large poems that he read was Ogilby's translation of Homer, with which he was in raptures. He was then about eight years old. This led him to Sandys's Ovid, which he liked extremely, as he did a translation of part of Sta-

tius by some very bad hand. When he was about twelve he wrote a kind of play, which he got to be acted by his school-fellows. It was a number of speeches from the Iliad tacked together with verses of his own. When he arrived at the age of discretion, which was at an early period, for he was alert and precocious, he made Dryden his master. He was thought to have bettered the music of Dryden in his more polished numbers, and he certainly carried the art of writing the heroic couplet (as he and his contemporaries understood it) to the highest perfection. The bent of his mind was not poetical, but reflective and didactic. He was witty, sarcastic, merciless,—qualities that are inconsistent with a great genius, or a good heart. It was his misfortune to have a crooked mind in a crooked body, and to learn from woman nothing but the exercise of her foibles. Such was Dryden's admirer, Alexander Pope.

Our present concern, however, is not with Pope as a poet, but with Pope as a translator of Homer. This great task was undertaken in 1715 and finished ten years later, the Iliad occupying him till 1720, and the Odyssey, half of which was translated by Brome and Fenton, from 1723 to 1725. The magnitude of the task filled him at first with pain and apprehension, for though he conquered the thoughts of it in the day, they would frighten him in the night; and long after it was finished he still dreamed that he was engaged in it, and had got about half through it, and would never complete it. His method, as stated by himself, was to write at a heat, and then correct each Book, first by the original text, then by other translations, and then

give it another correction for the versification. Johnson tells us that with Chapman he had frequent consultations, and perhaps never translated any passage till he had read his version, which indeed he was sometimes suspected of using instead of the Greek. Wakefield, a severer scholar than Johnson, repeated in his case the verdict of Ben Jonson on Shakespeare,—that he had small Latin, and less Greek ; and Bentley, the greatest of English scholars, pronounced it a pretty poem, but not Homer. But Homer, or not, it netted him between eight and nine thousand pounds, and dominated English Translation throughout the eighteenth century.

This imperfect sketch of the first four Translators of Virgil and Homer must serve as a prologue to the body of Translations which follow, and which are from the poets of many lands and tongues. If the note of some is not the note of English Verse, it has helped, nevertheless, to swell its triumphant organ-music.

R. H. STODDARD.

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FROM

THE POETRY OF MANY LANDS

As wine and oil are imported to us from abroad, so must ripe understanding and many civil virtues be imported into our minds from foreign writings.—MILTON.

What practice, howsoe'er expert
In fitting aptest words to things,
Or voice the richest tones that sings,
Hath power to give thee as thou wert?

—TENNYSON.

Translations.

Greek.

HOMER.

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

(*From the Iliad.*)

By this had Hector reach'd the ports of Scæa and the towers.
About him flock'd the wives of Troy, the children, paramours,
Inquiring how their husbands did, their fathers, brothers, loves.

He stood not then to answer them, but said—"It now behoves
Ye should all go to implore the aid of heaven in a distress
Of great effect, and imminent." Then hasted he access
To Priam's goodly-builded court, which round about was run
With walking porches, galleries to keep off rain and sun.
Within, of one side, on a row, of sundry-colour'd stones,
Fifty fair lodgings were built out, for Priam's fifty sons,
And of as fair sort for their wives; and, in the opposite view,
Twelve lodgings of like stone, like height, were likewise built a-row,
Where, with their fair and virtuous wives, twelve princes, sons-in-law
To honourable Priam, lay. And here met Hecuba,
The loving mother, her great son; and with her needs must be
The fairest of her female race, the bright Laodicè.

The queen gript hard her Hector's hand, and said—"O worthiest son!
Why leavest thou field? Is't not because the cursèd nation
Afflict our countrymen and friends? They are their moans that move
Thy mind to come and lift thy hands in this high tower to Jove.
But stay a little, that myself may fetch our sweetest wine,
To offer first to Jupiter, then that these joints of thine
May be refresh'd, for, woe is me! how thou art toil'd and spent.
Thou for our city's general state, thou for our friends far sent,
Must now the press of fight endure, now solitude to call
Upon the name of Jupiter, thou only for us all.
But wine will something comfort thee; for to a man dismay'd
With careful spirits, or too much with labour overlaid,
Wine brings much rescue, strengthening much the body and the mind."
The great helm-mover thus received the authoress of his kind:
"My royal mother! bring no wine, lest rather it impair
Than help my strength, and make my mind forgetful of the affair
Committed to it; and to pour it out in sacrifice,
I fear with unwash'd hands to serve the pure-lived Deities.
Nor is it lawful thus imbrued with blood and dust to prove
The will of heaven or offer vows to cloud-compelling Jove.
I only come to use your pains (assembling other dames,
Matrons and women honour'd most, with high and virtuous names),
With wine and odours and a robe most ample, most of price,
And which is dearest in your love, to offer sacrifice
In Pallas' temple; and to put the precious robe ye bear
On her Palladium; vowing, all, twelve oxen-of-a-year,
Whose necks were never wrung with yoke, shall pay her grace their lives.
If she will pity our sieged town; pity ourselves, our wives;
Pity our children; and remove from sacred Ilion

The dreadful soldier Diomed. And when yourselves are gone
About this work, myself will go to call into the field,
If he will hear me, Helen's Love; whom would the earth would yield
And headlong take into her gulf, even quick before mine eyes:
For then my heart, I hope, would cast her load of miseries.
Born for the plague he hath been, born and bred to the deface,
By great Olympius! of Troy, our sire, and all our race."

This said, grave Hecuba went home, and sent her maids about
To bid the matrons. She herself descended and search'd out,
Within a place that breathed perfumes, the richest robe she had,
Which lay with many rich ones more, most curiously made
By women of Sidonia, which Paris brought from thence,
Sailing the broad sea when he made that voyage of offence
In which he brought home Helena. That robe transferr'd so far
(That was the undermost) she took,—it glitter'd like a star;
And with it went she to the fane with many ladies more,
Amongst whom fair-cheek'd Theano unlock'd the folded door
(Chaste Theano, Antenor's wife, and of Cissèus' race,
Sister to Hecuba, both born to that great king of Thrace).
Her the Ilions made Minerva's priest; and her they follow'd all
Up to the temple's highest tower, where on their knees they fall,
Lift up their hands, and fill the fane with ladies' piteous cries.
Then lovely Theano took the veil and with it she implies
The great Palladium, praying thus: "Goddess of most renown,
In all the heaven, of Goddesses! great guardian of our town!
Reverend Minerva! break the lance of Diomed; cease his grace!
Give him to fall in shameful flight, headlong, and on his face
Before our ports of Ilion! and instantly we may
Twelve unyoked oxen-of-a-year in this thy temple slay
To thy sole honour. Take their bloods, and banish our offence!
Accept Troy's zeal, her wives', and save our infants' innocence!"

She pray'd, and Pallas would not grant. Mean space was Hector come
Where Alexander's lodgings were : that many a goodly room
Had built in them by architects of Troy's most curious sort,
And were no lodgings, but a house,—nor no house, but a court ;
Or had all these contain'd in them ; and all within a tower
Next Hector's lodgings and the king's. The Loved of heaven's chief Power,
Hector, here enter'd. In his hand a goodly lance he bore,
Ten cubits long ; the brazen head went shining in before,
Help'd with a burnish'd ring of gold. He found his brother then
Amongst the women, yet prepared to go amongst the men,—
For in their chamber he was set, trimming his arms, his shield,
His curets ; and was trying how his crooked bow would yield
To his straight arms. Amongst her maids was set the Argive Queen,
Commanding them in choicest works. When Hector's eye had seen
His brother thus accompanied, and that he could not bear
The very touching of his arms but where the women were,
And when the time so needed men, right cunningly he chid
That he might do it bitterly ; his cowardice he hid
(That simply made him so retired) beneath an anger, feign'd
In him by Hector, for the hate the citizens sustain'd
Against him for the foil he took in their cause, and again,
For all their general foils in his. So Hector seems to plain
Of his wrath to them, of their hate, and not his cowardice,—
As that were it that shelter'd him in his effeminacies
And kept him in that dangerous time from their fit aid in fight ;
For which he chid thus : " Wretched man ! So timeless is thy spite
That 'tis not honest, and their hate is just 'gainst it which bends.
War burns about the town for thee ; for thee our slaughter'd friends
Besiege Troy with their carcases, on whose heap our high walls
Are overlook'd by enemies ; the sad sounds of their falls

Without are echoed with the cries of wives and babes within :
And all for thee : and yet for them thy honour can not win
Head of thine anger ! Thou shouldst need no spirit to stir up thine ;
But thine should set the rest on fire, and with a rage divine
Chastise impartially the best that impiously forbears.
Come forth ! lest thy fair towers and Troy be burn'd about thine ears."
Paris acknowledged, as before, all just that Hector spake,
Allowing justice though it were for his injustice' sake ;
And where his brother put a wrath upon him by his art
He takes it, for his honour's sake, as sprung out of his heart,
And rather would have anger seem his fault than cowardice.
And thus he answer'd : " Since, with right, you join'd check with advice,
And I hear you, give equal ear ! It is not any spleen
Against the town, as you conceive, that makes me so unseen,
But sorrow for it ; which to ease, and by discourse digest
Within myself, I live so close ; and yet, since men might wrest
My sad retreat, like you, my wife with her advice inclined
This my addression to the field, which was mine own free mind
As well as the instance of her words : for though the foil were mine
Conquest brings forth her wreaths by turns. Stay then this haste of thine
But till I arm, and I am made a consort for thee straight !
Or go ! I'll overtake thy haste." Helen stood at receipt,
And took up all great Hector's powers to attend her heavy words,
By which had Paris no reply. This vent her grief affords :
" Brother ! (if I may call you so, that had been better born
A dog than such a horrid dame as all men curse and scorn,
A mischief-maker, a man-plague) O, would to God the day
That first gave light to me had been a whirlwind in my way
And borne me to some desert hill, or hid me in the rage
Of earth's most far-resounding seas, ere I should thus engage
The dear lives of so many friends ! Yet since the Gods have been

Helpless foreseers of my plagues, they might have likewise seen
That he they put in yoke with me, to bear out their award,
Had been a man of much more spirit, and or had nobler dared
To shield mine honour with his deed or with his mind had known
Much better the upbraids of men, that so he might have shown
(More like a man) some sense of grief for both my shame and his:
But he is senseless, nor conceives what any manhood is,
Nor now, nor ever after will; and therefore hangs, I fear,
A plague above him. But come near, good brother! rest you here,
Who of the world of men stands charged with most unrest for me
Vile wretch, and for my lover's wrong, on whom a destiny
So bitter is imposed by Jove that all succeeding times
Will put, to our unended shames, in all men's mouths our crimes."
He answer'd: "Helen! do not seek to make me sit with thee!
I must not stay, though well I know thy honour'd love of me.
My mind calls forth to aid our friends in whom my absence breeds
Longings to see me; for whose sakes importune thou to deeds
This man by all means, that your care may make his own make haste
And meet me in the open town, that all may see at last
He minds his lover. I myself will now go home, and see
My household, my dear wife, and son, that little hope of me:
For, sister! 'tis without my skill if I shall evermore
Return and see them or to earth her right in me restore.
The Gods may stoop me by the Greeks." This said, he went to see
The virtuous princess, his true wife, white-arm'd Andromachè.
She, with her infant son and maid, was climb'd the tower about
The sight of him that sought for her, weeping and crying out.
Hector, not finding her at home, was going forth; retired,
Stood in the gate, her woman call'd, and curiously inquired
Where she was gone; bade tell him true, if she were gone to see
His sisters or his brothers' wives, or whether she should be

At temple with the other dames to implore Minerva's ruth.
Her woman answer'd : Since he ask'd, and urged so much the truth,
The truth was she was neither gone to see his brothers' wives,
His sisters, nor to implore the ruth of Pallas on their lives,
But she (advèrtised of the bane Troy suffer'd and how vast
Conquest had made herself for Greece) like one distraught made haste
To ample Ilion with her son, and nurse, and all the way
Mourn'd and dissolved in tears for him. Then Hector made no stay,
But trod her path and, through the streets magnificently built,
All the great city pass'd and came where seeing how blood was spilt
Andromachè might see him come, who made as he would pass
The ports without saluting her, not knowing where she was.
She, with his sight, made breathless haste to meet him : she whose grace
Brought him withal so great a dower, she that of all the race
Of King Aètion only lived, Aètion, whose house stood
Beneath the mountain Placius, environ'd with the wood
Of Theban Hippoplace, being Court to the Cilician land.
She ran to Hector, and with her, tender of heart and hand,
Her son borne in his nurse's arms, where, like a heavenly sign
Compact of many golden stars, the princely child did shine
Whom Hector call'd Scamandrius, but whom the town did name
Astyanax, because his sire did only prop the same.
Hector, though grief bereft his speech, yet smiled upon his joy.
Andromachè cried out, mix'd hands, and to the Strength of Troy
Thus wept forth her affectiòn : " O noblest in desire !
Thy mind, inflamed with others' good, will set thyself on fire.
Nor pitiest thou thy son, nor wife, who must thy widow be
If now thou issue ; all the field will only run on thee.
Better my shoulders underwent the earth than thy decease :

For then would earth bear joys no more, then comes the black increase
Of griefs, like Greeks, on Ilion. Alas! what one survives
To be my refuge? One black day bereft seven brothers' lives
By stern Achilles; by his hand my father breathed his last,
His high-wall'd rich Cilician Thebes sack'd by him and laid waste;
The royal body yet he left unspoil'd,—religion charm'd
That act of spoil, and all in fire he burn'd him complete-arm'd,
Built over him a royal tomb; and to the monument
He left of him the Oreads (that are of the high descent
Of Ægis-bearing Jupiter) another of their own
Did add to it, and set it round with elms,—by which is shown,
In theirs, the barrenness of death,—yet might it serve beside
To shelter the sad monument from all the ruffianous pride
Of storms and tempests used to hurt things of that noble kind.
The short life yet my mother lived he saved, and served his mind
With all the riches of the realm, which not enough esteem'd,
He kept her prisoner, whom small time, but much more wealth, redeem'd,
And she in sylvan Hippoplace Cilicia ruled again,
But soon was overruled by death,—Diana's chaste disdain
Gave her a lance, and took her life. Yet, all these gone from me,
Thou amply renderest all; thy life makes still my father be,
My mother, brothers, and besides thou art my husband too,
Most loved, most worthy. Pity then, dear Love! and do not go!
For, thou gone, all these go again. Pity our common joy,
Lest of a father's patronage, the bulwark of all Troy,
Thou leavest him a poor widow's charge! Stay! stay then in this tower,
And call up to the wild fig-tree all thy retirèd power!
For there the wall is easiest scaled and fittest for surprise;
And there the Ajaces, Idomen, the Atrides, Diomed, thrice
Have both survey'd and made attempt, I know not if induced
By some wise augury, or the fact was naturally infused
Into their wits or courages." To this great Hector said:

"Be well assured, Wife! all these things in my kind cares are weigh'd.
But what a shame, and fear, it is to think how Troy would scorn
(Both in her husbands, and her wives whom long-train'd gowns adorn)
That I should cowardly fly off! The spirit I first did breathe
Did never teach me that; much less, since the contempt of death
Was settled in me, and my mind knew what a Worthy was,
Whose office is to lead in fight and give no danger pass
Without improvement. In this fire must Hector's trial shine:
Here must his country, father, friends, be in him made divine.
And such a stormy day shall come (in mind and soul I know)
When sacred Troy shall shed her towers for tears of overthrow,
When Priam, all his birth and power, shall in those tears be drown'd.
But neither Troy's prosperity so much my soul doth wound,
Priam, nor Hecuba herself, nor all my brothers' woes
(Who though so many and so good must all be food for foes),
As thy sad state, when some rude Greek shall lead thee weeping hence,
These free days clouded, and a night of captive violence
Loading thy temples, out of which thine eyes must never see,
But spin the Greek wives' webs of task and their fetch-water be,
To Argos, from Messeides, or clear Hyperia's spring,
Which howsoever thou abhorr'st, Fate's such a shrewish thing
She will be mistress; whose cursed hands when they shall crush out cries
From thy oppressions (being held by other enemies)
Thus they will nourish thy extremes: "This dame was Hector's Wife,
A man that at the wars of Troy did breathe the worthiest life
Of all their army." This again will rub thy fruitful wounds,
To miss the man that to thy bonds could give such narrow bounds.
But that day shall not wound my eyes; the solid heap of night

Shall interpose, and stop mine ears against thy plaints and plight."
This said, he reach'd to take his son, who of his arms afraid,
And then the horse-hair plume with which he was so overlaid
Nodded so horribly,—he cling'd back to his nurse, and cried.
Laughter affected his great sire, who doff'd and laid aside
His fearful helm that on the earth cast round about it light;
Then took, and kiss'd his loving son, and (balancing his weight
In dancing him) these loving vows to living Jove he used,
And all the other bench of Gods: "O you that have infused
Soul to this infant! now set down this blessing on his star:
Let his renown be clear as mine, equal his strength in war;
And make his reign so strong in Troy, that years to come may yield
His facts this fame, when rich in spoils he leaves the conquer'd field
Sown with his slaughters—'These high deeds exceed his father's worth!'
And let this echoed praise supply the comforts to come forth
Of his kind mother with my life!" This said, the heroic sire
Gave him his mother, whose fair eyes fresh streams of love's salt fire
Billow'd on her soft cheeks, to hear the last of Hector's speech,
In which his vows comprised the sum of all he did beseech
In her wish'd comfort. So she took into her odorous breast
Her husband's gift; who, moved to see her heart so much oppress'd,
He dried her tears, and thus desired: "Afflict me not, dear Wife!
With these vain griefs. He doth not live that can disjoin my life
And this firm bosom, but my fate; and Fate whose wings can fly?
Noble, ignoble, Fate controuls. Once born, the best must die.
Go home, and set thy housewifery on these extremes of thought;
And drive war from them with thy maids; keep them from doing nought:
These will be nothing! Leave the cares of war to men, and me,
In whom of all the Ilion race they take their highest degree!"

On went his helm; his princess home, half cold with kindly fears,
When every fear turn'd back her looks, and every look shed tears.
Foe-slaughtering Hector's house soon reach'd, her many women there
Wept all to see her: in his life great Hector's funerals were;
Never look'd any eye of theirs to see their lord safe home
'Scaped from the gripes and powers of Greece.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

HYMN TO MARS.

Mars! most strong, gold-helm'd, making chariots crack,
Never without a shield cast on thy back!
Mind-master! Town-guard! with darts never driven!
Strong-handed, all arms, Fort and Fence of Heaven!
Father of Victory, with fair strokes given!
Joint surrogate of Justice, lest she fall
In unjust strifes! a tyrant! general
Only of just men justly; that dost bear
Fortitude's sceptre; to heaven's fiery sphere
Giver of circular motiòn between
That and the Pleiads that still wandering been,
Where thy still vehemently-flaming horse
About the third heaven make their fiery course!
Helper of mortals! hear!—As thy fires give
The fair and pleasant boldnesses that strive
In youth for honour, being the sweet-beam'd light
That darts into their lives from all thy height
The fortitude and fortunes found in fight,—
So would I likewise wish to have the power
To keep from off my head thy bitter hour
And that false fire cast from my soul's low kind
Stoop to the fit rule of my highest mind;
Controuling that so eager sting of wrath
That stirs me on still to that horrid scathe
Of war, that God still sends to wreak his spleen

(Even by whole tribes) of proud injurious men.
But O, Thou Ever-blessed! give me still
Presence of mind to put in act my will,
Varied, as fits, to all occasion;
And to live free, unforced, unwrought upon,
Beneath those laws of Peace that never are
Affected with pollutions popular
Of unjust hurt, or loss to any one;
And to bear safe the burthen undergone
Of foes inflexive and inhuman hates,
Secure from violent and harmful fates!

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

ÆSCHYLUS.

B.C. 525—456.

PROMETHEUS BOUND.

SCENE.—*Scythia: a rocky promontory of Caucasus. Enter* HEPHÆSTOS, *with hammer and chains.* PROMETHEUS *is led in by* STRENGTH *and* FORCE.

STRENGTH.

To earth's remotest plain we now are come,
To Scythia's confine, an untrodden waste.
Hephæstos! thou the mandates must observe
Enjoin'd thee by thy sire: this miscreant
'Gainst lofty-beetling rocks to clasp in fetters
Of adamantine bonds, unbreakable,—
For that the splendour of all working fire,
Thy proper flower, he stole and gave to mortals.
Such crime he to the Gods must expiate:
So may he learn the sovereignty of Zeus
To bear, and cease from mortal-loving wont.

HEPHÆSTOS.

Ho, Strength and Force! for you the word of Zeus
Its goal hath reach'd; no obstacle remains.
But I of daring lack a brother God
Fast to this storm-vex'd cleft perforce to bind.

Yet so to dare is sheer necessity:
For grievous 'tis the Father's words to slight.

To Prometheus:—

Right-judging Themis' lofty-thoughted son!
Thee 'gainst thy will must I unwilling nail
With stubborn shackles to this desert height,
Where neither voice nor form of living man
Shall meet thy ken; but, shrivel'd by the blaze
Of the bright sun, thy skin's fair bloom shall wither.
Welcome to thee shall glittering-vestured night
O'erveil the brightness; welcome too the sun
Shall with new beams scatter the morning rime:
Thus evermore shall weight of present ill
Outwear thee, for as yet is no one born
Who may relieve thy pain. Such meed hast thou
From mortal-loving wont: for thou, a God,
Not crouching to the wrath of Gods, didst bring
To mortal men high gifts, transgressing right.
Hence art thou doom'd this joyless rock to guard
Erect, unsleeping, bending not the knee;
And many a moan shalt pour and many a plaint,
Vainly: for Zeus is obdurate of heart;
And harsh is every one when new of sway.

. . . . . .

PROMETHEUS (*alone*).

O, holy ether! swiftly-winged gales!
Fountains of rivers! and of ocean waves
Innumerable laughter! general mother Earth!
And orb all-seeing of the Sun!—I call.
Behold what I, a God, from Gods endure!
See, wasted by what pains
Wrestle I must while myriad time shall flow!
Such ignominious chains
Hath He who newly reigns,
Chief of the Blest, devised against me. Woe!
Ah, woe! the torture of the hour

I wail; ay! and of anguish'd throes
The future dower.
How, when, shall rise a limit to these woes?

And yet what say I? Clearly I foreknow
All that must happen; nor can woe betide
Stranger to me. The Destined it behoves,
As best I may, to bear, for well I wot
How incontestable the strength of Fate.
Yet in such strait silence to keep is hard,—
Hard not to keep! For bringing gifts to mortals,
Myself in these constraints hapless am yoked.
Stored within hollow wand fire's stealthy fount
I track, which to mankind in every art
Hath teacher proved, and mightiest resource.
Such forfeits I for such offences pay,—
Beneath the welkin nail'd in manacles.

Hist! hist! what sound,
What odour floats invisibly around,
Of God, or man, or intermediate kind?
Who nears this rocky bound,
Spectator of my woes, or seeking aught?
A God ye see in fetters, anguish-fraught,—
The foe of Zeus, in hatred held of all
The deities who throng Zeus' palace-hall,—
For that to men I bore too fond a mind.
Woe! woe! what rustling sound
Hard by, as if of birds doth take mine ear?
Whistles the ether round
With the light whirr of pinions hovering near.
Whate'er approaches filleth me with fear.

Enter Chorus of Ocean-Nymphs borne in a winged car.

CHORUS. *Strophe I.*

Fear not! a friendly troop, we reach
On rival-speeding wing this cliff forlorn;
Our sire's hard leave wringing by suasive speech,

Me swift-escorting gales have hither borne.
For iron's clanging note
Piercing our caves' recesses rang,
And from me bashful shyness smote;—
Forthwith on winged car, unshod, aloft I sprang.

PROMETHEUS.

Alas! alas! Woe! woe!—
Prolific Tethys' offspring! progeny
Of sire Ocèanos, whose sleepless flow
Engirdles the whole earth! behold, and see
In what dire bonds unenvied watch I keep
Clasp'd to the summit of this rock-bound steep.

CHORUS. *Antistrophe I.*

I see, Prometheus! and through fear
Doth mist of many tears mine eyes bedew,
As 'gainst this rock, parch'd up, in tortures drear
Of adamantine bonds, thy form I view.
For helmsmen new of sway
Olympos hold; by laws new-made
Zeus wieldeth empire, impulse-sway'd,
While what was grand of old he sweeps away.

PROMETHEUS.

'Neath earth, 'neath Hades' shade-receiving plains,
Sheer down to Tartaros' unmeasured gloom
Would he had hurl'd me ruthless, bound with chains
That none may loose! So then at this my doom
Had no one mock'd,—nor God, nor other kind.
But now most wretched, sport of every wind,
The laughter of my foes, I bear these pains.

CHORUS. *Strophe II.*

Who of the Gods a heart doth own
So hard to mock at thy despair?
Who at thy woes, save Zeus alone,
Doth not thine anguish share?
But ruthless still, with soul unbent,
The heavenly race he tames, nor will refrain

Till sated to his heart's content;
Or till another, by some cunning snare
Wrest from his grasp the firmly guarded reign.

PROMETHEUS.

Yet even of me although now wrung
In stubborn chains shall he have need,
This Ruler of the Blest,—to read
The counsel new by which his sway
And honours shall be stripp'd away.
But not persuasion's honey'd tongue
My steadfast soul shall charm;
Nor will I, crouching in alarm,
Divulge the secret, till these savage chains
He loose, and yield requital for my pains.

CHORUS. *Antistrophe II.*

Daring thou art, and yieldest nought
For bitter agony; with tongue
Unbridled thou art all too free.
But by keen fear my heart is stung;
I tremble for thy doom;—ah, me!
Thy barque into what haven may'st thou steer,
Of these dire pangs the end to see?
For inaccessible, of mood severe,
Is Kronos' son, inflexible his thought.

PROMETHEUS.

That Zeus is stern full well I know,
And by his will doth measure right;
But, smitten by this destined blow,
Soften'd shall one day be his might.
Then, curbing his harsh temper, he
Full eagerly will hither wend,
To join in league and amity with me
Eager no less to welcome him as friend.

CHORUS.

To us thy tale unfold, the whole speak out!
Upon what charge Zeus seizing thee doth thus

Outrage with harsh and ignominious pain?
Inform us if the telling breed no harm!

PROMETHEUS.

Grievous it is to me these things to tell,
Grief to be silent: trouble every way.
When first the Heavenly Powers were moved to rage,
And in opposing factions ranged their might,
These wishing Kronos from his seat to hurl,
That Zeus forsooth might reign; these, counterwise,
Resolved that o'er the Gods Zeus ne'er should rule,—
Then I with sagest counsel strove to move
The Titans, progeny of heaven and earth,
But strove in vain: for they, in stubborn souls
Of crafty wiles disdainful, thought by force,
An easy task, the mastery to gain.
But me, not once but oft, my mother Themis,
And Earth (one shape with many names) had told
Prophetic, how the future should be wrought.
That not by strength of thew or hardiment
Should mastery be compass'd, but by guile.
But when this lore I did expound in words,
They deign'd me not a single look; whereon,
Of courses free to choose, the wisest seem'd
Leagued with my mother, of my own free will
The will of Zeus to meet, siding with him;
And by my counsels black-roof'd Tartaros'
Murky abyss primeval Kronos now
Engulfs with his allies: such benefits
From me the Tyrant of the Gods received,
And hath requited with these base returns.
For, someway, cleaveth aye to tyranny
This fell disease: to have no faith in friends.
But touching which ye ask me, on what charge
He thus maltreats me, this will I make clear
When seated on his father's throne, forthwith,
He to the several Gods was dealing out
Their several honours, marshaling his realm;

But he of toil-worn mortals took no count,—
The race entire he ardently desired
To quench, and plant a new one in its stead;
And none but I opposed his purposes.
I dared alone;—I saved the mortal race
From sinking blasted down to Hades' gloom.
For this by these dire tortures I am bent,
Grievous to suffer, piteous to behold.
I, who did mortals pity, of like grace
Am deem'd unworthy; but am grimly thus
Tuned to his will, a sight of shame to Zeus.

CHORUS.

Iron of heart, ay! fashion'd out of rock,
Is he, Prometheus! who for these thy pangs
Shareth not anguish. For myself, this sight
I fain had shunn'd; seeing, my heart is wrung.

PROMETHEUS.

To friends, in sooth, a spectacle of woe!

CHORUS.

But beyond this didst haply aught essay?

PROMETHEUS.

Mortals I hinder'd from foreseeing death.

CHORUS.

Finding what medicine for this disease?

PROMETHEUS.

Within their hearts I caused blind hopes to dwell.

CHORUS.

Vast boon was this thou gavèst unto mortals!

PROMETHEUS.

Yea! and besides, 'twas I that gave them fire.

CHORUS.

Have now these short-lived creatures flame-eyed fire?

PROMETHEUS.

Ay! and by it full many arts will learn.

CHORUS.

Upon such charges doth Zeus outrage thee,
Nor aught abateth of thy miseries?
To this dire struggle is no term assign'd?

PROMETHEUS.

No other but what seemeth good to him.

CHORUS.

How may this be? What hope? Seèst thou not
That thou hast err'd? But in what way hast err'd,
That to unfold,—while me it gladdens not,
To thee is pain. Forbear we then this theme!
But seek from this keen struggle some escape!

PROMETHEUS.

Whoso his foot holdeth unmesh'd of harm,
For him 'tis easy to exhort and warn
One sorely plagued. But this all I foreknew;
Of will, free will, I err'd, nor will gainsay it.
By aiding men I wrought myself these pangs.

. . . . . .

ANNA SWANWICK.

SOPHOCLES.

B.C. 495—

ŒDIPUS THE KING.

Thebes is troubled with a plague, for the unavenged death (some years before) of the Theban king, LAIUS. *It had been foretold that his own son would slay him. His successor,* ŒDIPUS *(supposed to be a Corinthian stranger), inquiring of the soothsayer* TIRESIAS, *is charged by him with the murder.* ŒDIPUS *thinks that* TIRESIAS *has been suborned by* CREON, *the next to the throne; so accuses* CREON, *and during their contention the queen,* JOCASTA, *enters.*

Jocasta. Let not thy queen be kept in ignorance
What cause thou hadst to lift thy wrath so high.
Œdipus. I'll tell thee, Lady! for I honour thee
More than these citizens. 'Twas Creon there,
And his inveterate treason against me.

Joc. Accuse him, so you make the quarrel plain!
Œd. He saith I am the murderer of the King.
Joc. Speaks he from hearsay, or as one who knows?
Œd. He keeps his own lips free; but hath suborn'd
A knavish soothsayer to his villainy.
Joc. Hearken to me, and set your heart at rest
On that you speak of, whilst I make you see
No mortal thing is touch'd by prophecy.
Of that I'll give thee proof, concise and clear.
Word came to Laius once, I will not say
From Phœbus' self, but from his ministers,
The King should be destroy'd by his own son,
If son were born to him from me. What follow'd?
Laius was slain by robbers from abroad,
Saith Rumour, in a cross-way. But the child
Grew not three days ere by my husband's hand
His feet were lock'd, and he was cast and left
By messengers on the waste mountain wold.
So Phœbus neither brought upon the boy
His father's murder, nor on Laïus
The thing he greatly fear'd, death by his son.
Such issue came of prophesying words.
Therefore regard them not! God can himself
With ease bring forth what for his ends he needs.
Œd. What strange emotions overcloud my soul,
Stirr'd to her depths on hearing this thy tale!
Joc. What sudden change is this? what is thy thought?
Œd. Did I not hear thee say King Laïus
Was at a cross-road overpower'd and slain?
Joc. So ran the talk that yet is current here.
Œd. Where was the scene of this unhappy blow?
Joc. Phocis the land is named; the parted ways
Lead from one point to Daulia and to Delphi.
Œd. And since the event how much of time is pass'd?
Joc. 'Twas just ere you appear'd with prospering speed
And took the kingdom, that the tidings came.
Œd. What are thy purposes against me? Zeus!

Soc. Why thus intent on such a thought? O King!
Ed. Nay! ask me not! But tell me first, what height
Had Laius, and what share of manly bloom?
Soc. Tall, with dark locks just sprinkled o'er with grey;
In shape and bearing much resembling thee.
Ed. O heavy fate! How all unknowingly
I laid that dreadful curse on my own head!
Soc. How?
I tremble as I gaze on thee, O King!
Ed. The fear appals me that the seer can see.
Tell one thing more, to make me doubly sure!
Soc. I am loath to speak, but when you ask, I will.
Ed. Had he scant following or, as princes use,
Full numbers of a well-appointed train?
Soc. There were but five in all, a herald one;
And Laius travel'd in the only car.
Ed. Woe! woe! 'Tis clear as daylight. Who was he
That brought you this sad message, O my Queen!
Soc. A home slave, who alone return'd alive.
Ed. And is he now at hand within the house?
Soc. No, truly. When he came from yonder scene,
And found thee reigning after Laius' death,
He touch'd my hand, and plied an urgent prayer
That I would send him to o'erlook the flocks
And rural pastures, so to live as far
As might be from the very thought of Thebes.
And he obtain'd from me his suit. No slave
Had richlier merited such boon than he.
Ed. Can he be brought again immediately?
Soc. Of course he can. But why desire it so?
Ed. Words have by me been spoken, O my Queen!
Which furnish too much cause for that desire.
Soc. Then come he shall. But I may surely claim
To hear what in thy state goes heavily.
Ed. Thou shalt not lose thy rights in such an hour
When I am harass'd thus with doubt and fear.
To whom more worthy should I tell my grief?

My father was Corinthian Polybus,
My mother Dorian Meropè. I lived
A prince among that people, till a chance
Encounter'd me, worth wonder, but, though strange,
Not worth the anxious thoughts it waked in me.
For at a feasting once, over the wine
One deep in liquor call'd to me aloud—
"Hail! thou false foundling of a foster sire!"
That day with pain I held my passion down,
But straightway on the morrow I went near
And question'd both my parents, who were fierce
In wrath at him whose lips had let this fall.
For their part I was satisfied, but still
It gall'd me, for the rumour would not die.—
Unknown to both my parents then I went
To Pytho, where, as touching my desire,
Phœbus denied me; but brake forth instead
With other oracles of misery
And horrible misfortune. . . .
I fled forth at the word, and, measuring now
Corinthia's region by the stars of heaven,
Went roaming where I never might behold
Those shameful prophecies fulfill'd on me.
So traveling on, I came even to the place
Where, as thou tell'st, the King of Thebè fell;
And——(O my Wife! I will hide nought from thee!)
When I drew near the cross-road of your tale,
A herald, and a man upon a car,
Like your description, there encounter'd me.
And he who went before, and he himself
The grey-beard, sought to thrust me from the path.
Then in my angry mood I sharply struck
The driver-man that turn'd me from the way;
Which when the elder saw, he watch'd for me
As I pass'd by, and from the chariot-seat
Smote full upon my head with the fork'd goad;
But paid no equal price, for by a blow

From this right hand, smit with my staff, he fell
Instantly roll'd out of the car, supine.
I slew them every one. Now if that stranger
Had aught in common with King Laïus,
What wretch on earth was e'er so lost as I?
Whom have the Heavens so follow'd with their hate?
No house of Theban or of foreigner
Must any more receive me, none henceforth
Must speak to me, but push me from the door!
I, I have laid this curse on mine own head.

(*Ignorant of his own offence, he had pronounced such a curse and condemnation on the slayer of* LAIUS.)

Ye Powers!
Worship'd in holiness, ne'er may I see
That day, but perish from the sight of men
Ere sins like these are branded on my name!

Chorus. Thy fear is ours, O King! yet lose not hope,
Till thou hast heard him who beheld the deed!

Œd. Ay! that is all I still have left of hope:
To bide the coming of the shepherd man.

Joc. What eager thought attends his presence here?

Œd. I'll tell thee. Should his speech accord with thine,
My life stands clear from this calamity.

Joc. What word of mine agreed not with the scene?

Œd. You said he spake of robbers in a band
As having slain him. Now, if he shall still
Persist in the same number, I am free.
One man and many can not be the same.
But should he tell of one lone traveler,
Then unavoidably this falls on me.

Joc. So 'twas given out by him, be sure of that!
He can not take it back. Not I alone,
But all the people heard him speak it so.
And should he swerve in aught from his first tale,
He ne'er will show the murder of the King
Rightly accordant with the oracle:

For Phœbus said expressly he should fall
Through him whom I brought forth. But that poor babe
Ne'er slew his sire, but perish'd long before.
Wherefore henceforth I will pursue my way
Regardless of all words of prophecy:

Œd. Wisely resolved. But still send one to bring
The labourer-swain, and be not slack in this!

. . . . . .

Enter a MESSENGER.

Messenger. Are ye the folk to tell me where to find
The mansion of the sovereign, Œdipus?
Or better, where he may himself be found?

Chorus. Here is the roof you seek, and he, our lord,
Is there; and, stranger! thou behold'st
The mother of his royal progeny.

Mess. May she and hers be always fortunate!
Still may she crown him with the joys of home!

Joc. Be thou too bless'd, kind sir! Thy gracious tongue
Deserves no less. But tell me what request
Or what intelligence thou bring'st with thee?

Mess. Good tidings for thy house and husband, Queen!

Joc. What are they? Who hath sent thee to our hall?

Mess. From Corinth came I, and will quickly tell
What sure will please you; yet perchance 'twill grieve.

Joc. What news can move us thus two ways at once?

Mess. 'Twas rumour'd that the people of the land
Of Corinth would make Œdipus their king.

Joc. Is ancient Polybus not still in power?

Mess. No! Mightier Death controuls him in the grave.

Joc. Hold there! How say you? Polybus in his grave?

Mess. May I die for him if I speak not true!

Joc. Run thou, and tell this quickly to my Lord!
Voices of prophecy! where are ye now?
Long time hath Œdipus, a homeless man,
Trembled with fear of slaying Polybus,
Who now lies slain by Fortune, not by him.

Enter ŒDIPUS.

Œd. Jocasta, my dear Queen! why didst thou send
To fetch me hither from our palace-hall?
Joc. Hear this man's tale, and then consider well
The end of yonder dreadful prophecy!
Œd. Who is the man? and what his errand here?
Joc. He comes from Corinth, to make known to thee
That Polybus, thy father, is no more.
Œd. How? stranger! Let me learn it from thy mouth!
Mess. If my first duty be to make this clear,
Know beyond doubt that he is dead and gone.
Œd. By sickness coming o'er him, or by guile?
Mess. Light force subdues to rest the agèd frame.
Œd. He perish'd then by some disease, poor soul!
Mess. And also from the fulness of his years.
Œd. Ah, my Jocasta! who again will heed
The Pythian hearth oracular, and birds
Screaming in air? blind guides, that would have made
My father's death my deed! But he is gone,
Hidden underneath the ground, while I stand here
Harmless and weaponless,—unless, perchance,
My absence kill'd him,—so he may have died
Through me. But be that as it may, the grave
That covers Polybus from sight hath closed
One voice of prophecy, worth nothing now.
Joc. Did I not tell thee so long since?

But further tidings come. LAIUS, *whom he slew, and not* POLYBUS, *was* ŒDIPUS' *father. The prophecies are fulfilled. Destiny is unrelenting. The Retributive Powers swerve not for any innocency of human purpose, and* ŒDIPUS *must dree his weird. The* CHORUS *can but affirm his doom.*

O tribes of living men!
How nothing-worth I count you while ye stand:
For who of all the train
Draws more of happiness into his hand
Than to seem bright and, seeming, fade in gloom?

O Œdipus! by thine all hapless doom
    Too clearly is express'd
    Nought in mortality is blest.
Thou that, surpassing all in skill,
    With perfect aim didst kill
The crook-claw'd minstrel, as a tower
Saving my land from death's dark power,
And winning for thyself the name
Of Thebè's King, and noblest fame,—
    Thou, thou art fallen at last
    To misery unsurpass'd.
    Who, in life's dark reverse,
    Like thee hath felt the curse
Of destiny, the assault of boundless pain?

LEWIS CAMPBELL.

EURIPIDES.

B.C. 485—406.

ALCESTIS.

(THE WIFE OF ADMETUS.)

Scene: Before the palace of KING ADMETUS, *at Pheræ.*

Enter APOLLO.

Apollo. Hail, palace of Admetus! in which I,
Although a God, once suffer'd servitude.
Zeus was the cause, who, having kill'd my son
Asclepius with his transfixing bolt,
Provoked my vengeance, so that I destroy'd
The Cyclops, forgers of his fiery darts.
For this the Almighty Father sentenced me
To be a slave beneath a mortal master.
Into this land I came, and tended herds.
Blameless myself, a master free from blame
Fell to my lot; in gratitude to whom

Up to this day his welfare is my care.
This man, Admetus, I have even now
Rescued from Death: having deceived the Fates
To grant me that, if other can be found
To die instead, Admetus may live on.
This knowing, and the circle of his friends
Beseeching, none is found among them all,
Not his grey mother, nor his aged sire,
None save his wife alone, willing to die
And leave the light of heaven that he may live.
She, at this moment, fainting in his arms,
Is near her end: this is her fated day.
Now let me stand aside, lest I incur
Pollution from the dead! for here I see
Death, the high priest of the Infernal Gods,
Coming to fetch from earth his yielded prey.
Well hath he guarded the appointed day.

Enter DEATH.

Death. Out and alas! what makest thou here, Apollo!
About these walls? why tarriest thou
Near to the palace? Are the Gods
Who rule the Dead a second time
To be defrauded of their rights?
And did it not suffice that thou
Shouldst have deprived them of Admetus,
Cheating the Fates by craft, but now
Again thou keepest armed watch
Over the Queen who hath devoted
Herself, to save her Lord from death?

Apollo. Fear not! for I am just, and mean no ill.

Death. If just, what need to carry this thy bow?

Apollo. It is my practice thus to arm myself.

Death. Yea! and to give this house unjust assistance.

Apollo. I sorrow with the sorrows of my friend.

Death. Wilt thou then steal from me this second victim?

Apollo. No plundering hand deprived thee of the first.

Death. How then doth he still live, and hath not died?
Apollo. By yielding her for whom thou now art come.
Death. True, and will bear her down below the earth.
Apollo. Take her, and go! Thou wilt not be advised.
Death. Advised to kill her? 'Tis the end I came for.
Apollo. No! but to strike those who await thy stroke.
Death. I catch thy meaning, and thy wish is clear.
Apollo. May then Alcestis live and reach old age?
Death. She may not. I too love to have my way.
Apollo. Take whom thou wilt, only one life is thine.
Death. Yes! but the death o' the young brings me more glory.
Apollo. Well, and if she die old her burial's rich.
Death. Ha! ha! you are no friend to heirs, I see.
Apollo. What sayest? Is even Death become a sophist?
Death. Let those who may die old rejoice in it!
Apollo. You will not then this favour grant to me?
Death. No, truly! you should know my ways too well.
Apollo. I know that Gods and men alike detest them.
Death. Thou canst not have all things in spite of justice.
Apollo. There is shall conquer thee, fierce as thou art.
A hero is even now approaching hither
(To fetch Eurystheus from the wintery clime
Of Thrace the steeds he coveteth) who, lodged
Beneath this roof, shall wrench from thee thy victim;
And then thou wilt deserve no thanks from me,
But, yielding my request, be hated still.
Death. Thou talkest much, but gainest none the more;
This woman passes to the realms below.
Even now I go for her, and will begin
The sacrifice with this my sword: for he
Is the devoted to the Gods beneath,
Whose locks of sever'd hair this blade hath hallow'd.

Enter CHORUS, *singing mournfully, in parts.*

1*st part.* Why is all hush'd within?
Why is deep silence reigning
Thorough Admetus' house?

2d part. No friend is near, to tell
Whether 'tis ours to mourn
Alcestis dead, or she,
The flower of loving wives,
Yet sees the light of day.
1st part. Hear ye sad groans within,
Or blows of anguish'd hands,
As after death are heard?
2d part. No! nor doth any come
Forth from the palace gates.
O that thou would'st appear,
Thou God of healing power!
To turn the tide of woe.
1st part. There would not be this hush
If she were gone: she is not yet
Departed from their sight.
2d part. Nor doth any urn appear
Of pure water as is wont
At the gates where lie the Dead;
Nor the locks of mourning shorn
Lie before the palace door;
Nor the female hands resound,
Wringing for untimely death.
1st part. Yet this is the fated day:
2d part. Why remind us of our grief?
1st part. When she must depart beneath.
2d part. You have touch'd the springs of woe.
Chorus. But see! a servant from the house approaches,
Weeping sad tears: what tidings shall we hear?
To weep when misery happens to our masters
Is pardonable weakness. Hath the Queen
Yielded her breath, or is she yet alive?
Servant. Both dead and living ye may reckon her.
Chorus. How can the same be living and be dead?
Servant. Already faint and gasping she is laid.
Chorus. O wretched King! how good a pair are parted!

After the funeral rites, HERCULES *enters.* ADMETUS *welcomes him, too hospitable to speak of his grief. But* HERCULES *sees it and learns the cause. He will rescue her even from the tomb. He departs, as is supposed, on his journey to steal the Thracian horses. After a time he returns.*

HERCULES, *leading a woman veiled:* ADMETUS.

Herc. One may speak freely to a friend, Admetus!
And not retain offence within one's bosom.
I, then, had claim to be consider'd worthy
To know and bear a part in these thy griefs:
But thou didst hide from me Alcestis' death,
And entertainedst me within thy house
As if all this were for a neighbour's loss.
And I have crown'd my head and pour'd libations
In thy sad dwelling. Trust me, I do blame thee;
Yea! to thy charge I lay it that I did this.
But I will cease, nor add rebuke to grief.—
But why I came, returning from my course,
Was this: I beg of thee to take and keep
For me this woman while I go and bring
The Thracian horses, having kill'd their master;
And, if aught ill should chance (which heaven avert!)
Retain her as thy servant. With much toil
She came into my hands. At certain games
Which I fell in with, she was the chief prize;
And I (for base I hold it to decline
Such contest) strove, and won her. But again,
Take her, and keep her! Ere long time hath pass'd,
Thou wilt commend me.

Adm. Not as dishonouring thee, or holding thee
Among the base, did I conceal from thee
My Wife's sad fortune; but grief unto grief
Would have been added had I suffer'd thee
To seek another host: and grief was here
Sufficient. For this woman, I beseech thee,

Some other put in charge with her, whose lot
Hath not been sad as mine (many there are
In Pheræ) nor remind me of my woes!
For I could not, beholding her, be free
From constant tears. Add not to one heart-sick
Fresh cause of anguish! I have load enough.
Moreover, where should such a woman dwell,
Young as she is? for by her gait and garment
She should be young. Should it be with the men?
How could she then escape pollution's touch?
We can not curb the young. I speak, my friend!
As pleading thine own cause. Shall she inhabit
The chamber of my Lost One? how can I
A stranger introduce there? for I fear
Two-fold reproach,—one from the people here,
Who will accuse me having her betray'd
Who died for me, of taking a new wife,—
And from the Dead, for she hath ample claim
To be remember'd and her memory honour'd.
But, woman! whosoe'er thou art, know this,—
Thy stature, and thy gait, doth much resemble
My lost Alcestis. Woe is me! remove
This woman from my sight, lest she entrap me!
For I could think I see my very Wife,
Looking on her: it doth stir up my heart
And fill mine eyes with tears. Ah, wretched me!
How deep the bitter of this draught doth reach!

Chorus. Thou art not prospering; but it behoves,
However suffering, not to send her from thee.
Take this deposit from the Son of Jove!

Herc. Would that I had such power as to bring back
Thy Wife into the light from the dark realms
Below, and show thee this surpassing favour!

Adm. I know thou willest it; but to what end?
The Dead can never see the light again.

Herc. Be reasonable to thy grief, Admetus!

Adm. 'Tis easier to advise than to endure.
Herc. What profit will it be always to mourn?
Adm. None, I know well: but my desire impeaches
My knowledge, and persuades me to lament.
Herc. Love of the Dead is that which starts thy tears.
Adm. O, I am lost with Her, beyond all utterance!
Herc. A faithful wife thou beyond doubt hast lost.
Adm. Yea! so that life no more is joy to me.
Herc. Time will wear out the anguish now so strong.
Adm. Yea! it is true: but death will be the time.
Herc. A bride will staunch it, and another's love.
Adm. Be silent! speak not thus! for this I look'd not.
Herc. What! will you be a widower all your life?
Adm. No other wife shall ever lie beside me!
Herc. Will this be any profit to the Dead?
Adm. Nay! but where'er she is, she shall be honour'd.
Herc. 'Tis well! 'tis well! but you'll be charged with folly.
Adm. Thou never shalt call me a bridegroom more.
Herc. I do commend thee for thy constant love.
Adm. Then may I die whene'er I shall betray her,
Though she be nothing.
Herc. Take, I beg thee,
This woman, and admit her to thine home!
Adm. Nay! ask me not! by Zeus that did beget thee.
Herc. Thou wilt err grievously, not doing this.
Adm. And if I do it grief will rend my heart.
Herc. Be ruled! compliance may turn out your gain.
Adm. O that thou never hadst obtain'd this prize!
Herc. Now that I have, thou also hast o'ercome.
Adm. Have I? then let this woman be removed!
Herc. Yes! if she must,——but art thou doing right?
Adm. I am,—unless indeed thine ire be roused.
Herc. I am thus eager, knowing more than thou.
Adm. Well! have thy way!—but not my will consents.
Herc. Hereafter thou wilt praise me: only yield!
Adm. Take her within, if she must enter there!

Herc. I will not loose her for thy slaves to take her.
Adm. Take her within then, if thou wilt, thyself!
Herc. Nay! I will place her in thine hands alone.
Adm. I will not touch her; she may enter in.
Herc. Thy hand alone I will intrust with her.
Adm. Force me not, I beseech thee, to do this!
Herc. Take courage! reach thy hand and touch the stranger!
Adm. As to a deadly Gorgon I extend it.
Herc. Thou hast her?
Adm. Yea!
Herc. Now keep her and confess
The Son of Zeus is no ungrateful guest. (*He unveils her.*)
Look now upon her, if she seem to thee
Like thy departed Wife! and change from mourning
Into great joy!
Adm. O heavens! what do I see?
A sudden and unlook'd-for miracle!
I see indeed my very Wife again.
Or doth some scornful vision from the Gods
Delude me into joy?
Herc. This is no vision:
It is thy Wife indeed.
Adm. Take heed it be no phantom from the shades!
Herc. I am no guider up and down of ghosts.
Adm. Do I then see my Wife whom I have buried?
Herc. The same: distrust thy happiness no longer!
Adm. May I but touch and speak to her as living?
Herc. Speak to her! thou hast all thy soul did wish.
Adm. O sight and person of my dearest Wife!
Unlook'd-for I possess thee,—for my hopes
Reach'd not to this.
Herc. Thou hast her: may no grudge
From the high heaven be on thee!
Adm. O thou illustrious Son of greatest Zeus!
Blessed be thou! and may thy Sire divine
Have thee in his high keeping! Thou alone

Hast raised me up again. But tell me how
Thou hast procured her rescue from the grave!
Herc. By joining fight with the dark King of Death.
Adm. Where did this struggle happen?
Herc. By the tomb
I seized him in my hands, and bore her off.
Adm. Why doth she stand so long bereft of speech?
Herc. She may not speak to thee till all be done
In order due to appease the Gods below,
And the third morning from this present come.
Take her within! And, as thou hast begun
Continue, to be generous to thy guests!
And now farewell! I go, my bidden labour
To finish, for the son of Sthenelus.
Adm. Tarry with us and be our guest awhile!
Herc. Some time hereafter; now I must use haste.
Adm. Good luck go with thee! and return victorious!

Exit HERCULES.

To all my people I do now proclaim
To raise the dance at this my blessed fortune
And load the altars with glad sacrifice!
For we have changed our former evil lot,
And thankfully confess our boundless joy.

CHORUS.

Manifold are the changes
Which Providence may bring;
Many unhoped-for things
God's power hath brought about.
What seemeth often happeneth not;
And for unlikely things
God findeth out a way:
Thus hath this matter been.

HENRY ALFORD.

ARISTOPHANES.

B.C. 444—380.

THE BIRDS.

Two Athenians, sick of their city life, its turmoil and wrangling, set off to the Birds of the Air, guided by a Raven and a Jackdaw. To the assembled Birds they propose the building of a new city—CLOUD CUCKOO-VILLE, *between earth and heaven, in order to outwit the Gods and be independent of all godly rule.*

Our Athenians are on their way.

2d Athenian. There's no path here.
1st Ath. Doesn't your Raven point us either way?
2d Ath. No, she says nought but croak, croak, as before.
1st Ath. Why, here's a hardship! we two want to go
Straight to the Crows, and have pack'd up our all,
And then can't find our way! Why, there are many
Would give their eyes to be Athenians;
And we two, citizens by birth, have fled
On both our feet, not out of disrespect
To the old place, but to avoid the squabbles
Of law-courts and the like,—and taken this journey,
With all our movables, to the King o' the Birds,
To find some place where we may live at ease,
If such his Majesty knows.
2d Ath. Look! look!
1st Ath. What now?
2d Ath. Your Raven, croaking, with his beak on end!
1st Ath. The Jackdaw, too, gapes upwards. 'Tis a sign
That birds are dwelling somewhere hereabout.
Let's make some noise, and we shall ascertain!
2d Ath. You'd better kick the rock with both your feet.
1st Ath. You with your head would make the hollower sound.
2d Ath. Take up a stone and knock!
1st Ath. Well then, here goes:
(*He knocks.*) Ho there, within!

2d Ath. Don't shout so boisterously!
Remember, 'tis his Majesty you call!
1st Ath. Your Majesty! come out, your Majesty!
Don't make me knock again, your Majesty!

A water-bird called a RUNNER *comes out* (*the servant to the King of the Birds*).

Runner. Who wants my Master? Who on earth are you?
1st Ath. Pre—sarve us! what a swallow!
Runner. Help! help! help!
Two bird-catchers are come!
1st Ath. What art afraid of?
Stand still, and treat us civilly!
Runner. Pest upon ye!
1st Ath. He thinks we are men. My jewel! we're not men.
Runner. What then?
1st Ath. I'm Thingumbob, a bird of Lybia.
Runner. And who's your friend? what bird d'ye call your friend?
2d Ath. I'm Cock-o'-wax, a bird of the Pheasant tribe.
1st Ath. And you? By all the powers, what beast are you?
Runner. I am a slave.
1st Ath. Has some Game-cock subdued you?
Runner. Me? No! but when my Master was transform'd
Into a Bird, he pray'd that I might also
Become a Bird, that I might be his servant.
1st Ath. Do Birds want servants then?
Runner. Why, if he wishes,
Remembering old days when he was a man,
A dish of fish, I run and fetch it him;
If he would have bean-broth, I run and bruize them.
1st Ath. Well then, my Runner! call your Master to us!
Runner. He is asleep, just having had his luncheon:
Some myrtle-berries and a gnat or two.
1st Ath. Can not you wake him?
Runner. He'll be mighty sulky.
Still, if you wish it, I will go and wake him. (*Exit.*)
2d Ath. Bad luck go with ye! I'm half dead with fear.

1st Ath. Woe's me! my Jackdaw's taken fright, and fled.
2d Ath. You coward! 'twas your fright that let him go.
1st Ath. Ha! and your Raven? you've let him go too.
2d Ath. Not I.
1st Ath. Where is he then?
2d Ath. He's fled.
1st Ath. Brave fellow!
You tumbled down for funk, and he flew off.

Enter HOOPOOE, *the King of the Birds.*

Hoop. Open the forest branches! give me way!
1st Ath. St. Patrick! what a baste! where did ye get
Your wings? who set the fashion of your crest?
Hoop. Who seeks me?
1st Ath. May all the Gods who dwell above
De (*aside*) stroy your ugly phiz!
Hoop. Kind gentleman!
I pray you, mock me not. I know my wings
Are somewhat funny: I was once a man.
1st Ath. It is not you we laugh at, noble Sir!
Hoop. What then?
1st Ath. Your beak has such a comical turn.
Are you a fowl, or a peacock?
Hoop. I'm a fowl.
1st Ath. Where are your feathers then?
Hoop. They're fallen off.
1st Ath. By some disease?
Hoop. O no! we Birds all moult
In Winter time, and have new plumes in Spring.
But who are you?
1st Ath. We? mortals.
Hoop. On what errand
Are you come hither?
1st Ath. Wishing to speak with you.
Hoop. Concerning what?
1st Ath. Why, in the first place,
You have been once a man, as we are now:

And you have once owed debts, as we do now;
And have loved shirking them, as we do now:
And then you took the nature of a bird,
And have been flying over land and sea
With all the knowledge of both bird and man.
Wherefore we come to you as suppliants;
And beg of you, if you can, to point us out
Some nice soft place to live in, in whose comforts
One may enwrap one's self, as in a blanket.

Hoop. Seek you a larger town than your own Athens?

1st Ath. No! not a larger,—one that suits us better.

Hoop. O, O! you want an aristocracy!

1st Ath. Pah! I abhor the very mention of it.

Hoop. What kind of city then are you in search of?

1st Ath. One where there is no more serious business
Than to receive one's neighbour in the morning
And hear him say—"Up! and prepare yourselves,
You and your children! I've a wedding toward."

Hoop. Just such a city lies upon the shore
Of the Red Sea.

1st Ath. I will not live by the sea:
Those horrid galleys will be coming for us.
How shall we live up here, among the Birds?
You've tried it, and can tell us.

Hoop. Passably:
First you must learn to live without a purse.

1st Ath. One nuisance then at least will be removed.

Hoop. And then our food is buckwheat in the gardens,
The myrtle-berry, poppy-seed, and spearmint.

1st Ath. Your life is a perpetual marriage feast.

2d Ath. Ha! a thought strikes me: be advised by me!
I have a scheme shall bring you wealth and power.

Hoop. What is it?

2d Ath. Why, this:—You now are flying
Hither and thither, ranging up and down,
Things of no purpose, and no settled life:
Collect yourselves together! Build one city!

Hoop. Where is the site to be ?
2d Ath. Idiot ! look upward !
Hoop. Well ?
2d Ath. Now look downward !
Hoop. Well ?
2d Ath. And now turn round
Your head, and look about you on all sides !
Hoop. Thank you ! and twist my neck off.
2d Ath. Seèst aught ?
Hoop. Yes ! clouds and sky.
2d Ath. Well ! are not these your city ?
Fortify these, and you may govern men,
And starve the Gods out.
Hoop. How ?
2d Ath. Why, thus :—The air
Lies midway between earth and heaven. Well then,
Just as we ask a passage through Bœotia
If we would go to Delphi, so, when men
Sacrifice to the Gods, unless the latter
Pay you a toll, you stop the savoury smell
From passing through your city.
Hoop. Ha ! ha ! ha !
Why, by the earth and all its fowling-nets,
I never heard a better thought than this.
I will establish this same city with you,
If all the other Birds consent to it.
2d Ath. Who is to tell the matter to them ?
Hoop. You.
They were barbarians when I came to them,
But I have taught them language.
2d Ath. How will you summon them ?
Hoop. Most easily.
I will just hop into the bush close by,
And wake my Love, the Nightingale ; and we
Will call them. When they hear us, they will come.
2d Ath. O Best of Birds ! let there be no delay ;
Go to the bush and wake the Nightingale !

Hoopooe sings. Come, companion! cease thy slumbers!
Sweetly pour thy holy numbers
Mournful through thy passion'd throat!
Trilling liquid melodies
Through the sombre-branched trees,
Till the pure strain's echo float
Up among the halls above,
Where the God who song doth love
Shall respond with ivory-lyre
From amid the blessed quire;
And, from heavenly voices sent,
Swell the high accompaniment.

The NIGHTINGALE *sings.*

2d Ath. There was a voice! It seem'd to flood the thicket
With liquid honey.
1st Ath. Canst thou not be silent?
Look! the Hoopooe prepares himself to sing.

The HOOPOOE *sings again; and then a Chorus of*

Toro-toro-toro-toro-toro-tinx,
Kikkabaw, kikkabaw,
Toro-toro-toro-tolililinx!

Then the Birds come crowding in, and would fall foul on the two men; but after a while consent to listen to their city-building proposals.

Hoop. But how will men suppose that we are Gods,
And not Crows rather, while we wear these wings?
2d Ath. Pooh! pooh! why Hermes sports a set of wings,
And he's a God; and there are more examples.
You've Iris,—Homer says she's like a pigeon;
You've Victory, with golden wings; and Love too.
Hoop. But will not Zeus send thunderbolts, and smash us?
2d Ath. Well, then your way is clear:—If they despise you,
And stick to their old Gods, send a detachment
Of Sparrows, and peck up their seed in Autumn;
And then let the Corn-Goddess give them victuals!
1st Ath. Apologies she'll give them, but no victuals.

2d Ath. And then let Crows be sent, and let them dig
The eyes out of their farming-stock and sheep ;
And let Apollo heal them ! he's a doctor,
And a well paid one too.
1st Ath. Let no such thing
Be done, I pray you, till I've sold my oxen !
2d Ath. Then, if they think you Gods, and reverence you,
Give them all good things !
Hoop. Tell me one of them !
2d Ath. Why, first, the locusts shall not eat their grapes
When in the flower, for you can send a guard
Of Owls and Screech-cocks to devour the locusts ;
Then worms and maggots shall not eat their figs,
For a few Thrushes shall soon suck them down.
Hoop. Ay ! but how give them wealth ? that's what they love.
2d Ath. Why, don't you know that, when one hears a secret,
One says, a little Bird saw this or that ?
Well, just so you will tell them precious secrets.
And then again, seamen will never perish.
Hoop. How so ?
2d Ath. Why, you Birds dwell aloft, and know
All sorts of weathers and the signs of them :
So you can say—Now sail ! now stay at home !
1st Ath. Ha ! ha ! I'll buy a boat, and not stay here.
2d Ath. And you can show them treasures which were hidden
In secret, when none saw but Gods and Birds.
1st Ath. O ! O ! I'll sell my boat, and buy a spade
And dig up pots of gold.
Hoop. But how shall we
Give them long life ? old age is from the Gods.
2d Ath. How ? give them some of yours ! your croaking Raven
Lives out five lives of men.
1st Ath. I clearly see
Men will be better off than under Zeus.

HENRY ALFORD.

TYRTÆUS.

B.C. *7th Century.*

MARTIAL ELEGY.

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,
In front of battle for their native land!
But O, what ills await the wretch that yields,
A recreant outcast from his country's fields!
The mother whom he loves shall quit her home,
An aged father at his side shall roam,
His little ones shall weeping with him go,
And a young wife participate his woe;
While scorn'd and scowl'd upon by every face,
They pine for food, and beg from place to place.

Stain of his breed! dishonouring manhood's form!
All ills shall cleave to him; afflictions' storm
Shall blind him wandering in the vale of years
Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,
He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name,
And children like himself inured to shame.

But we will combat for our fathers' land,
And we will drain the life-blood where we stand,
To save our children. Fight ye, side by side,
And serried close, ye men of youthful pride!
Disdaining fear, and deeming light the cost
Of life itself in glorious battle lost.

Leave not our sires to stem the unequal fight,
Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant might!
Nor, lagging backward, let the younger breast
Permit the man of age (a sight unbless'd)
To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
His hoary head dishevel'd in the dust
And venerable bosom bleeding bare!

But youth's fair form, though fallen, is ever fair ;
And beautiful in death the boy appears,
The hero boy that dies in blooming years !
In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears :
More sacred than in life, and lovelier far
For having perish'd in the front of war.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ANACREON.

B.C. 635—478.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy Insect ! what can be
In happiness compared with thee ?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine.
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill ;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self thy Ganymed.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king.
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee,
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough,
Farmer he and landlord thou.
Thou dost innocently joy ;
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he ;
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year !
Thee Phœbus loves and does inspire ;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee of all things upon earth

Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy Insect! happy, thou
Dost neither age nor winter know;
But when thou hast drunk and danced and sung
Thy fill the flowery leaves among,
Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retirest to endless rest.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

LOVE AND THE MUSES.

Once the Muses met with Love,
In a chain they garlands wove,
And to Beauty's keeping gave
Their involuntary slave.
Venus gifts of ransom brought,
And poor Love's release besought.
Let them loose him, they who will!
Though released, a prisoner still,
Freedom's tale is told in vain:
He has learn'd to hug his chain.

CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Sad Niobè, on Phrygian shore,
  Was turn'd to marble by despair;
And hapless Prognè learn'd to soar
  On swallow's wing through liquid air.

But I would be a mirror,
  So thou may'st pleased behold me;
Or robe, with close embraces
  About thy limbs to fold me;

A crystal fount, to lave thee;
  Sweet oils, thy hair to deck;

A zone, to press thy bosom ;
  Or pearl, to gem thy neck.

Or, might I worship at thy feet,
  A sandal for thy feet I'd be :
Even to be trodden on were sweet,
  If trodden on by thee.

JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE.

LOVE IN WINE.

As once a wreath of flowers I wove,
I found among the roses Love.
Fast by his wings the boy I clipp'd
And in my wine immerging dipp'd ;
And, as he struggled in the cup,
I gulp'd the draught and drank him up.
Within me now, the flutterer springs
From vein to vein with tickling wings.

CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

OF DRINKING.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again ;
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair ;
The sea itself (which, one would think,
Should have but little need of drink)
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup ;
The busy sun (and one would guess
By his drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea ; and when he has done
The moon and stars drink up the sun.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in Nature's sober found ;
But an eternal Health goes round.
Fill up the bowl then ! fill it high !

Fill all the glasses there! for why
Should every creature drink, but I?
Why? man of morals!—tell me why!

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

LOVE STUNG.

Love once among the roses
Perceived a bee reposing,
And wonder'd what the beast was;
And touch'd it: so it stung him.
Sorely his finger smarted,
And bitterly he greeted
And wrung his hands together;
And half he ran, half flutter'd
Unto Cythèra's bosom,
Unto his fair sweet mother.
Loud sobbed he: "Ai! ai! mother!
Olola! I am murder'd;
Olola! it has kill'd me;
A small brown snake with winglets,
That men the bumble-bee call,
Has bit me!" But Cythèra
Said, laughing: "Ah, my baby!
If bees' stings hurt so sorely,
Bethink thee what the smart is
Of those, Love! that thou piercest."

EDWIN ARNOLD.

ON HIMSELF.

Oft am I by the women told—
"Poor Anacreon! thou grow'st old:
Look how thy hairs are falling all,—
Poor Anacreon! how they fall!"
Whether I grow old or no,
By the effects I do not know;
This I know, without being told,—
'Tis time to live if I grow old.

'Tis time short pleasures now to take :
Of little life the best to make,
And manage wisely the last stake.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

SAPPHO.

B.C. *6th Century.*

TO APHRODITE.

Splendour-throned Queen! immortal Aphroditè!
Daughter of Jove! Enchantress! I implore thee,
Vex not my soul with agonies and anguish;
Slay me not, Goddess!

Come in thy pity! come, if I have pray'd thee!
Come at the cry of my sorrow! In the old times
Oft thou hast heard, and left thy Father's heaven,
Left the gold houses,

Yoking thy chariot: swiftly did the doves fly,
Swiftly they brought thee, waving plumes of wonder,
Waving their dark plumes all across the æther,
All down the azure!

Very soon they lighted; then didst thou, Divine One!
Laugh a bright laugh from lips and eyes immortal,
Ask me what ail'd me, wherefore out of heaven
Thus I had call'd thee;

What it was made me madden in my heart so,
Question me smiling, say to me—"My Sappho!
Who is it wrongs thee? tell me who refuses
Thee vainly sighing.

"Be it who it may be, he that flies shall follow;
He that rejects gifts, he shall bring thee many;
He that hates now shall love thee dearly, madly,
Ay! though thou wouldst not."

So once again come, Mistress! and, releasing
Me from my sadness, give me what I sue for!
Grant me my prayer and be, as heretofore, now
Friend and Protectress!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE PASSION OF LOVE.

Bless'd as the Immortal Gods is he,
The Youth whose eyes may look on thee,
Whose ears thy tongue's sweet melody
May still devour!

Thou smilèst too: sweet smile! whose charm
Has struck my soul with wild alarm,
And, when I see thee, bids disarm
Each vital power.

Speechless I gaze: the flame within
Runs swift o'er all my quivering skin,
My eyeballs swim; with dizzy din
My brain reels round;

And cold drops fall; and tremblings frail
Seize every limb; and grassy pale
I grow; and then—together fail
Both sight and sound.

JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE.

HESPERUS.

Sweet Evening Star! thou bringest all things home
Which Day had scatter'd far:
Thou bringest home the flock,
And the herd thou fetchest back,
And the child unto its mother, thou sweet Evening Star!

HENRY ALFORD.

LOVE.

My Mother sweet! I can not weave my web:
My heart is thinking of the youth I love.

A.

A GIRL.

Grown to her rosy grace like the rose apple high in the branches,—
Hanging highest of all, so high that the canker-worms miss it,
Nay! not "miss it," in truth, but can not in any way reach it.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

PINING.

Pines she like the hyacinth out on the path by the hill-top:
Shepherds tread it aside, and its purples lie lost in the herbage.

E. A.

RUSTICITY.

What country damsel charms thee,
With country smock and face:
Who knows not how to fasten
A stole, nor step with grace!

E. A.

A DIALOGUE.

"Sweet Rose of May! sweet Rose of May!
Whither, ah whither fled away?"
"What's gone no time can e'er restore:
I come no more! I come no more!"

JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE.

ADMETUS.

To what Admetus said of old attend,
And guard within your breast his counsel, Friend!
"Cling to the Brave and Good! the Base disown,
Whose best of fortunes is to live unknown!"

J. H. M.

ALCÆUS.

B.C. *6th Century.*

WINTER.

The rain of Zeus descends, and from high heaven
A storm is driven;
And on the running water brooks the cold
Lays icy hold!
Then up! beat down the Winter! make the fire
Blaze high and higher!
Mix wine as sweet as honey of the bee,
Abundantly!
Then drink, with comfortable wool around
Your temples bound!—
We must not yield our hearts to woe, or wear
With wasting care:
For grief will profit us no whit, my Friend!
Nor nothing mend.
But this is our best medicine, with wine fraught
To cast out thought.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

SIMONIDES.

B.C. 556—467.

DANAE.

—When, in the carven chest,
The winds that blew and waves in wild unrest
Smote her with fear, she, not with cheeks unwet,
Her arms of love round Perseus set
And said: O child! what grief is mine!
But thou dost slumber, and thy baby breast
Is sunk in rest,
Here in the cheerless brass-bound bark
Toss'd amid starless night and pitchy dark.

Nor dost thou heed the scudding brine
Of waves that wash above thy curls so deep,
Nor the shrill winds that sweep,—
Lapp'd in thy purple robe's embrace,
Fair little face!
But if this dread were dreadful too to thee,
Then wouldst thou lend thy listening ear to me.
Therefore I cry: Sleep, babe! and sea! be still
And slumber our unmeasured ill.
O may some change of fate, sire Zeus! from thee
Descend, our woes to end!
But if this prayer, too over-bold, offend
Thy justice, yet be merciful to me!

J. A. S.

THERMOPYLÆ.

Go, Stranger! tell the Spartans here we lie:
Faithful to death, because they bade us die.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

PINDAR.

B.C. 522—442.

TO PSAUMIS OF CAMARINA.

(*Conqueror in the chariot race.*)

O, urging on the tireless speed
Of Thunder's elemental steed,
Lord of the world! Almighty Jove!
Since these thine hours have sent me forth
The witness of thy champions' worth
And prophet of thine olive grove,—
And since the Good thy poet hear
And hold his tuneful message dear,—
Saturnian Lord of Etna hill,
Whose storm-cemented rocks encage
The hundred-headed rebel's rage!

Accept with favourable will
The Muses' gift of harmony,
The dance, the song, whose numbers high
Forbid the hero's name to die,—
A crown of life abiding still!

Hark! round the car of victory
Where noble Psaumis sits on high,
    The cheering notes resound,
Who vows to swell with added fame
His Camarina's ancient name,
    With Pisan olive crown'd.
And thou, O Father! hear his prayer!
For much I praise the knightly care
That trains the warrior steed;
Nor less the hospitable hall
Whose open doors the stranger call;
Yet praise I Psaumis most of all
For wise and peaceful rede
And patriot love of liberty.
What! do we weave the glozing lie?
Then whoso list my truth to try,
    The proof be in the deed!
To Lemnos' laughing dames of yore
Such was the proof Ernicus bore
When, matchless in his speed,
All brazen-arm'd, the racer hoar
Victorious on the applauding shore
    Sprang to the proffer'd meed;
Bow'd to the Queen his wreathèd head,—
"Thou seest my limbs are light," he said,
"And, Lady! mayst thou know
That every joint is firmly strung,
And hand and heart alike are young,
Though treacherous time my locks among
    Have strewn a summer snow."

REGINALD HEBER.

PLATO.

B.C. 430—347.

A LOVER.

'self my star, thou gazest up into the starry skies :
uld I were heaven to look on Thee with all those myriad eyes !

HENRY ALFORD.

LAIS GROWING OLD.

SHE DEDICATES HER MIRROW TO VENUS.

Venus ! take my votive glass !
Since I am not what I was,
What from this day I shall be,
Venus ! let me never see !

MATTHEW PRIOR.

HYBRIAS.

MY WEALTH.

My wealth's a burly spear and brand,
And a right good shield of hides untann'd
    Which on my arm I buckle ;
With these I plough, I reap, I sow,
With these I make the sweet vintage flow,
    And all around me truckle.

But your wights that take no pride to wield
A massy spear and well-made shield,
    Nor joy to draw the sword :
O I bring these heartless, hapless drones
Down in a thrice on their marrow-bones
    To call me king and lord.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

MESOMIDES.

TO NEMESIS.

Daughter of Justice, winged Nemesis!
    Thou of the awful eyes,
Whose silent sentence judgeth mortal life!
    Thou with the curb of steel
    Which proudest jaws must feel,
Stayest the snort and champ of human strife;
And, hating miserable pride of men,
Dost tame fierce hearts and turn them meek agen.
Under thy wheel, unresting, trackless, all
    Our joys and griefs befall;
In thy full sight our secret things go on;
    Step after step thy wrath
    Follows the caitiff's path,
And in his triumph breaks his vile neck-bone.
To all alike thou metest out their due,
Cubit for cubit, inch for inch,—stern, true!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

CALLISTRATUS.

HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGEITON.

Like Harmodius and Aristogeiton
    The myrtle-wreathèd sword
I'll bear—when Athens' Lord they slew,
    And equal laws restored.

Harmodius dear! thou art not dead;
    In the Islands of the Blest
Thou art, where swift Achilles
    And Tydides Diomed rest.

Like Harmodius and Aristogeiton
    With myrtle I'll entwine

The sword—when they Hipparchus slew
Before Minerva's shrine.

For ever over all the earth
Their names shall be adored,
The men who Athens' Tyrant slew
And equal laws restored.

JOHN WILSON.

THEOCRITUS.

B.C. 284—280.

THE SYRACUSAN GOSSIPS.

The Feast of Adonis, at Alexandria: GORGO *and* PRAXINOE *are the Gossips;* EUNOE *and* PHRYGIA, *servants to* PRAXINOE; *a Little Boy, her son.*

Gorgo (*at her friend's door*). Praxinoè within?
Eunoe. Why, Gorgo! dear!
How late you are! Yes! she's within.
Praxinoe (*appearing*). What! no!
And so you're come at last! A seat here, Eunoè!
And set a cushion!
Eunoe. There is one.
Prax. Sit down!
Gorg. O, what a thing is spirit! Do you know,
I've scarcely got alive to you, Praxinoè!
There's such a crowd, such heaps of carriages,
And horses, and fine soldiers, all full dress'd;
And then you live such an immense way off.
Prax. Why, 'twas *his* shabby doing. He *would* take
This hole that he calls house, at the world's end.
'Twas all to spite me, and to part us two.
Gorgo (*speaking low*). Don't talk so of your husband, there's a dear,
Before the little one. See how he looks at you!
Prax. (*to the Little Boy*). There, don't look grave, child! cheer up, Zophy sweet!
It isn't your papa we're talking of.

Gorg (*aside*). He thinks it is, though.
Prax. O no! Nice papa!
(*To Gorgo*). Well, this strange body once (let us say once,
And then he won't know who we're telling of),
Going to buy some washes and saltpetre,
Comes bringing salt,—the great big simpleton!
Gorg. And there's my precious ninny, Dioclede:
He gave for five old ragged fleeces, yesterday,
Ten drachmas!—for mere dirt! trash upon trash!
But come, put on your things! button away!
Or we shall miss the show. It's the king's own;
And I am told the queen has made of it
A wonderful fine thing.
Prax. Ay! luck has luck.
Well, tell us all about it! for we hear
Nothing in this vile place.
Gorg. We haven't time.
Workers can't throw away their holidays.
Prax. Some water, Eunoè! and then, my fine one!
To take your rest again: Puss loves good lying.
Come, move, girl! move, some water—water first!
Look how she brings it! Now, then! hold, hold, Careless!
Not quite so fast! you're wetting all my gown.
There, that'll do. Now, please the Gods, I'm wash'd.
The key of the great chest—where's that? Go fetch it!

Exit EUNOE.

Gorg. Praxinoè! that gown with the full skirts
Becomes you mightily. What did it cost you?
Prax. O, don't remind me of it! More than one
Or two good minas, besides time and trouble.
Gorg. All of which you had forgotten.
Prax. Ha, ha! True!
That's good. You're quite right.

Re-enter EUNOE.

Come, my cloak, my cloak;
And parasol! There! help it on now, properly!

To the Little Boy.) Child child! you can not go. The horse will bite it;
The Horrid Woman's coming. Well, well, simpleton!
Cry! if you will; but you must not get lamed.
Come, Gorgo!—Phrygia! take the child, and play with him;
And call the dog in doors, and lock the gate!

They go out.

Powers, what a crowd! how shall we get along?
Why, they're like ants! countless! innumerable!
Well, Ptolemy! you've done fine things, that's certain,
Since the Gods took your father. No one now-a-days
Does harm to travelers as they used to do,
After the Egyptian fashion, lying in wait,—
Masters of nothing but detestable tricks;
And all alike,—a set of cheats and brawlers!
Gorgo! sweet friend! what will become of us?
Here are the king's horse-guards! Pray, my good man!
Don't tread upon us so! See the bay horse!
Look how it rears! It's like a great mad dog.
How you stand, Eunoè! It will throw him certainly.
How lucky that I left the child at home!

'org. Courage, Praxinoè! they have pass'd us now;
They've gone into the court-yard.

'rax. Good! I breathe again.
I never could abide in all my life
A horse and a cold snake.

'org. (*addressing an Old Woman*). From Court? mother!

'ld Woman. Yes, child!

'org. Pray, is it easy to get in?

'ld Woman. The Greeks got into Troy. Everything's done
By trying.

Exit Old Woman.

'org. Bless us! How she bustles off!
Why the old woman's quite oracular.
But women must know everything; even what Juno

Wore on her wedding-day. See now, Praxinoè!
How the gate's crowded.
Prax. Frightfully indeed.
Give me your hand, dear Gorgo! and do you
Hold fast of Eutychis's, Eunoè!
Don't let her go! don't stir an inch! and so
We'll all squeeze in together. Stick close now!
O me! O me! my veil's torn right in two.
Do take care, my good man! and mind my cloak!
Man. 'Twas not my fault; but I'll take care.
Prax. What heaps!
They drive like pigs.
Man. Courage, old girl! all's safe.
Prax. Blessings upon you, sir! now and for ever,
For taking care of us. A good, kind soul!
How Eunoè squeezes us! Do, child! make way
For your own self! There! now we've all got in,
As the man said, when he was put in prison.
Gorg. Praxinoè! do look there! What lovely tapestry!
How fine and showy! One would think the Gods did it.
Prax. Holy Minerva! how those artists work!
How they do paint their pictures to the life!
The figures stand so like, and move so like!
They're quite alive, not work'd. Well, certainly,
Man's a wise creature. See now! only look!
See! lying on the silver couch, all budding,
With the young down about his face, Adonis!
Charming Adonis—charming even in Acheron!
2d Man. Do hold your tongues there! chatter, chatter, chatter:
The turtles stun one with their yawning gabble.
Gorg. Hey-dey! Whence comes the man? What is't to you,
If we do chatter? Speak where you've a right!
You're not the master here. And as for that,
Our people are from Corinth, like Bellerophon.
Our tongue's Peloponnesiac; and we hope
It's lawful for the Dorians to speak Doric!

rax. We've but one master, by the Honey-sweet!
And don't fear you, nor all your empty blows.
'org. Hush, hush, Praxinoè!—there's the Grecian girl,
A most amazing creature, going to sing
About Adonis,—she that sings so well
The song of Sperchis! she'll sing something fine,
I warrant. See how sweetly she prepares!

SONG.

O Lady! who dost take delight
In Golgos and the Erycian height,
And in the Idalian dell,
Venus, ever amiable!
Lo, the long-expected Hours,
Slowest of the blessed powers,
Yet who bring us something ever,
Ceasing their soft dancing never,
Bring thee back thy beauteous One
From perennial Acheron.
Thou, they say, from earth hast given
Berenicè place in heaven,
Dropping to her woman's heart
Ambrosia; and for this kind part,
Berenicè's daughter—she
That's Helen-like—Arsinoè,
O thou many-named and shrined!
Is to thy Adonis kind.
He has all the fruits that now
Hang upon the timely bough;
He has green young garden-plots,
Basketed in silver pots;
Syrian scents in alabaster,
And whate'er a curious taster
Could desire, that women make
With oil or honey, of meal cake;
And all shapes of beast or bird,
In the woods by huntsmen stirr'd;

And a bower to shade his state
Heap'd with dill, an amber weight;
And about him Cupids flying,
Like young nightingales that, trying
Their new wings, go half afraid,
Here and there, within the shade.
See the gold! the ebony see!
And the eagles in ivory,
Bearing the young Trojan up
To be filler of Jove's cup;
And the tapestry's purple heap,
Softer than the feel of sleep:
Artists! contradict who can,
Samian or Milesian.
But another couch there is
For Adonis, close to his;
Venus has it, and with joy
Clasps again her blooming boy,
With a kiss that feels no fret,
For his lips are downy yet.
Happy with her love be she!
But to-morrow morn will we,
With our locks and garments flowing,
And our bosoms gently showing,
Come and take him, in a throng,
To the sea-shore, with this song:—
Go, beloved Adonis! go
Year by year thus to and fro,—
Only privileged demigod!
There was no such open road
For Atrides; nor the great
Ajax, chief infuriate;
Nor for Hector, noblest once
Of his mother's twenty sons;
Nor Patroclus, nor the boy
That return'd from taken Troy;
Nor those older buried bones,

Lapiths and Deucalions;
Nor Pelopians, and their boldest;
Nor Pelasgians, Greece's oldest.—
Bless us then, Adonis dear!
And bring us joy another year!
Dearly hast thou come again,
And dearly shalt be welcomed then!

rg. Well, if that's not a clever creature, trust me!
Lord! what a quantity of things she knows!
And what a charming voice!—'Tis time to go, though:
For there's my husband hasn't had his dinner;
And you'd best come across him when he wants it.
Good-bye, Adonis darling! Come again!

LEIGH HUNT.

THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

Cythèra saw Adonis
And knew that he was dead;
She mark'd the brow all grisly now,
The cheek no longer red;
And "Bring the boar before me!"
Unto her Loves she said.

Forthwith her wing'd attendants
Ranged all the woodland o'er;
And found and bound in fetters
Threefold the grisly boar;
One dragg'd him at a rope's end
Even as a vanquish'd foe,
One went behind and drave him
And smote him with his bow;
On paced the creature feebly,—
He fear'd Cythèra so.

To him said Aphroditè:
"So, worst of beasts! 'twas you

Who rent that thigh asunder,—
Who him that loved me slew!"
And thus the beast made answer:
"Cythèra! hear me swear,
By thee, by him that loved thee,
And by these bonds I wear,
And them before whose hounds I ran,—
I mean'd no mischief to the man
Who seem'd to thee so fair.

"As on a carven statue
Men gaze, I gazed on him;
I seem'd on fire with mad desire
To kiss that offer'd limb:
My ruin, Aphroditè!
Thus follow'd from my whim.

"Now therefore take and punish,
And fairly cut away
These all unruly tusks of mine!
For to what end serve they?
And if thine indignation
Be not content with this,
Cut off the mouth that ventured
To offer him a kiss!"

But Aphroditè pitied,
And bade them loose his chain.
The boar from that day forward
Still follow'd in her train;
Nor ever to the wild-wood
Attempted to return,
But in the focus of Desire
Preferr'd to burn and burn.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

BION.

B.C. *3d Century.*

LAMENT FOR ADONIS.

Woe is me for Adonis! gone dead is the comely Adonis!
Dead is the god-like Adonis! the young loves wail for him, ai! ai!
Sleep no more, wrapp'd in thy mantles of Tyrian, Lady of Cyprus!
Rise! don thy raiment of azure, pale mourner! and beat on thy bosom!
Tell out thy sorrow to all: he is dead, thy darling Adonis!

Ai! ai! wail for Adonis! the young Loves wail for him, ai! ai!
Hurt on the hill lies Adonis the Beautiful, torn with the boar's tusk,
Torn on the ivory thigh with the ivory tusk; his low-gasping
Anguishes Cypris' soul; the dark blood trickles in rivers
Down from his snowy side; his eyes are dreamily dimming
Under their lids; and the rose leaves his lip, and the kisses upon it
Fade, and wax fainter, and faintest, and die before Cypris can snatch them.
Dear to the Goddess his kiss, though it be not the kiss of the living!
Dear—but Adonis wists not of the mouth that kiss'd him a-dying.

Ai! ai! wail for Adonis! Ai! ai! say the Loves for Adonis.
Cruel, ah! cruel the wound on the thigh of the hunter Adonis!
Yet in her innermost heart a deeper wears Queen Cytheræa.
Round the fair dead boy his hounds pace, dismally howling;
Round him the hill-spirits weep; but chiefest of all Aphroditè,
Letting her bright hair loose, goes wild through the depths of the forest,
Passionate, panting, unkempt, with feet unsandal'd, whose beauty
Thorn-bushes tear as she passes, and drip with the blood of the Goddess.

Bitterly, bitterly wailing, down all the long hollows she hurries,
Calling him Husband and Love! her Boy! her Syrian Hunter!
Meantime dead in his gore lieth he, from groin unto shoulder
Bloody, from breast to thigh,—the fair young flank of Adonis,
Heretofore white as the snow, dull now and dabbled with purple.

Ai! ai! woe for Adonis! the Loves say—"Woe for Adonis!"
That which hath kill'd her sweet lover hath kill'd a grace which was godlike.
Perfect the grace seem'd of Cypris so long as Adonis was living;
Gone is her beauty now,—ai! ai! gone, dead with Adonis.
All the hills echo it, all the oaks whisper it,—"Ah for Adonis!"
Even the river-waves ripple the sorrows of sad Aphroditè;
Even the springs on the hills drop tears for the hunter Adonis;
Yea! and the rose-leaves are redder for grief, for the grief Cytheræa
Tells in the hollow dells, and utters to townland and woodland.

Ai! ai! Lady of Cyprus! "Lo, dead is my darling Adonis!"
Echo answers thee back—"O dead is thy darling Adonis!"
Who, good sooth, but would say—Ai! ai! for her passionate story?
When that she saw and knew the wound of Adonis, the death-wound,
Saw the blood come red from the gash, and the white thigh a-waning,
Wide outraught she her arms and cried: "Ah, stay! my Adonis!
Stay for me! ill-starr'd Love! stay! stay till I take thee the last time,
Hold thee and fold thee, and lips meet lips and mingle together!
Rouse thee—a little, Adonis! kiss back for the last time, Belovèd!
Kiss me! kiss me—only so long as the life of a kiss is!
So I may suck from thy soul to my mouth in my innermost heart-beat
All the breath of thy life and take the last of its love-spell
Unto the uttermost drop! One kiss! I will tenderly keep it

(As I did thee, my Adonis !) since thou dost leave me, Adonis !
Far thou dost go, and for long; thou goest to the region of shadows,
Unto a hateful and pitiless Power, and I, the unhappy,
Live, and, alack! am a Goddess and can not die and go after.
Take thou my spouse, dark Queen ! have here my husband, as thou art
Stronger by far than I, and to thee goeth all that is goodly.
Utterly hapless my fate, and utterly hopeless my grief is,
Weeping my Love who is dead, and hating the Fate that hath slain him.
Fled is my joy, like a dream; thou art dead, Thrice-Lovely and Long'd-for !
Queen Cytheræa is widow'd ; the Loves in my bowers are idle ;
Gone my charm'd girdle with thee : why, rash One ! went'st thou a-hunting ?
Mad wert thou, being so fair, to match thee with beasts of the forest ! "

So grieved the Lady of Cyprus. The young Loves wept for her sorrow,
Saying—" Ai ! ai ! Cytheræa ! gone dead is her darling Adonis ! "
Drop by drop as the hunter bleeds, the tears of the Goddess
Fall and blend with the blood, and both on the ground become flowers :
Rose-blossoms grow from the blood and wind-lilies out of the tear-drops.

Ai ! ai ! comely Adonis—gone dead is the god-like Adonis !
Wander no longer bewailing in glade and in thicket, sad Lady !
Fair is his bed of leaves, and fragrant the couch where the Dead lies !
Dead, but as lovely as life ; yea ! dead, but as lovely as sleep is.
Lap in mantles of silken, such robes as he once took delight in
When by thy side he pass'd in caresses the season of starbeams,
Lull'd on a couch of gold ! though dead the raiments become him.

Heap on him garlands and blossoms and buds! entomb them together!
When that Adonis died, the flowers died too, and were wither'd.
Rain on him perfumes and odours! shed myrrh and spices upon him!
Let all delightful things die and go with him, for dead is the Dearest!
So lies he lovely, in death-shroud of purple, the fair young Adonis;
Round about his couch the Loves go, piteously wailing,
Tearing their hair for Adonis; and one has charge of his arrows,
One of his polish'd bow, and one of his well-feather'd quiver;
One unclasps his sandal, and one in a water-pot golden
Brings bright water to lave his limbs, and one at the bier-head
Fans with her pinions the forehead and eyes of the sleeping Adonis.

Ah! but for Cypris herself the young Loves sorrow the sorest.
Quench'd are the marriage-lamps in the halls of the God Hymenæus,
Scatter'd his marriage-crowns: no more he sings—"Hymen! O, Hymen!"
"Hymen!" no more is the song he goes singing, but evermore Ai! ai!
"Ah, for Adonis!" he cries; and "Ah!" say the Graces,—"Adonis!"
More than the Marriage-God even they weep for the Syrian huntsman:
One to the other still saying—"Dead, dead is the lovely Adonis!"
All the nine Muses bewail; but he hears no more music and singing:
Nay! not if that he would: Fate holds him fast and for ever.

Cease, Cytheræa! thy sobs! a little while rest from thine anguish!
Soon must thy tears flow again, and again comes the season of sorrow.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

MOSCHUS.

B.C. *3d Century.*

ELEGY FOR BION.

Moan with me, moan, ye woods and Dorian waters!
And weep, ye rivers! the delightful Bion.
Ye plants! now stand in tears; murmur, ye groves!
Ye flowers! sigh forth your odours with sad buds;
Flush deep, ye roses and anemones!
And more than ever now, O hyacinth! show
Your written sorrows:—the sweet singer's dead.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily!
Ye nightingales! that mourn in the thick leaves,
Tell the Sicilian streams of Arethuse,
Bion the shepherd's dead; and that with him
Melody's dead, and gone the Dorian song.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily!
Weep on the waters, ye Strymonian swans!
And utter forth a melancholy song,
Tender as his whose voice was like your own;
And say to the Oeagrian girls, and say
To all the nymphs hunting in Bistony,—
The Doric Orpheus is departed from us.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily!
No longer pipes he to the charmed herds,
No longer sits under the lonely oaks,
And sings; but to the ears of Pluto now
Tunes his Lethèan verse; and so the hills
Are voiceless; and the cows, that follow still
Beside the bulls, low, and will not be fed.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily!
Apollo, Bion! wept thy sudden fate;
The Satyrs too, and the Priapuses
Dark-veil'd; and for that song of thine the Pans,
Groan'd; and the fountain-nymphs within the woods

Mourn'd for thee, melting into tearful waters;
Echo too mourn'd among the rocks that she
Must hush—and imitate thy lips no longer;
Trees and the flowers put off their loveliness;
Milk flows not as 'twas used; and in the hive
The honey moulders,—for there is no need,
Now that thy honey's gone, to look for more.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily!
Not so the dolphins mourn'd by the salt sea,
Not so the nightingale among the rocks,
Not so the swallow over the far downs,
Not so Ceyx call'd for his Halcyonè,
Not so in the Eastern valleys Memnon's bird
Scream'd o'er his sepulchre for the Morning's Son,
As all have mourn'd for the departed Bion.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily!
Ye nightingales and swallows every one!
Whom he once charm'd and taught to sing at will,—
Plain to each other midst the green tree boughs,
With other birds o'erhead. Mourn too, ye doves!

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily!
Who now shall play thy pipe, O most desired One!
Who lay his lip against thy reeds? who dare it?
For still they breathe of thee and of thy mouth,
And Echo comes to seek her voices there.
Pan's be they! and even he shall fear perhaps
To sound them, lest he be not first hereafter.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily!
And Galatea weeps, who loved to hear thee,
Sitting beside thee on the calm sea-shore;
For thou did'st play far better than the Cyclops,—
And him the fair one shunn'd: but thee, but thee,
She used to look at sweetly from the water.
But now forgetful of the deep, she sits
On the lone sands, and feeds thy herd for thee.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily!
The Muse's gifts all died with thee, O shepherd!
Men's admiration, and sweet women's kisses.
The Loves about thy sepulchre weep sadly,
For Venus loved thee, much more than the kiss
With which of late she kiss'd Adonis dying.
Thou too, O Meles! sweetest-voiced of rivers,
Thou too hast undergone a second grief;
For Homer first, that sweet mouth of Calliopè,
Was taken from thee; and they say thou mourned'st
For thy great son with many-sobbing streams,
Filling the far-seen ocean with a voice.
And now, again, thou weepest for a son,
Melting away in misery. Both of them
Were favourites of the fountain-nymphs; one drank
The Pegasean fount, and one his cup
Fill'd out of Arethuse; the former sang
The bright Tyndarid Lass, and the great son
Of Thetis, and Atrides Menelaus;
But he the other, not of wars or tears
Told us, but intermix'd the pipe he play'd
With songs of herds, and as he sung he fed them;
And he made pipes, and milk'd the gentle heifer,
And taught us how to kiss, and cherish'd love
Within his bosom, and was worthy of Venus.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily!
Every renowned city and every town
Mourns for thee, Bion!—Ascra weeps thee more
Than her own Hesiod; the Bœotian woods
Ask not for Pindar so; nor patriot Lesbos
For her Alcæus; nor the Ægean isle
Her poet; nor does Paros so wish back
Archilocus; and Mitylenè now,
Instead of Sappho's verses, rings with thine.
All the sweet pastoral poets weep for thee:
Sicelidas the Samian; Lycidas,

Who used to look so happy; and at Cos,
Philetas; and at Syracuse, Theocritus;
All in their several dialects; and I,
I too, no stranger to the pastoral song,
Sing thee a dirge Ausonian, such as thou
Taughtest thy scholars, honouring us as all
Heirs of the Dorian Muse. Thou didst bequeath
Thy store to others, but to me thy song.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily!
Alas! when mallows in the garden die,
Green parsley, or the crisp luxuriant dill,
They live again, and flower another year;
But we, how great soe'er, or strong, or wise,
When once we die sleep in the senseless earth
A long, an endless, unawakeable sleep.
Thou too in earth must be laid silently:
But the nymphs please to let the frog sing on;
Nor envy I, for what he sings is worthless.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily!
There came, O Bion! poison to thy mouth,—
Thou did'st feel poison; how could it approach
Those lips of thine, and not be turn'd to sweet?
Who could be so delightless as to mix it,
Or bid be mix'd, and turn him from thy song?

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily!
But justice reaches all;—and thus, meanwhile,
I weep thy fate. And would I could descend
Like Orpheus to the Shades, or like Ulysses,
Or Hercules before him! I would go
To Pluto's house, and see if you sang there,
And hark to what you sang. Play to Prosèrpina
Something Sicilian, some delightful pastoral,—
For she once play'd on the Sicilian shores,
The shores of Ætna, and sang Dorian songs,—
But so thou would'st be honour'd; and, as Orpheus

For his sweet harping had his love again,
She would restore thee to our mountains, Bion!
O, had I but the power, I, I would do it.

LEIGH HUNT.

SEA AND SHORE.

When winds that move not its calm surface sweep
The azure sea, I love the land no more,—
The smiles of the serene and tranquil deep
Tempt my unquiet mind. But when the roar
Of ocean's grey abyss resounds, and foam
Gathers upon the sea, and vast waves burst,
I turn from the drear aspect to the home
Of earth and its deep woods, where, interspersed,
When winds blow loud, pines make sweet melody.
Whose house is some lone bark, whose toil the sea,
Whose prey the wandering fish, an evil lot
Has chosen. But I my languid limbs will fling
Beneath the plane, where the brook's murmuring
Moves the calm spirit, but disturbs it not.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

PAN AND ECHO.

Pan loved his neighbour Echo, but that child
Of Earth and Air pined for the Satyr leaping;
The Satyr loved with wasting madness wild
The bright nymph Lyda: and so three went weeping.
As Pan loved Echo, Echo loved the Satyr,
The Satyr, Lyda; and thus love consumed them.
And thus to each (which was a woeful matter)
To bear what they inflicted, justice doom'd them:
For inasmuch as each might hate the lover,
Each loving so was hated. Ye that love not,
Be warn'd! in thought turn this example over!
That when ye love, the like return ye prove not.

SHELLEY.

Latin.

VIRGIL.

B.C. 70—19.

THE TROJAN HORSE.

(From the Æneid.)

ÆNEAS *relates to* DIDO, *Queen of Carthage, how the Greeks obtained trance into Troy.*

All silent sat, with looks intent, when thus
Æneas from his lofty couch began.

O Queen! thou dost command me to renew
A grief unutterable: how the Greeks
O'erturn'd the power and lamentable realm
Of Troy; the afflicting scenes that I myself
Beheld, and a great part of which I was.
Who of the Myrmidons or Dolopès,
Or of the hard Ulysses' soldiery,
Can, speaking of such things, refrain from tears?
Now too the humid night from heaven descends,
And all the sinking stars persuade to sleep.
Still, if there be such earnest wish to hear
Our sad disasters, and in brief to know
The last expiring sufferings of Troy,
Though my soul shudders at the memory
And in its grief shrinks back, I will begin.—
Broken by war and baffled by the fates
Through such a lapse of years, the Grecian chiefs
Construct a Horse, by Pallas' art divine,—
Huge as a mountain, and enlaced and ribb'd
With beams of fir. This they pretend to be

A votive offering for their safe return.
So went the rumour. But they secretly
To its blind sides convey'd a chosen band
Of warriors, and so fill'd the caverns vast
Of the dark womb with armed soldiery.

The Isle of Tenedos lies full in sight,
Well known to fame, and in resources rich
While Priam's empire stood; but now it holds
Merely a bay, a faithless port for ships.
And here our foes upon the desert coast
Conceal themselves, while we suppose them gone,
Returning to Mycenæ with the wind.
Therefore all Troy her long grief throws aside;
The gates stand open; and we go to see
With joy the Doric camps, the abandon'd posts,
And the deserted shore. "The Dolopès
Were here, and here the fierce Achilles camp'd;
Here lay the fleet; and here were battles fought!"
Some at the Virgin Pallas' fatal gift
Astonish'd stare, and the huge horse's size
Admire. And first Thymœtes gives advice
To carry it within the city's walls
And place it in the citadel: thus moved
By treacherous design; or else the fates
Of Troy so order'd it. But Capys urged
(With those who wisest in opinion stood)
That we should either throw into the sea,
The Greeks' insidious snare and gift suspect,
And burn it, setting fire beneath; or else
Bore through it, and its secret caves explore.
So the uncertain crowd divided stood
With views conflicting.
First, in the front of all,
Attended by a numerous throng of men,
Laocoòn from the citadel runs down
Impetuously, and from a distance cries:

"O wretched men! What madness, citizens!
Is this? Believe ye then our foes are gone?
Do ye suppose that any Grecian gifts
Are lacking in deceit? Or is it thus
Ulysses has been known? Either the Greeks
Within this wooden fabric are conceal'd,
Or it is framed to bear against our walls,
And overlook our houses, and descend
Upon our city; or some other guile
Is lurking. Trojans! do not trust this horse!
Whatever it may be, I fear the Greeks,
Even when they bring us gifts." As thus he spoke,
With all his strength he hurl'd a mighty spear
Against its side and belly rounded firm
With jointed timbers. Quivering 'neath the blow,
It stood, and all the caverns of its womb
Resounded with a roar. And if the Fates
Divine had favour'd, and a serious mind been ours,
He would have then impell'd as to destroy
With arms the hiding-places of the Greeks;
And Troy would now be standing, and thou saved,
O lofty citadel of Priam!

Lo,

Meanwhile, the Trojan shepherds with loud cries
Dragg'd to the King a young man, tightly bound
With hands behind his back, who, quite unknown
To them, surrender'd of his own accord
(With the design to open to the Greeks
The gates of Troy, and resolute of will
Either to use deceit or encounter death).
Eager to see, from every quarter rush
In a tumultuous throng the Trojan youths,
And vie in insults on the captive. Now
Hear what the treachery of the Grecians was,
And from one crime learn all! For while he stood,
Troubled, defenceless, in the sight of all,
And gazed around upon the Trojan bands,

"Alas!" he said,—"what land now, or what sea,
Can harbour me? Or what remains for me,
Unhappy wretch, for whom there is no place
Among the Greeks, and upon whom besides
The vengeful Trojans seek a bloody death?"
At this lamenting groan our minds are changed,
And every violent impulse check'd at once.
We ask him then to tell us of what race
He comes, and what he has to say,—how far
We may put faith in him a captive. He,
Fear at length laid aside, address'd us thus:—

SINON (*the captive*) *thereupon tells how he had suffered through the hate of* ULYSSES, *who, pretending to be informed by an oracle that Greece could only succeed after sacrificing a human victim, had marked out* SINON *as the offering. The Horse, he tells them, had been built in honour of Pallas, and so large that they might not take it into the city, wherein it would be their protection.*

With treachery
Like this, and artful perjury, the tale
Of the false Sinon was believed by us
(Caught by his wiles and by the tears he forced)
Whom neither Diomed, nor Larissa's chief,
Achilles, nor ten years, nor a thousand ships,
Could conquer.
Here another dire event
More dreadful far befalls, disturbing us,
Wretched and unprepared, with gloomy thoughts.
Laocoòn, chosen Neptune's priest by lot,
A huge bull at the solemn altars there
Was sacrificing, when behold! two snakes
(I shudder as I tell) from Tenedos
Come gliding on the deep, with rings immense
Pressing upon the sea, and side by side
Toward the shore they move with necks erect
And bloody crests that tower above the waves;
Their other parts behind sweeping the sea,
With huge backs winding on in sinuous folds.

A noise of foaming brine is heard. And now
They reach the shores, their burning eyes suffused
With blood and fire, and lick their hissing mouths
With quivering tongues. We, pale with terror, fly.
But they with steady pace Laocoòn seek.
First the two bodies of his little sons
Each serpent twines about, with tightening folds,
And bites into their miserable limbs.
Then him, as he with help and weapons comes,
They seize and bind him, in their mighty spires;
Twice round the middle, twice around the neck,
Twisting, with scaly backs, they raise on high
Their heads and lofty necks. He with his hands
Strains to untwine the knots, his fillets wet
With gore and poison black. His dreadful shrieks
Rise to the stars: such groans as when a bull
Flies from the altar wounded, and shakes free
His forehead from the ill-aim'd axe. But they,
The dragons, slip away to the lofty shrine
And citadel of cruel Pallas. There,
Beneath the Goddess' feet and orbed shield,
They hide. Then verily a new fear creeps
Into the trembling hearts of all. They said
Laocoòn paid the penalty deserved
Of crime, for having with his steel profaned
The sacred wood, when he had hurl'd his spear
Against the Horse. And now all cry aloud
To take the image to its rightful seat
And supplicate the Goddess. We divide
The walls, and open lay the battlements.
All for the work prepare. Beneath the feet
We lay smooth rollers, and around the neck
Strain hempen ropes. The terrible machine
Passes the walls, fill'd full with armed men.
Around, the youths and the unwedded maids
Sing sacred songs, rejoicing when they touch
Their hands against the ropes. Onward it moves,

And threatening glides into the city's midst.
Alas, my Country! Ilium, home of Gods!
Dardanian battlements renown'd in war!
Four times, even at the threshold of the gate,
It stopp'd; four times we heard the noise of arms
Ring from the depths within. Yet on we press,
Thoughtless of omens, blind with furious zeal,
And in the sacred citadel we lodge
The fatal monster. And now Cassandra opes
Her lips (that by the Deity's command
Should never be believed by Trojan ears)
And prophesies to us our future fates.
We, miserable, unto whom this day
Was doom'd to be our last, hang on our shrines,
Throughout the city, wreaths of festive leaves.
Meanwhile with changing sky night comes apace
Upon the ocean, wrapping with wide shade
Earth, sky, and crafty wiles of Myrmidons.
The Trojans, scatter'd through the town, are still:
For sleep embraces every weary frame.

And now the Grecian hosts are moving on
From Tenedos, their ships in order ranged,
Beneath the friendly silence of the moon,
Toward the well-known shores, soon as appear'd
The blazing signal from the royal ship.
Defended by the adverse deities,
Sinon unbars the wooden prison doors,
And secretly lets loose the hidden Greeks.
The Horse stands open wide, and to the air
Restores them. Joyful, from the hollow wood
They leap: Tisandrus, Sthenelus, their chiefs,
And fierce Ulysses, sliding down a rope.
And with them Achamas and Thoas come,
And Peleus' offspring, Neoptolemus,
Machaon leading; Menelaus too;
And even Epeus, inventor of the fraud.

They invade the city sunk in sleep and wine.
The guards are slain; their comrades they receive
With open gates, and join the expectant bands.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

CATULLUS.

B.C. 87—47?

SONG OF THE PARCÆ.

(From the Nuptials of Peleus and Thetis.)

O Thou, who dost the splendour of thy race
With the renown of thy great virtues grace!
Emathia's stay, the glory of her youth!
Give ear! and mark it well, our song of sooth,
Thy weird to come, which we, the Sisters Three,
On this high-joyful day unfold to thee!
Run, spindles! run, and weave the threads of doom!

A little while, and Hesper will be here,
And bring thee what is most to bridegrooms dear:
Comes with his gracious star thy Bride, who will
With soul-subduing love thy bosom fill;
Round thy strong neck her ivory arms entwine,
And sink into a sleep that blends with thine.
Run, spindles! run, and weave the threads of doom!

No home e'er harbour'd love so true, so fond,
No loves e'er mated lovers in a bond
So knit by harmony of constant minds
As each to each these perfect lovers binds.
Run, spindles! run, and weave the threads of doom!

To you Achilles shall in time be born.
On death and danger he will look with scorn;
Not by his back shall he to foes be known,
But by his breast's undaunted front alone;

Oft too, victorious in the race decreed,
The fiery-footed stag he shall outspeed.
Run, spindles! run, and weave the threads of doom!

With him no hero shall in battle vie,
When Trojan blood the Phrygian streams shall dye,
And perjured Pelop's grandson shall destroy,
After long years of siege, the walls of Troy.
Run, spindles! run, and weave the threads of doom!

His peerless prowess and his deeds of fame
Shall mothers, mourning for their sons, proclaim,
The while with feeble hands their breasts they smite
And strew with dust their streaming tresses white.
Run, spindles! run, and weave the threads of doom!

For as the husbandman, what time the grain
Fired by the sun is yellowing o'er the plain,
Mows the thick ears, his trenchant falchion so
Shall smite the sons of Troy, and lay them low.
Run, spindles! run, and weave the threads of doom!

Scamander's waters, as they roll to meet
The rushing Hellespont, of many a feat
The proof shall bear, wrought by his valiant arm,
When with the stream of thickening carnage warm,
Through channels struggling choked with heaps of slain,
The mingling currents redden all the main.
Run, spindles! run, and weave the threads of doom!

To his high worth fit tribute shall be paid
In the dark doom that waits the captive maid,
When, rear'd on the high mound that swells below,
The smooth-heap'd pile receives her limbs of snow.
Run, spindles! run, and weave the threads of doom!

For soon as to the wearied Greeks it shall
Be given by Fate to storm Troy's God-built wall,

The lofty tomb shall in the blood be dyed
Of fair Polyxena, the unwedded bride,
Who prone to earth a headless trunk shall reel,
As falls the victim 'neath the two-edged steel.
Run, spindles! run, and weave the threads of doom!

Wherefore away! and consummate the rite
In which your souls are yearning to unite!
Take, Groom! in wedlock blest the Child of Heaven;
To her long longing lord the bride be given!
Run, spindles! run, and weave the threads of doom!

Her nurse at morn shall find the thread too tight
Which more than spans her maiden throat to-night.
Run, spindles! run, and weave the threads of doom!

Between these twain shall discord never be;
Nor ever shall her mother mourn to see
Her daughter sever'd from her husband's bed,
And all her hopes of children's children fled.
Run, spindles! run, and weave the threads of doom!

THEODORE MARTIN.

ELEGY ON LESBIA'S SPARROW.

Loves and Graces! mourn with me:
Mourn, fair youths! where'er ye be:
Dead my Lesbia's sparrow is,—
Sparrow that was all her bliss,
Than her very eyes more dear:
For he made her dainty cheer,
Knew her well as any maid
Knows her mother, never stray'd
From her bosom, but would go
Hopping round her to and fro,
And to her, and her alone,
Chirrup'd with such pretty tone;

Now he treads that gloomy track
Whence none ever may come back.
Out upon you and your power
Which all fairest things devour,
Orcus' gloomy shades! that e'er
Ye took my Bird that was so fair.
Ah, the pity of it! Thou
Poor Bird! thy doing 'tis that now
My Loved One's eyes are swollen and red
With weeping for her darling dead.

T. M.

TO LESBIA FALSE.

Catullus! let the wanton go!
No longer play the fool, but deem
For ever lost what thou must know
Is fled for ever like a dream!

O, life was once a heaven to thee!
To haunt her steps was rapture then:
That woman loved, as loved shall be
No woman e'er by thee again.

Then didst thou freely taste the bliss
On which impassion'd lovers feed;
When she repaid thee kiss for kiss,
O, life was then a heaven indeed!

'Tis past! Forget as she forgets!
Lament no more, but let her go!
Tear from thy heart its mad regrets,
And into very marble grow!

Girl! fare thee well! Catullus ne'er
Will sue where love is met with scorn;
But, False One! thou, with none to care
For thee, shalt pine through days forlorn.

Think! think how drear thy life will be!
Who'll woo thee now? who praise thy charms?
Who now be all in all to thee,
And live but in thy loving arms?

Ay! who will give thee kiss for kiss?
Whose lip wilt thou in rapture bite?—
But thou, Catullus! think of this,
And spurn her in thine own despite!

T. M.

LOVE'S MADNESS.

None could ever say that she,
Lesbia! was so loved by me;
Never, all the world around,
Faith so true as mine was found.
If no longer it endures,
(Would it did!) the fault is yours.
I can never think again
Well of you: I try in vain.
But, be false, do what you will,
Lesbia! I must love you still,

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

LOVE'S UNREASON.

I love and hate. Ah! never ask why so!
I hate and love: and that is all I know.
I see 'tis folly; but I feel 'tis woe.

W. S. L.

AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE.

Over many a land, and over many an ocean,
Here to thy desolate grave, Brother! O Brother! I come:
Only on thee to bestow death's last forlornest bestrewments,
Only in vain to conjure thy unanswering dust.
Woe is me for the doom that of thee so untimely bereft me,

pless Brother! when thou wast so relentlessly taken!
w meanwhile the tribute our fathers from ages primeval
ve in their sorrow to those whom in life they had loved
ke, all drench'd with the tears of brotherly anguish; and,
Brother!
er be blessings on thee! Fare thee well, evermore!

THEODORE MARTIN.

HORACE.

B.C. 65—8.

TO LICINIUS.

Friend! would you safely live, forbear
To launch amidst the open deep,
Nor, while you dread the tempests there,
Along the rough shore closely creep!
The man who loves the golden mean
Escapes the sordid hut's distress
And palace still with envy seen,
Safe in a sober'd happiness.
Blasts bend the pines that loftiest rise;
The highest towers with heavier crash
Tumble to earth; the lightning flies,
And mountain summits feel the flash.
The soul prepared must still maintain
In misery hope, in gladness fear;
The power who brings, removes again
The wintry season's horrors drear.
He soon shall smile who late has wept,
And joy shall come though grief be now;
Apollo wakes the lute that slept,
Nor always bends the deadly bow.
Bear strongly up, and boldly meet
The opposing storm! but when the gale
Blows fair with favouring breath, discreet
In foresight, furl the swelling sail!

CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

TO THALIARCHUS.

See how white in the deep-fallen snow stands Soracte!
Labouring forests no longer can bear up their burden;
And the rush of the rivers is lock'd,
Halting mute in the gripe of the frost.

Thaw the cold! more and more on the hearth heap the faggots!
More and more bringing bounteously out, Thaliarchus!
The good wine that has mellow'd four years
In the great Sabine two-handled jar.

Leave the rest to the Gods! who can strike into quiet
Angry winds in their war with the turbulent waters,
Till the cypress stand calm in the sky,
Till there stir not a leaf on the ash.

Shun to seek what is hid in the womb of the morrow!
Count the lot of each day as clear gain in life's ledger!
Spurn not, thou who art young! dulcet loves;
Spurn not thou choral dances and song!

While the hoar-frost morose keeps aloof from thy verdure,
Thine the sports of the Campus, the gay public gardens;
Thine at twilight the words whisper'd low:
Each in turn has its own happy hour.

Now for thee the sweet laugh of the girl, which betrays her
Hiding slyly within the dim nook of the threshold;
And the love-token snatch'd from the wrist,
Or the finger's not obstinate hold.

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

ALPHIUS.

Happy the man, in busy schemes unskill'd,
Who, living simply like our sires of old,
Tills the few acres which his father till'd,
Vex'd by no thoughts of usury or gold!

The shrilling clarion ne'er his slumber mars,
Nor quails he at the howl of angry seas;
He shuns the Forum, with its wordy jars;
Nor at a great man's door consents to freeze.

The tender vine-shoots budding into life
He with the stately poplar tree doth wed,
Lopping the fruitless branches with his knife,
And grafting shoots of promise in their stead.

Or in some valley, up among the hills,
Watches his wandering herds of lowing kine;
Or fragrant jars with liquid honey fills;
Or shears his silly sheep in sunny shine.

Or, when Autumnus o'er the smiling land
Lifts up his head with rosy apples crown'd,
Joyful he plucks the pears which erst his hand
Graff'd on the stem they are weighing to the ground;

Plucks grapes in noble clusters purple-dyed,
A gift for thee, Priàpus! and for thee,
Father Sylvanus! where thou dost preside,
Warding his bounds beneath thy sacred tree.

Now he may stretch his careless limbs to rest
Where some old ilex spreads its sacred roof;
Now in the sunshine lie, as likes him best,
On grassy turf of close elastic woof.

And streams the while glide on with murmurs low,
And birds are singing 'mong the thickets deep;
And fountains babble, sparkling as they flow,
And with their noise invite to gentle sleep.

But when grim Winter comes, and o'er his grounds
Scatters its biting snows with angry roar,

He takes the field, and with a cry of hounds
Hunts down into the toils the foaming boar.

Or seeks the thrush, poor starveling, to ensnare,
In filmy net with bait delusive stored;
Entraps the travel'd crane and timorous hare:
Rare dainties these to glad his frugal board.

Who amid joys like these would not forget
The pangs which love to all its victims bears,—
The fever of the brain, the ceaseless fret,
And all the heart's lamentings and despairs?

But if a chaste and blooming wife, beside,
The cheerful home with sweet young blossoms fills,
Like some stout Sabine, or the sunburnt bride
Of the lithe peasant of the Apulian hills;

Who piles the hearth with logs well-dried and old,
Against the coming of her wearied lord;
And, when at eve the cattle seek the fold,
Drains their full udders of the milky hoard;

And, bringing forth from her well-tended store
A jar of wine, the vintage of the year,
Spreads an unpurchased feast;—O then! not more
Could choicest Lucrine oysters give me cheer,

Or the rich turbot, or the dainty char,
If ever to our bays the Winter's blast
Should drive them in its fury, from afar;
Nor were to me a welcomer repast

The Afric hen, or the Ionic snipe,
Than olives newly gather'd from the tree
That hangs abroad its clusters rich and ripe,
Or sorrel that doth love the pleasant lea,

Or mallows wholesome for the body's need,
Or lamb foredoom'd upon some festal day
In offering to the guardian Gods to bleed,
Or kidling which the wolf hath mark'd for prey.

What joy, amidst such feasts, to see the sheep,
Full of the pasture, hurrying homeward come;
To see the wearied oxen, as they creep
Dragging the upturn'd ploughshare slowly home!

Or, ranged around the bright and blazing hearth,
To see the hinds, a house's surest wealth,
Beguile the evening with their simple mirth,
And all the cheerfulness of rosy health!—

Thus spake the miser Alphius; and, bent
Upon a country life, call'd in amain
The money he at usury had lent.
But ere the month was out 'twas lent again.

THEODORE MARTIN.

PROPERTIUS.

B.C. 57?—16?

TO CYNTHIA.

Be praised by others, or unknown remain:
Who sings thy praise will sow a barren plain.
Thy funeral couch, that last, that gloomy day,
Shall bear those offerings with thyself away.
The traveler o'er thy slighted bones shall tread
With heedless foot, unconscious of the Dead;
Nor lingering at thy nameless grave declare—
"This heap of dust was an accomplish'd Fair."

CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

MARTIAL.

A.D. 43—104 ?

EPITAPH ON EROTION.

Underneath this greedy stone
Lies little sweet Erotion:
Whom the Fates, with hearts as cold,
Nipp'd away at six years old.
Thou, whoever thou mayst be,
That hast this small field after me!
Let the yearly rites be paid
To her little slender shade:
So shall no disease or jar
Hurt thy house or chill thy Lar;
But this tomb be here alone,
The only melancholy stone!

LEIGH HUNT.

AVIENUS.

ON A QUIET LIFE.

Small fields are mine; a small and guiltless rent:
In both I prize the quiet of content.
My mind maintains its peace, from feverish dread
Secure, and fear of crimes that sloth has bred.
Others let toilsome camps or curule chairs
Invite, and joys which vain ambition shares!
May I, my lot among the people thrown,
Live to myself, and call my time my own!

CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

Italian.

GUIDO GUINICELLI.

1220—1276.

OF THE GENTLE HEART.

Within the gentle heart Love shelters him,
As birds within the green shade of the grove.
Before the gentle heart, in Nature's scheme
Love was not, nor the gentle heart ere Love.
For with the sun, at once,
So sprang the light immediately; nor was
Its birth before the sun's.
And Love hath his effect in gentleness
Of very self, even as
Within the middle fire the heart's excess.

The fire of Love comes to the gentle heart
Like as its virtue to a precious stone;
To which no star its influence can impart
Till it is made a pure thing by the sun:
For when the sun hath smit
From out its essence that which there was vile,
The star endoweth it.
And so the heart created by God's breath
Pure, true, and clean from guile,
A woman, like a star, enamoureth.

In gentle heart Love for like reason is
For which the lamp's high flame is fann'd and bow'd:
Clear, piercing, bright, it shines for its own bliss;
Nor would it burn there else, it is so proud.
For evil natures meet
With Love as it were water met with fire,

As cold abhorring heat.
Through gentle heart Love doth a track divine,—
Like knowing like; the same
As diamond runs through iron in the mine.

The sun strikes full upon the mud all day:
It remains vile, nor the sun's worth is less.
"By race I am gentle," the proud man doth say:
He is the mud, the sun is gentleness.
Let no man predicate
That aught the name of gentleness should have,
Even in a king's estate,
Except the heart there be a gentle man's.
The star-beam lights the wave,—
Heaven holds the star and the star's radiance.

God, in the understanding of high Heaven,
Burns more than in our sight the living sun:
There to behold His Face unveil'd is given;
And Heaven, whose will is homage paid to One,
Fulfils the things which live
In God, from the beginning excellent.
So should my Lady give
That truth which in her eyes is glorified,
On which her heart is bent
To me whose service waiteth at her side.

My Lady, God shall ask—"What daredst thou?"
(When my soul stands with all her acts review'd)
"Thou passedst Heaven, into My sight, as now,
To make Me of vain love similitude.
To Me doth praise belong,
And to the Queen of all the realm of grace,
Who slayeth fraud and wrong."
Then may I plead: "As though from thee he came,
Love wore an angel's face:
Lord! if I loved her, count it not my shame!"

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

HE WILL PRAISE HIS LADY.

Yea! let me praise my Lady whom I love,
Likening her unto the lily and rose:
Brighter than morning star her visage glows;
She is beneath even as her Saint above:
She is as the air in summer which God wove
Of purple and of vermilion glorious;
As gold and jewels richer than man knows.
Love's self being love for her must holier prove.
Ever as she walks she hath a sober grace,
Making bold men abash'd and good men glad;
If she delight thee not, thy heart must err.
No man dare look on her, his thoughts being base:
Nay! let me say even more than I have said,—
No man could think base thoughts who look'd on her.

D. G. R.

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

1265—1321.

LOVE AND THE GENTLE HEART.

Love and the gentle heart are one same thing,
Even as the wise man in his ditty saith:
Each, of itself, would be such life in death
As rational soul bereft of reasoning.
'Tis Nature makes them when she loves: a king
Love is, whose palace where he sojourneth
Is call'd the Heart; there draws he quiet breath
At first, with brief or longer slumbering.
Then beauty seen in virtuous womankind
Will make the eyes desire, and through the heart
Send the desiring of the eyes again;
Where often it abides so long enshrined
That Love at length out of his sleep will start.
And women feel the same for worthy men.

D. G. R.

OF BEATRICE DE' PORTINARI.

ON ALL-SAINTS' DAY.

Last All-Saints' holy-day, even now gone by,
I met a gathering of damozels :
She who came first, as One doth who excels,
Had Love with her, bearing her company :
A flame burn'd forward through her steadfast eye,
As when in living fire a spirit dwells :
So, gazing with the boldness which prevails
O'er doubt, I knew an Angel visibly.
As she pass'd on, she bow'd her mild approof
And salutation to all men of worth,
Lifting the soul to solemn thoughts aloof.
In heaven itself that Lady had her birth,
I think, and is with us for our behoof :
Blessed are they who meet her on the earth !

D. G. R.

HE BESEECHETH DEATH FOR HER LIFE.

Death ! since I find not one with whom to grieve,
Nor whom this grief of mine may move to tears,
Whereso I be or whitherso I turn,—
Since it is thou who in my soul wilt leave
No single joy, but chill'st it with just fears
And makèst it in fruitless hopes to burn,—
Since thou, Death ! and thou only, canst decern
Wealth to my life, or want, at thy free choice,—
It is to thee that I lift up my voice,
Bowing my face that's like a face just dead.
I come to thee, as to One pitying,
In grief for that sweet rest that nought can bring
Again, if thou but once be entered
Into her life whom my heart cherishes
Even as the only portal of its peace.

Death! how most sweet the peace is that thy grace
Can grant to me, and that I pray thee for,
Thou easily mayst know by a sure sign,
If in mine eyes thou look a little space
And read in them the hidden dread they store,—
If upon all thou look which proves me thine.
Since the fear only maketh me to pine
After this sort, what will mine anguish be
When her eyes close, of dreadful verity,
In whose light is the light of mine own eyes?
But now I know that thou wouldst have my life
As hers, and joy'st thee in my fruitless strife.
Yet I do think this which I feel implies
That soon, when I would die to flee from pain,
I shall find none by whom I may be slain.

Death! if indeed thou smite this Gentle One,
Whose outward worth but tells the intellect
How wondrous is the miracle within,
Thou biddest Virtue rise up and be gone,
Thou dost away with Mercy's best effect,
Thou spoil'st the mansion of God's sojourning;
Yea! unto nought her beauty thou dost bring
Which is above all other beauties, even
In so much as befitted One whom Heaven
Sent upon earth in token of its own.
Thou dost break through the perfect trust which hath
Been always her companion in Love's path:
The light once darken'd which was hers alone,
Love needs must say to them he ruleth o'er—
"I have lost the noble banner that I bore."

Death! have some pity then for all the ill
Which can not choose but happen if she die,
And which will be the sorest ever known!
Slacken the string, if so it be thy will,
That the sharp arrow leave it not! thereby

Sparing her life, which if it flies is flown.
O Death! for God's sake be some pity shown!
Restrain within thyself, even at its height,
The cruel wrath which moveth thee to smite
Her in whom God hath set so much of grace!
Show now some ruth, if 'tis a thing thou hast!
I seem to see Heaven's gate, that is shut fast,
Open, and angels filling all the space
About me: come to fetch her soul whose laud
Is sung by saints and angels before God.

Song! thou must surely see how fine a thread
This is that my last hope is holden by,
And what I should be brought to without her.
Therefore for thy plain speech and lowlihed
Make thou no pause! but go immediately
(Knowing thyself for my heart's minister)
And, with that very meek and piteous air
Thou hast, stand up before the face of Death,
To wrench away the bar that prisoneth
And win unto the place of the good fruit!
And if indeed thou shake by thy soft voice
Death's mortal purpose,—haste thee and rejoice
Our Lady with the issue of thy suit!
So yet awhile our earthly nights and days
Shall keep the blessed spirit that I praise.

D. G. R.

HIS LADY'S PERFECTNESS.

For certain he hath seen all perfectness
Who among other ladies hath seen mine:
They that go with her humbly should combine
To thank their God for such peculiar grace.
So perfect is the beauty of her face
That it begets in no wise any sign
Of envy, but draws round her a clear line

Of love and blessed faith and gentleness.
Merely the sight of her makes all things bow:
Not she herself alone is holier
Than all; but hers, through her, are raised above;
From all her acts such lovely graces flow.
And truly one may never think of her
Without a passion of exceeding love.

D. G. R.

HIS PITIFUL SONG.

The eyes that weep for pity of the heart
Have wept so long that their grief languisheth,
And they have no more tears to weep withal:
And now, if I would ease me of a part
Of what, little by little, leads to death,
It must be done by speech, or not at all.
And because often, thinking, I recall
How it was pleasant, ere she went afar,
To talk of her with you, kind damozels!
I talk with no one else,
But only with such hearts as women's are.
And I will say,—still sobbing as speech fails,—
That she hath gone to Heaven suddenly,
And hath left Love below to mourn with me.

Beatrice hath gone up into high Heaven,
The kingdom where the angels are at peace,
And lives with them, and to her friends is dead.
Not by the frost of winter was she driven
Away, like others; nor by summer-heats;
But through a perfect gentleness instead.
For from the lamp of her meek lowlihed
Such an exceeding glory went up hence
That it woke wonder in the Eternal Sire,
Until a sweet desire
Enter'd him for that lovely excellence,—

So that He bade her to Himself aspire :
Counting this evil and most weary place
Unworthy of a thing so full of grace.

Wonderfully out of the beautiful form
Soar'd her clear spirit, waxing glad the while ;
And is in its first home, there where it is.
Who speaks thereof, and feels not the tears warm
Upon his face, must have become so vile
As to be dead to all sweet sympathies.
Out upon him ! an abject wretch like this
May not imagine anything of her,—
He needs no bitter tears for his relief.
But sighing comes, and grief,
And the desire to find no comforter
(Save only Death, who makes all sorrow brief),
To him who for a while turns in his thought
How she hath been amongst us, and is not.

With sighs my bosom always laboureth
In thinking, as I do continually,
Of her for whom my heart now breaks apace ;
And very often, when I think of death,
Such a great inward longing comes to me
That it will change the colour of my face ;
And, if the idea settles in its place,
All my limbs shake as with an ague-fit ;
Till, starting up in wild bewilderment,
I do become so shent
That I go forth, lest folk misdoubt of it.
Afterward, calling with a sore lament
On Beatrice, I ask,—" Canst thou be dead ? "
And calling on her I am comforted.

Grief with its tears, and anguish with its sighs,
Come to me now whene'er I am alone ;
So that I think the sight of me gives pain.

And what my life hath been, that living dies,
Since for my Lady the New Birth's begun,
I have not any language to explain.
And so, dear ladies! though my heart were fain,
I scarce could tell indeed how I am thus.
All joy is with my bitter life at war;
Yea! I am fallen so far
That all men seem to say—"Go out from us!"
Eyeing my cold white lips, how dead they are.
But She, though I be bow'd unto the dust,
Watches me, and will guerdon me, I trust.

Weep, pitiful Song of mine! upon thy way,
To the dames going and the damozels
For whom, and for none else,
Thy sisters have made music many a day.
Thou! that art very sad and not as they,
Go dwell thou with them as a mourner dwells!

D. G. R.

OF BEAUTY AND DUTY.

Two ladies to the summit of my mind
Have clomb, to hold an argument of love:
The one has wisdom with her from above,
For every noblest virtue well design'd;
The other beauty's tempting power refined
And the high charm of perfect grace approve:
And I, as my sweet Master's will doth move,
At feet of both their favours am reclined.
Beauty and Duty in my soul keep strife,
At question if the heart such course can take
And 'twixt two ladies hold its love complete.
The fount of gentle speech yields answer meet:
That Beauty may be loved for gladness' sake,
And Duty in the lofty ends of life.

D. G. R.

GUIDO CAVALCANTI.

1250—1301 ?

CONCERNING A SHEPHERD MAID.

BALLATA.

Within a copse I met a Shepherd-Maid,
More fair, I said, than any star to see.

She came, with waving tresses pale and bright,
With rosy cheer, and loving eyes of flame,
Guiding the lambs beneath her wand aright;
Her naked feet still had the dews on them
As, singing like a lover, so she came,
Joyful, and fashion'd for all ecstasy.

I greeted her at once, and question made
What escort had she through the woods in Spring?
But with soft accents she replied, and said
That she was all alone there wandering;
Moreover—"Do you know, when the birds sing,
My heart's desire is for a mate,"—said she.

While she was telling me this wish of hers,
The birds were all in song throughout the wood.
"Even now then," said my thought,—"the time recurs
With mine own longing to assuage her mood;"
And so, in her sweet favour's name, I sued
That she would kiss there and embrace with me.

She took my hand to her with amorous will,
And answer'd that she gave me all her heart;
And drew me where the leaf is fresh and still,
Where spring the wood-flowers in the shade apart:
And on that day, by Joy's enchanted art,
There Love in very presence seem'd to be.

D. G. R.

FRANCO SACCHETTI.

1335—14..

ON A WET DAY.

As I walk'd thinking through a little grove,
Some girls that gather'd flowers came passing me,
Saying—" Look here! look there!" delightedly.
" O here it is!" " What's that?" " A lily? love!"
" And there are violets!"
" Farther for roses! O the lovely pets!
The darling beauties! O the nasty thorn!
Look here, my hand's all torn!"
" What's that that jumps?" " O don't! it's a grasshopper!"
" Come, run! come, run!
Here's blue-bells!" " O what fun!"
" Not that way! stop her!"
" Yes! this way!" " Pluck them then!"
" O, I've found mushrooms! O look here!" " O, I'm
Quite sure that farther on we'll get wild thyme."
" O, we shall stay too long; it's going to rain;
There's lightning; O! there's thunder!"
" O sha'n't we hear the vesper bell? I wonder."
" Why, it's not nones, you silly little thing!
And don't you hear the nightingales that sing—
Fly away O die away?"
" O, I hear something; hush!"
" Why, where? what is it then?" " Ah! in that bush."
So every girl here knocks it, shakes and shocks it:
Till with the stir they make
Out skurries a great snake.
" O Lord! O me! Alack! Ah me! alack!"
They scream, and then all run and scream again,
And then in heavy drops comes down the rain.

Each running at the other in a fright,
Each trying to get before the other, and crying,

And flying, and stumbling, tumbling, wrong or right;—
One sets her knee
There where her foot should be;
One has her hands and dress
All smother'd up with mud in a fine mess;
And one gets trampled on by two or three.
What's gathered is let fall
About the wood, and not pick'd up at all.
The wreaths of flowers are scatter'd on the ground,
And still as, screaming, hustling, without rest,
They run this way and that and round and round,
She thinks herself in luck who runs the best.

I stood quite still to have a perfect view,
And never noticed till I got wet through.

D. G. R.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

1304—1374.

THE DAMSEL OF THE LAUREL.

Young was the damsel under the green laurel,
Whom I beheld more white and cold than snow
By sun unsmitten, many, many years.
I found her speech and lovely face and hair
So pleasing that I still before my eyes
Have and shall have them, both on wave and shore.

My thoughts will only then have come to shore
When one green leaf shall not be found on laurel;
Nor still can be my heart, nor dried my eyes,
Till freezing fire appear and burning snow.
So many single hairs make not my hair
As for one day like this I would wait years.

But seeing how Time flits, and fly the years,
And suddenly Death bringeth us ashore,
Perhaps with brown, perhaps with hoary hair,

I will pursue the shade of that sweet laurel
Through the sun's fiercest heat and o'er the snow
Until the latest day shall close my eyes.

There never have been seen such glorious eyes,
Either in our age or in eldest years;
And they consume me as the sun does snow:
Wherefore Love leads my tears, like streams ashore,
Unto the foot of that obdurate laurel,
Which boughs of adamant hath and golden hair.

Sooner will change, I dread, my face and hair
Than truly will turn on me pitying eyes
Mine Idol, which is carved in living laurel:
For now, if I miscount not, full seven years
A-sighing have I gone from shore to shore,
By night and day, through drought and through the snow.

All fire within and all outside pale snow,
Alone with these my thoughts, with alter'd hair,
I shall go weeping over every shore,—
Belike to draw compassion to men's eyes,
Not to be born for the next thousand years,
If so long can abide well-nurtured laurel.

But gold and sunlit topazes on snow
Are pass'd by her pale hair, above those eyes
By which my years are brought so fast ashore.

CHARLES BAGOT CAYLEY.

LOVE'S AUTUMN.

The flower and all the greenness of my years
Was passing, and abated was the flame
That scorch'd my heart, and near the point I came
Where sloping tow'rd its fall our life appears.
Gradually my dear foe began her fears
To change for confidence and learn'd to frame,
By her sweet courtesies, a pleasant game,

Of which my bitter pains were harbingers.
The time was close at hand when Love can give
His hand to Virtue, when two lovers may
Sit side by side and tell of what they list.
Death grudged that in such comfort I should live,
Or, rather, in such hope; and on the way
He cross'd it like an arm'd antagonist.

C. B. C.

POOR SOLITARY BIRD.

Poor solitary bird! that pour'st thy lay,
Or haply mournest the sweet season gone,
As chilly night and winter hurry on,
And daylight fades and summer flies away,—
If as the cares that swell thy little throat
Thou knewest alike the woes that wound my rest,
O, thou wouldst house thee in this kindred breast
And mix with mine thy melancholy note.
Yet little know I ours are kindred ills:
She still may live, the object of thy song.
Not so for me stern Death or Heaven wills!
But the sad season, and less grateful hour,
And of past joy and sorrow thoughts that throng,
Prompt my full heart this idle lay to pour.

LADY DACRE.

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO.

1313—1375.

OF FIAMMETTA SINGING.

Love steer'd my course, while yet the sun rode high,
On Scylla's waters to a myrtle grove.
The heaven was still, and the sea did not move;
Yet now and then a little breeze went by,
Stirring the tops of trees against the sky;
And then I heard a song as glad as love,—
So sweet that never yet the like thereof

Was heard in any mortal company.
"A nymph, a goddess, or an angel sings
Unto herself, within this chosen place,
Of ancient loves!" so said I at that sound.
And there my Lady, 'mid the shadowings
Of myrtle-trees, 'mid flowers and grassy space,
Singing I saw, with others who sat round.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

HIS LAST SIGHT OF HER.

Round her red garland and her golden hair
I saw a fire about Fiammetta's head;
Thence to a little cloud I watch'd it fade,
Than silver or than gold more brightly fair;
And, like a pearl that a gold ring doth bear,
Even so an angel sat therein, who sped
Alone and glorious throughout heaven, array'd
In sapphires and in gold that lit the air.
Then I rejoiced as hoping happy things,
Who rather should have been discern'd how God
Had haste to make my Lady all his own,—
Even as it came to pass. And with these stings
Of sorrow, and with life's most weary load
I dwell, who fain would be where she is gone.

D. G. R.

TO DANTE IN PARADISE.

Dante! if thou within the sphere of Love,
As I believe, remain'st contemplating
Beautiful Beatrice, whom thou didst sing
Erewhile and so wast drawn to her above,—
Unless from false life true life thee remove
So far that love's forgotten, let me bring
One prayer before thee: for an easy thing
It were to thee whom I do ask it of.
I know that where all joy doth most abound

In the Third Heaven my Fiammetta sees
The grief which I have borne since she is dead.
O pray her (if mine image be not drown'd
In Lethè) that her prayers may never cease
Until I reach her and am comforted!

D. G. R.

OF THREE GIRLS AND THEIR TALK.

By a clear well, within a little field
Full of green grass and flowers of every hue,
Sat three young girls, relating (as I knew)
Their loves. And each had twined a bough to shield
Her lovely face; and the green leaves did yield
The golden hair their shadow,—while the two
Sweet colours mingled, both blown lightly through
With a soft wind for ever stirr'd and still'd.
After a little while one of them said
(I heard her)—"Think! if ere the next hour struck
Each of our lovers should come here to-day,
Think you that we should fly or feel afraid?"
To whom the others answer'd—"From such luck
A girl would be a fool to run away!"

D. G. R.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

1474—1563.

HEAVEN-BORN BEAUTY.

It came, I know not whence, from far above,
That clear immortal flame that still doth rise
Within thy sacred breast, and fills the skies,
And heals all hearts, and adds to heaven and love.
This burns me,—this, and the pure light thereof;
Not thy fair face, thy sweet untroubled eyes:
For love, that is not love for aught that dies,
Dwells in the soul where no base passions move.
If then such loveliness upon its own

Should graft new beauties in a mortal birth,
The sheath bespeaks the shining blade within.
To gain our love God hath not clearer shown
Himself elsewhere: thus heaven doth vie with earth
To make thee worthy worship without sin.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

THE GARLAND AND THE GIRDLE.

What joy hath yon glad wreath of flowers that is
Around her golden hair so deftly twined,
Each blossom pressing forward from behind,
As though to be the first her brows to kiss!
The livelong day her dress hath perfect bliss,
That now reveals her breast, now seems to bind;
And that fair woven net of gold refined
Rests on her cheek and throat in happiness.
Yet still more blissful seems to me the band
Gilt at the tips, so sweetly doth it ring
And clasp the bosom that it serves to lace;
Yea! and the belt to such as understand,
Bound round her waist, saith—"Here I'd ever cling!"
What would my arm do in that girdle's place?

J. A. S.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF BEAUTY.

(*A Dialogue with Love.*)

Nay! prithee tell me, Love! when I behold
My Lady, do mine eyes her beauty see
In truth, or dwells that loveliness in me
Which multiplies her grace a thousandfold?
Thou needs must know,—for thou with her of old
Comèst to stir my soul's tranquility;
Yet would I not seek one sigh less, or be
By loss of that loved flame more simply cold.—
"The beauty thou discernest is all hers;
But grows in radiance as it soars on high

Through mortal eyes unto the soul above :
'Tis there transfigured,—for the soul confers,
On what she holds, her own divinity :
And this transfigured beauty wins thy love."

J. A. S.

AFTER SUNSET.

Well might I in those days so fortunate,
What time the sun lighten'd my path above,
Have soar'd from earth to heaven, raised by her love
Who wing'd my labouring soul and sweeten'd fate.
That sun hath set ; and I, with hope elate
Who deem'd that those bright days would never move,
Find that my thankless soul, deprived thereof,
Declines to death, while heaven still bars the gate.
Love lent me wings ; my path was like a stair ;
A lamp unto my feet that sun was given ;
And death was safety and great joy to find.
But dying now I shall not climb to heaven ;
Nor can mere memory cheer my heart's despair.
What help remains when hope is left behind ?

J. A. S.

TOMMASO CAMPANELLA.

1568—1639.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

Wisdom is riches great and great estate,
Far above wealth ; nor are the Wise unblest
If born of lineage vile or race oppress'd :
These by their doom sublime they illustrate.
They have their griefs for guerdon, to dilate
Their name and glory ; nay ! the cross, the sword,
Make them to be like Saints or God adored ;
And gladness greets them in the frowns of Fate.
For joys and sorrows are their dear delight,

Even as a lover takes the weal and woe
Felt for his Lady. Such is wisdom's might.
But wealth still vexes fools; more vile they grow
By being noble; and their luckless light
With each new misadventure burns more low.

J. A. S.

THE WORLD A THEATRE.

The world's a theatre: age after age,
Souls mask'd and muffled in their fleshly gear
Before the supreme audience appear,
As Nature, God's own Art, appoints the stage.
Each plays the part that is his heritage;
From choir to choir they pass, from sphere to sphere,
And deck themselves with joy or sorry cheer,
As Fate, the comic playwright, fills the page.
None do or suffer, be they cursed or bless'd,
Aught otherwise than the great Wisdom wrote
To gladden, each and all, who gave Him mirth,
When we at last to sea or air or earth
Yielding these masks that weal or woe denote
In God shall see who spoke and acted best.

J. A. S.

TO THE POETS.

Valour to pride hath turn'd; grave holiness
To vile hypocrisy; all gentle ways
To empty forms; sound sense to idle lays;
Pure love to heat; beauty to paint and dress:
Thanks to you, Poets! you who sing the praise
Of fabled knights, foul fires, lies, nullities,—
Not virtue, nor the wrapp'd sublimities
Of God, as bards were wont in those old days.
How far more wondrous than your phantasies
Are Nature's works, how far more sweet to sing!
Thus taught, the soul falsehood and truth descries.

That tale alone is worth the pondering
Which hath not smother'd history in lies,
And arms the soul against each sinful thing.

J. A. S.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

If men were happy in that Age of Gold,
We yet may hope to see mild Saturn's reign :
For all things that were buried live again,
By time's revolving cycle forward roll'd.
Yet this the fox, the wolf, the crow, made bold
By fraud and perfidy, deny—in vain :
For God that rules, the signs in heaven, the train
Of prophets, and all hearts, this faith uphold.
If Thine and Mine were banish'd in good sooth
From honour, pleasure, and utility,
The world would turn, I ween, to Paradise ;
Blind love to modest love with open eyes ;
Cunning and ignorance to living truth ;
And foul oppression to fraternity.

J. A. S.

GIORDANO BRUNO.

1550—1600.

ICARUS.

Now that these wings to speed my soul ascend,
The more I feel vast air beneath my feet,
The more tow'rd boundless air on pinions fleet
Spurning the earth, soaring to heaven, I tend ;
Nor makes them stoop their flight the direful end
Of Dædal's son ; but upward still they beat.
What life the while with my life can compete,
Though dead to earth at last I shall descend ?
My own heart's voice in the void air I hear :

"Where wilt thou bear me? O rash man! Recall
Thy daring will! This boldness waits on fear."
Dread not, I answer, that tremendous fall!
Strike through the clouds, and smile when death is near,
If death so glorious be our doom at all!

J. A. S.

TORQUATO TASSO.

1544—1595.

THE AGE OF GOLD.

(*A Chorus of Shepherds.*)

O lovely Age of Gold!
Not that the rivers roll'd
With milk or that the woods wept honey-dew,
Not that the ready ground
Produced without a wound,
Or the mild serpent had no tooth that slew,—
Not that a cloudless blue
For ever was in sight,
Or that the heaven, which burns
And now is cold by turns,
Look'd out in glad and everlasting light,—
No! nor that even the insolent ships from far
Brought war to no new lands, nor riches worse than war:

But solely that that vain
And breath-invented pain,
That idol of mistake, that worship'd cheat,
That Honour (since so call'd
By vulgar minds appall'd),
Play'd not the tyrant with our nature yet:
It had not come to fret
The sweet and happy fold
Of gentle humankind;
Nor did its hard law bind

Souls nursed in freedom ; but that law of gold,
That glad and golden law, all-free, all-fitted,
Which Nature's own hand wrote,—" What pleases is permitted ! "

Then among streams and flowers
The little winged Powers
Went singing carols, without torch or bow ;
The nymphs and shepherds sat,
Mingling with innocent chat
Sports and low whispers, and with whispers low
Kisses that would not go ;
The maid, her childhood o'er,
Kept not her bloom uneyed
(Which now a veil must hide)
Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore ;
And oftentimes in river and in lake
The lover and his love their merry bath would take.

'Twas thou, thou, " Honour ! " first
That didst deny our thirst
Its drink, and on the fount thy covering set ;
Thou badest kind eyes withdraw
Into constrained awe
And keep the secret for their tears to wet ;
Thou gatheredst in a net
The tresses from the air,
And madest the sports and plays
Turn all to sullen ways,
And puttest on speech a rein, in steps a care :
Thy work it is, thou shade that wilt not move !
That what was once the gift is now the theft of Love.

Our sorrows and our pains,—
These are thy noble gains ;
But O, thou Love's and Nature's Masterer !
Thou Conqueror of the Crown'd !

What dost thou on this ground,
Too small a circle for thy mighty sphere ?
Go ! and make slumber dear
To the renown'd and high !
We here, a lowly race,
Can live without thy grace
After the use of mild antiquity.
Go ! let us love ! since years
No truce allow, and life soon disappears.
Go ! let us love ! the daylight dies, is born :
But unto us the light
Dies once for all, and sleep brings on eternal night.

LEIGH HUNT.

GIOVANNI BATTISTA GUARINI.

1537—1612.

SPRING.

O Spring ! thou youthful beauty of the year !
Mother of flowers ! bringer of warbling quires,
Of all sweet new green things and new desires !
Thou, Spring ! returnest ; but, alas ! with thee
No more return to me
The calm and happy days these eyes were used to see.
Thou, thou returnest, thou,—
But with thee returns now
Nought else but dread remembrance of the pleasure
I took in my lost treasure.
Thou still, thou still art the same blithe sweet thing
Thou ever wast, O Spring !
But I, in whose weak orbs these tears arise,
Am what I was no more,—dear to another's eyes.

L. H.

Spanish.

[ANONYMOUS.]

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD.

(*On the siege and conquest of Alhama.*)

The Moorish King rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla he goes.
Woe is me! Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell;
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.
Woe is me! Alhama!

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course,—
Through the street of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in.
Woe is me! Alhama!

When the Alhambra walls he gain'd,
On the moment he ordain'd
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round;—
Woe is me! Alhama!

And, when the hollow drums of war
Beat the loud alarm afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain,
Woe is me! Alhama!

Then the Moors, by this aware
That bloody Mars recall'd them there,
One by one, and two by two,
To a mighty squadron grew.
Woe is me! Alhama!

Out then spake an agèd Moor,
In these words the King before:
"Wherefore call on us? O King!
What may mean this gathering?"
Woe is me! Alhama!

"Friends! ye have, alas! to know
Of a most disastrous blow,—
That the Christians, stern and bold,
Have obtain'd Alhama's hold."
Woe is me! Alhama!

Out then spake old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see:
"Good King! thou art justly served,—
Good King! this thou hast deserved.
Woe is me! Alhama!

"By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;
And strangers were received by thee,
Of Cordova the Chivalry.
Woe is me! Alhama!

"And for this, O King! is sent
On thee a double chastisement:
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.
Woe is me! Alhama!

"He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone."
Woe is me! Alhama!

Fires flash'd from out the old Moor's eyes :
The monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answer'd, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.
Woe is me ! Alhama !

" There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of Kings."
Thus, snorting in his choler, said
The Moorish King, and doom'd him dead.
Woe is me ! Alhama !

" Moor Alfaqui ! Moor Alfaqui !
Though thy beard so hoary be,
The King hath sent to have thee seized,
For Alhama's loss displeased ;—
Woe is me ! Alhama !

" And to fix thy head upon
High Alhambra's loftiest stone,—
That this for thee shall be the law,
And others tremble when they saw."
Woe is me ! Alhama !

" Cavalier ! and man of worth !
Let these words of mine go forth,—
Let the Moorish monarch know
That to him I nothing owe ;—
Woe is me ! Alhama !

" But on my soul Alhama weighs,
And on my inmost spirit preys ;
And if the King his land hath lost,
Yet others may have lost the most.
Woe is me ! Alhama !

" Sires have lost their children, wives
Their lords, and valiant men their lives,—
One what best his love might claim
Hath lost, another wealth or fame.
Woe is me ! Alhama !

"I lost a damsel in that hour,
Of all the land the loveliest flower,—
Doubloons a hundred I would pay
And think her ransom cheap that day"—
Woe is me! Alhama!

And as these things the old Moor said,
They sever'd from the trunk his head;
And to the Alhambra's wall with speed
'Twas carried, as the King decreed.
Woe is me! Alhama!

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears.
Woe is me! Alhama!

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls;
The King weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, for it is much and sore.
Woe is me! Alhama!

LORD BYRON.

THE BRIDAL OF ANDALLA.

"Rise up! rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down!
Rise up! come to the window, and gaze with all the town!
From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are flowing,
And the lively lute doth speak between the trumpets' lordly blowing;
And banners bright from lattice light are waving everywhere;
And the tall tall plume of our cousin's bridegroom floats proudly in the air.
Rise up! rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down!
Rise up! come to the window, and gaze with all the town!

"Arise! arise, Xarifa! I see Andalla's face;
He bends him to the people with a calm and princely grace.

Through all the land of Xeres and banks of Guadalquiver
Rode forth bridegroom so brave as he, so brave and lovely, never.
Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow, of azure mix'd with white,
I guess 'twas wreathed by Zara whom he will wed to-night.
Rise up! rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down!
Rise up! come to the window, and gaze with all the town!

"What aileth thee? Xarifa! what makes thine eyes look down?
Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze with all the town?
I've heard you say, on many a day, and sure you said the truth,
Andalla rides without a peer 'mong all Granada's youth.
Without a peer he rideth, and yon milk-white horse doth go
Beneath his stately master with a stately step and slow.
Then rise! O rise, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down!
Unseen here through the lattice you may gaze with all the town."

The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her cushion down;
Nor came she to the window, to gaze with all the town;
But, though her eyes dwelt on her knee, in vain her fingers strove;
And, though her needle press'd the silk, no flower Xarifa wove.
One bonny rosebud she had traced before the noise drew nigh;
That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow dropping from her eye.
"No! no!" she sighs—"bid me not rise, nor lay my cushion down,
To gaze upon Andalla with all the gazing town!"

"Why rise ye not, Xarifa! nor lay your cushion down?
Why gaze ye not, Xarifa! with all the gazing town?
Hear! hear the trumpet how it swells, and how the people cry!
He stops at Zara's palace-gate; why sit ye still? O why?"
"At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate,—in him shall I discover
The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth with tears, and was my lover!
I will not rise with weary eyes, nor lay my cushion down,
To gaze on false Andalla with all the gazing town."

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

ALONZO DE ALCAUDETE.

THE NOVICE.

"Mother! to yonder noble youth
I send three kisses of my own:
Which he shall have when I am grown.

"This was the earliest gift of youth,
My first, first promise: surely I
Must keep the virgin vow of truth.
O yes! I'll keep it faithfully.

"That noble youth I'll not deny
Three kisses, Mother! of my own,
Which I will give when I am grown."

"Nay! daughter! nay! such vows as these
Are made to break; that hasty word
Your inexperience, child! betrays.
Away! away the thought abhorr'd!
You are devoted to the Lord,
To dwell in convent cell alone."
"No! he shall have them, when I am grown!

"Mother! I'll not my faith betray:
Had his the promise been, would he—
Would he deceive thy daughter? Nay!
And I will no deceiver be.
I'd rather die than faithlessly
Fail in my word. My word's my own:—
I'll give him three when I am grown!"

"Child! you are young and wild and weak;
But soon you'll see, and soon believe,
That half the words that women speak
Are but to flatter and deceive.
Such broken vows give nought to grieve:
They are but careless pebbles thrown——"
"Nay! he shall have them when I am grown!

"Mother! your frowns are vain. 'Tis true
The world may laugh at passion's vow:
The world may honour's knot undo:
But I'm untaught in perjury now;
I'll not betray,—I know not how.
My heart is his, and his alone:
I'll give it him, when I am grown!"

JOHN BOWRING.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

1547—1616.

ANTONIO'S WOOING.

(From Don Quixote.)

Me thou lovest, I know, Olalla!
Though thou hast not told me so;
Though thine eyes, love's silent tell-tales,
Will not answer Yes or No!

Me thou lovest, I swear, Olalla!
For I know thee to be wise,
And no love was ever luckless
That was shown without disguise.

True it is, and I confess it,
Thou hast given me many a hint
That thy heart can be as iron,
And thy white breast like a flint;

Yet, what time thy honest harshness
And thy chidings most did goad,
I have seen Hope's garment flutter,
Though the hem was all she show'd.

Though I'm constant, like the falcon
Quick to seize the tempting lure,
Yet my love hangs not on favours,
And thy frowns it can endure.

Love, they say, is kin to kindness:
So that kindly look of thine
Tells me that my love will prosper
And the boon I ask be mine.

If an honest service render'd
Makes a niggard soul be free,
Not a few that I have tender'd
Plead on my behalf with thee.

That full many a time and often
I have made a gallant show,—
Worn my Sunday suit on Monday,—
Thou must have remark'd, I know.

Love and finery together
Jog along the selfsame way:
So before thine eyes I've ever
Striven to be grand and gay.

I say nothing of the dances;
Of the serenades—I know
That have kept thee nightly waking
Till the early cock did crow;

I say nothing of the praises
I have heap'd upon thy charms,—
Though I only did my duty,
All the girls were up in arms.

She the Berrocal, Teresa,
When she heard me roundly swore:
"Fool! you think you woo an angel,—
'Tis a monkey you adore;

"She may thank her borrow'd ringlets
And her gew-gaws, one and all,
And her charms, so sweetly painted,—
Love into the snare might fall."

On the spot the lie I gave her;
She became my bitter foe;
Sent her cousin to defy me;
What I did to him you know.

As an honest man I woo thee,
Not to cover thee with shame,
Not to treat thee like a wanton,—
Better is my simple aim.

For the Church has cords to bind us,
Knots of silk so strong, and nice;
Put thy neck within the yoke there!
Mine will follow in a trice.

If not, by the Saints I swear it,
By the holiest that have been,—
Ne'er to leave these hills behind me,
Save to be a Capuchin.

ALEXANDER JAMES DUFFIELD.

POESY.

(*From the Travels in Parnassus.*)

CERVANTES, *having criticised his fellow-poets, stands before* APOLLO *in the Court of Fame.* APOLLO *here is first speaking.*

"But wouldst thou show thyself, all quarrel gone,
Gay, gladsome, not put out in any wise,
Double thy cloak and seat thyself thereon!
For he who merits luck which fate denies,
Without good reason and in mood severe,
Is honour'd more than if he won the prize."
"My Lord! it hath escaped you quite, I fear,
That I possess no cloak!" was my reply.
"No less," quoth he,—"I am glad to see thee here:
For virtue is the cloak which poverty
Wraps round her form to clothe withal her shame;
And so the shafts of envy pass her by."

I, bow'd my head, before the Court of Fame
Remain'd on foot: good seat hath none by right
If wealth or favour do not urge the claim.
One near me murmur'd, pitying my plight,
Deprived of honour which he thought my due.
Fresh from the orb of vigour and of light,
Methought at once a strange resplendent hue
O'erspread the sky; and lo! the smitten air
Was pierced with sweetest music through and through,
And through a gap I spied a squadron fair
Of beauteous nymphs come dancing to the song,
With whom the ruddy God made sporting rare.
In rear of these there came at last along
A wondrous Being, radiant as the light
The sun emits amid the starry throng:
The highest beauty pales before her sight,
And she remains alone in her array,
Diffusing round contentment and delight.
She look'd the likeness of Aurora gay
When, mid the roses and the pearly dew,
She wakes to life and ushers in the day;
The garments rich and jewels bright of hue
Which gemm'd her person might hold rivalry
With all the world of marvels ever knew;
The nymphs, that did her bidding faithfully,
In brilliant bearing and in sprightly ease,
Seem'd to me all the liberal Arts should be.
They all with tender love, and, join'd in these,
The Sciences, most clear and most reserved,
Did pay her reverence as on bended knees,—
Show'd that in serving her themselves were served,
And that through her they, 'mid the nations all,
A higher honour and respect preserved.
The ocean's currents at her simple call
Their ebb and flow display'd; the abyss reveal'd
The parent source of waters great and small;
The herbs their virtues at her touch did yield,

The trees their fruits, its sweetest flowers the dale,
The stones their worth which lay in them conceal'd;
To her did love its chastest joys unveil,
Benignant peace its quietude and cheer,
Terrific war its horrors and its wail;
The spacious path was to her vision clear
Through which the sun in never-ending line
Pursues its natural and fix'd career;
The force of Fate which makes our wills incline,
The elements that form the starry light,
The influence of this planet or that sign:—
All this she knows, all this she wields aright,
The holy maid of loveliness complete,
Who claims at once our wonder and delight.
I ask'd the spokesman, if beneath that sweet
And radiant form no God lay in disguise,
Whom to adore in her were worship meet,
Since, by the rich adornment of her guise
And by her gallant mien and harmony,
She seem'd no child of earth, but of the skies.
"Thou showest," he replied,—"thy crass stupidity:
Since thou hast woo'd her now for many a year
And knowest not that she is Poesy!"

A. J. D.

PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

1601—1681.

SIGISMUND.

(*From Life is a Dream.*)

SIGISMUND, *Prince of Poland, has from his childhood been held in prison, it having been foretold that he would dethrone his father* BASILIUS. *To try his temper, he is taken asleep to the palace, and awakes to find himself no longer a captive but acknowledged Prince of Poland. His violent conduct justifies the former precautions, and after a day of royalty he is carried back to prison, again asleep.*

Scene—The Prison:—SIGISMUND, *as at first, clothed in skins, chained, and*

lying on the ground; CLOTALDO, *his guardian;* CLARIN (*who has accidentally learned his story*); *and* SERVANTS.

Clotaldo. Leave him here on the ground,
Where his day—its pride being o'er,
Finds its end too.
Servant. As before
With the chain his feet are bound.
Clarin. Never from that sleep profound
Wake, O Sigismund! or rise
To behold with wondering eyes
All thy glorious life o'erthrown,
Like a shadow that hath flown,
Like a bright brief flame that dies!
Clotaldo. One who can so wisely make
Such reflections on this case
Should have ample time and space,
Even for the Solon's sake,
To discuss it. (*To the Servants.*) Him you'll take
To this cell here, and keep bound!

He points to another room.

Clarin. But why me?
Clotaldo. Because 'tis found
Safe, when clarions secrets know,
Clarions to lock up, that so
They may not have power to sound.
Clarin. Did I, since you treat me thus,
Try to kill my father? No!
Did I from the window throw
That unlucky Icarus? (*Acts of Sigismund.*)
Is *my* drink somniferous?
Do I dream? Then why be pent?
Clotaldo. 'Tis a clarion's punishment.
Clarin. Then a horn of low degree,
Yea! a cornet I will be,
A safe silent instrument.

They take him away. King BASILIUS *enters.* SIGISMUND *still asleep.*

Basilius. Hark, Clotaldo!
Clotaldo. My Lord here?
Thus disguised, your Majesty!
Basilius. Foolish curiosity
Leads me in this lowly gear
To find out—ah me! with fear—
How the sudden change he bore.
Clotaldo. There behold him as before
In his miserable state!
Basilius. Wretched prince! unhappy fate!
Birth by baneful stars watch'd o'er!—
Go and wake him cautiously!
Now that strength and force lie chain'd
By the opiate he hath drain'd.
Clotaldo. Muttering something restlessly,
See, he lies!
Basilius. Let's listen! he
May some few clear words repeat.
Sigismund (*speaking in his sleep*).
Perfect Prince is he whose heat
Smites the tyrant where he stands!
Yea! Clotaldo by my hands
Dies; my sire shall kiss my feet.
Clotaldo. Death he threatens in his rage.
Basilius. Outrage vile he doth intend.
Clotaldo. He my life hath sworn to end.
Basilius. He has vow'd to insult my age.
Sigismund. On the mighty world's great stage,
Mid the admiring nations' cheer,
Valour mine! that has no peer,
Enter thou: the slave so shunn'd
Now shall reign Prince Sigismund,
And his sire his wrath shall fear——
(*He wakes.*) But, ah, me! where am I? O!

Basilius (*to Clotaldo*). Me I must not let him see.
Listening I close by will be;
What you have to do you know.

He retires.

Sigismund. Can it possibly be so?
Is the truth not what it seem'd?
Am I chain'd and unredeem'd?
Art not thou my life-long tomb?
Dark old tower! Yes! what a doom!
God! what wondrous things I've dream'd.
Clotaldo. Now in this delusive play
Must my special part be taken.—
Is it not full time to waken?
Sigismund. Yes! to waken well it may.
Clotaldo. Wilt thou sleep the livelong day?
Since we gazing from below
Saw the eagle sailing slow,
Soaring through the azure sphere,
All the time thou waited here
Didst thou never waken?
Sigismund. No!
Nor even now am I awake:
Since such thoughts my memory fill,
That it seems I'm dreaming still.
Nor is this a great mistake:
Since, if dreams could phantoms make
Things of actual substance seem,
I things seen may phantoms deem.
Thus, a double harvest reaping,
I can see when I am sleeping,
And when waking I can dream.
Clotaldo. What you may have dream'd of, say!
Sigismund. If I thought it only seem'd,
I would tell not what I dream'd;
But what I beheld I may.
I awoke, and lo! I lay

(Cruel and delusive thing!)
In a bed whose covering,
Bright with blooms from rosy bowers,
Seem'd a tapestry of flowers
Woven by the hand of Spring.
Then a crowd of nobles came,
Who address'd me by the name
Of their Prince, presenting me
Gems and robes, on bended knee.
Calm soon left me; and my frame
Thrill'd with joy to hear thee tell
Of the fate that me befell,
For, though now in this dark den,
I was Prince of Poland then.

Clotaldo. Doubtless you repaid me well?

Sigismund. No! not well: for, calling thee
Traitor vile, in furious strife
Twice I strove to take thy life.

Clotaldo. But why all this rage 'gainst me?

Sigismund. I was master, and would be
Well revenged on foe and friend.
Love one woman could defend——

(*A woman had checked his waking savageness.*)

That at least for truth I deem.
All else ended like a dream;
That alone can never end.

Clotaldo (*aside*). From his place the King hath gone,
Touch'd by his pathetic words.
(*Aloud.*) Speaking of the king of birds
Soaring to ascend his throne,
Thou didst fancy one thine own;
But in dreams, however bright,
Thou shouldst still have kept in sight
How for years I tended thee,—
For 'twere well, whoe'er we be,
Even in dreams to do what's right.

Exit.)

Sigismund (*alone*). That is true : then let's restrain
This wild rage, this fierce condition
Of the mind, this proud ambition,
Should we ever dream again !
And we'll do so : since 'tis plain,
In this world's uncertain gleam,
That to live is but to dream.
Man dreams what he is, and wakes
Only when upon him breaks
Death's mysterious morning beam.
The king dreams he is a king,
And in this delusive way
Lives and rules with sovereign sway ;
All the cheers that round him ring,
Born of air, on air take wing ;
And in ashes—mournful fate !—
Death dissolves his pride and state.
Who would wish a crown to take,
Seeing that he must awake
In the dream beyond death's gate ?
And the rich man dreams of gold,
Gilding cares it scarce conceals ;
And the poor man dreams he feels
Want and misery and cold.
Dreams he too who rank would hold ;
Dreams who bears toil's rough-ribb'd hands ;
Dreams who wrong for wrong demands ;
And in fine, throughout the earth
All men dream, whate'er their birth,—
And yet no one understands.
'Tis a dream that I in sadness
Here am bound, the scorn of fate ;
'Twas a dream that once a state
I enjoy'd of light and gladness.
What is life ? 'Tis but a madness.
What is life ? A thing that seems,
A mirage that falsely gleams,

Phantom joy, delusive rest:
Since is life a dream at best,
And even dreams themselves are dreams.

DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY.

JUSTINA'S TEMPTATION.

(*From the Wonderful Magician.*)

The DEMON *tempts* JUSTINA.

DEMON.

Abyss of Hell! I call on thee,
Thou wild misrule of thine own anarchy!
From the prison-house set free
The spirits of voluptuous death,
That with their mighty breath
They may destroy a world of virgin thoughts!
Let her chaste mind with fancies thick as motes
Be peopled from thy shadowy deep,
Till her guiltless phantasy
Full to overflowing be!
And with sweetest harmony,
Let birds, and flowers, and leaves, and all things move
To love, only to love!
Let nothing meet her eyes
But signs of Love's soft victories!
Let nothing meet her ear
But sounds of Love's sweet sorrow!
So that from faith no succour she may borrow,
But, guided by my spirit blind,
And in a magic snare entwined,
She may now seek Cyprian.
Begin! while I in silence bind
My voice, when thy sweet song thou hast begun.

A VOICE WITHIN.

What is the glory far above
All else in human life?

ALL.

Love! love!

THE FIRST VOICE.

There is no form in which the fire
Of love its traces has impress'd not.
Man lives far more in love's desire
Than by life's breath, soon possess'd not.
If all that lives must love or die,
All shapes on earth or sea or sky
With one consent to Heaven cry
That the glory far above
All else in life is—

ALL.

Love! O love!

JUSTINA.

Thou melancholy thought which art
So fluttering and so sweet! to thee
When did I give the liberty
Thus to afflict my heart?
What is the cause of this new power
Which doth my fever'd being move,
Momently raging more and more?
What subtle pain is kindled now
Which from my heart doth overflow
Into my senses?

ALL.

Love! O love!

JUSTINA.

'Tis that enamour'd nightingale
Who gives me the reply;
He ever tells the same soft tale
Of passion and of constancy
To his mate, who rapt and fond
Listening sits, a bough beyond.

Be silent, Nightingale! no more
Make me think, in hearing thee
Thus tenderly thy love deplore,
If a bird can feel his so,
What a man would feel for me.
And, voluptuous vine! O thou
Who seekest most when least pursuing,—
To the trunk thou interlacest
Art the verdure which embracest,
And the weight which is its ruin,—
No more, with green embraces, vine!
Make me think on what thou lovèst,—
For whilst thou thus thy boughs entwine,
I fear lest thou shouldst teach me, sophist!
How arms might be entangled too.
Light-enchanted sunflower! thou
Who gazest ever true and tender
On the sun's revolving splendour!
Follow not his faithless glance
With thy faded countenance;
Nor teach my beating heart to fear,
If leaves can mourn without a tear,
How eyes must weep! O Nightingale!
Cease from thy enamour'd tale;
Leafy vine! unwreathe thy bower;
Restless sunflower! cease to move;
Or tell me all, what poisonous power
Ye use against me!

ALL.

Love! love! love!

JUSTINA.

It can not be!—Whom have I ever loved?
Trophies of my oblivion and disdain,
Floro and Lelio did I not reject?
And Cyprian?——

DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY.

Portuguese.

[ANONYMOUS.]

BERNAL FRANCEZ.

"Who is it at my portal knocks?
Who knocks? O who—unto me state!"
"I Bernal the Frenchman, Lady! am."
"Ah, then I'll ope for you the gate.
If other cavalier thou art
'Twere well that thou shouldst hence depart."

"From my bed, in the descent
I my under-garment rent;
When the door was open thrown
The lamp went out, the light was flown.
By the hand I then him led
Into my bower, and made a bed
Of roses, which I circled round
And with lovely jasmine bound;
I waters took, from flowerets sweet
Distill'd by me, to lave his feet;
And then I laid him by my side,—
A place wherein he should abide."

"Now the midnight hours flee,
Yet thou turnest not to me!
If 'tis my brothers that you fear,—
They will none of them come here;
If 'tis my daughters cause you fear,—
They will none of them come here;
If 'tis my servants that you fear,—
They will none of them come here;
If husband mine cause you alarm,—

His absence far keeps you from harm,
And should the Moors to death him doom
Worse news than that to me might come."

"I of your brothers have no fear,—
Brothers-in-law are they to me;
Nor of your daughters, were they here,—
Daughters to me as well as thee;
Of your husband I've no fears,—
For close to thee he now appears."
"O, if thou art my husband dear,
Loved by me more than self art thou!
O, from what dream so strange and drear
Have I only awaken'd now?"
"Wait thee until morning come,
When I will give, thyself to clad,
Of purple vest a cassock good,
A cloak of crimson with a hood;
A knife shall be thy necklace sad:
Since thou hast chosen so thy doom!" ——

"Here conceal'd within my cloak,
Let me descend my Love to see!
Upon her form I wish to look,
Whether alive or dead she be."
"Thine own Beloved, O Senhor mine!
Is dead, as well these eyes did see;
Of what she wore the fatal sign,
That will I now explain to thee:
Of purple vest a cassock good,
A cloak of crimson with a hood,
A knife her necklace sad did prove,—
All worn to show for thee her love.
The box that did her corpse enfold
Was made of ivory and gold;
The friars who did the rite attend
Were without count and without end;

And in the chapel of St. Gil
Her body there a grave does fill."—

"O sacred earth! O open thee,
That I with thee may cover'd be!"
"Live thou, Cavalier! live thou,
Live, although now dead am I!
No vigour in these arms is now,
Where thou in soft embrace didst lie;
The eyes which on you gave kind look
Now, by earth cover'd, dim are grown;
From mouth, whence kisses sweet you took,
The honey all is gone and flown.
The lady who thy wife may be
Call her Anna, as my name!
The daughters she may bear to thee,
O, teach them to avoid my shame!
That after men they ne'er may flee,
As I have lost myself for thee."

JOHN ADAMSON.

THE KING'S SLIPPER.

Fresh green vine-leaves hath the vineyard,
There found I grapes both fine and sweet:
So ripe are they, so high-colour'd,
They are saying—Come and eat!

"I wish to know who is it guards them:
Haste, Mordomo, haste to know!"
Says the King to his Mordomo.
But why did the King say so?

Because the King saw in that mountain
(How he saw her I don't know)
That most incomparable Lady
(My reading does not tell me how)

Who to her sorrow is a Countess,—
Countess she of Valderey:

Rather would she, by my halidom,
  Rather a poor peasant be.

Fresh green vine-leaves hath the vineyard,
  Grapes the King will go to greet:
So ripe are they, so high-colour'd,
  They are saying—Come and eat!

Comes the Mordomo from the mountain:
  "Best of news to you I bring,—
Though the vineyard is well guarded,
  I have enter'd Senhor King!

"The owner is in other countries,
  When comes back I can not say;
The gate is old, the yielding portress
  To gold key gave ready way.

"To a wonder that key served me:
  All was soon adjusted, so
That this eve at hour of midnight
  With you I to the vintage go."

"Worth a kingdom, my Mordomo!
  Great reward I'll make to thee:
This eve then, at the hour of midnight,
  Rich grapes shall be eat by me!"

Fresh green vine-leaves hath the vineyard,
  More grapes than I yet did meet:
Beautiful and so ripe are they,
  They are saying—Come and eat!

In the dead o' the midnight hour
  Went the Mordomo, went the King;
Of doubloons to the portress given
  'Tis not mine the account to sing.

"Mordomo! stay you at the portal,
  The portal where I enter in;

Let not watch-dogs with me grapple
  Whilst the grapes I am gathering!"

The portress now to meet his wishing
  'Change for what he gave doth bring:
At the chamber of the Countess
  Lo there entereth the King.

She bore a lamp both rich and massive,
  It was of silver I could see,—
Only of silver or of gold is
  In the house of Valderey.

Fresh the green leaves are in the vineyard,
  And the grapes are ripe and sweet,
Beautiful, so warmly colour'd:
  Ah! when of them shall I eat?

All in the chamber of the Countess
  Gold with silver suited well:
It was the heaven of that angel,—
  No more my poor tongue may tell.

Rich silks were there of Millao,
  The towels were of Courteney;
The King, he trembled,—if from terror,
  Or good faith, I can not say.

Green silk curtains hung before him,—
  Still he ne'er essay'd to raise:
The vision bright I may not sing that
  Daunted thus his baffled gaze.

It was a thing so passing lovely,
  What to say I do not ween;
Dainties other such as this you
  May not see, nor have I seen.

Fresh green vine-leaves hath the vineyard,—
  Saw I there grapes ripe and sweet:

Beautiful and so ripe are they,
  They are saying—Come and eat!

Slept she there, so undisturbed
  As in heaven I shall sleep,
Jesus! when I find thee there, if
  Innocent thy law I keep.

On his knees then all the night through,
  God did his ill thought withstand,—
Gazing, wondering thus to see her,
  Without moving foot or hand.

Thus he said—"O God my sire!
  Pardon what I ask'd before!
Here so pure and bright this angel,
  'Tis not I will injure her!"

Fresh green vine-leaves hath the vineyard,
  Grapes I found there ripe and sweet;
But I fear to meddle with them;
  No! of them I will not eat.

Now came on the shining morrow;
  Then it was, as goes the tale,
The Mordomo heard a whistle:
  "Jesus, Lord! now me avail!"

This was the appointed signal
  Which the Count was used to take.
The King did not the curtains draw,
  Saying—"I will no vintage take!"

Beauteous green leaves hath the vineyard,
  There I found grapes lovely, sweet;
But my conscience inward grieves me,
  Grapes like these I will not eat.

Mordomo ran with rapid vigour,
  Quickly, that the King might flee;

"Out, alas! I have lost a slipper!"
"One of mine I give to thee."

Fled they; in another instant
Since the whistle they did hear
Comes the Count from off the mountain:
"If he catch us, woe and fear!"

One fear harass'd the Mordomo,
Other fear assail'd the King:
Which of them had reason greater
Soon unto you I will sing.

Green leaves saw I in the vineyard,
Grapes quite ripe and richly sweet:
But, by tender conscience guarded,
Said the King—"I will not eat!"

Seeketh now the Count his tower,
The valiant Count of Valderey;
Lights he on the broider'd slipper:
How it chanced I can not say.

To the chamber of the Countess
Goes he—Will he strike the blow?
Calmly sleeping doth he see her;
"Jesus! I know not what to do!"

In disorder is the household;
"God have me in his holy keep!
Either witch must be this woman,
Or this slipper mock'd my sleep,—

"Slipper which I have before me,
Slipper which bespeaks no good:
Who could think that she could slumber
In so pure and gentle mood?"

Wild the doubts that rise within him:
"Help me, Heaven! with guiding light!

Baffling madness louring round me
Lets to see my path aright.

"O my vineyard, so well guarded!
Precious grapes which there I left,
And the fruit on which I counted!
Say, of which I am bereft?"

Straight the Count himself imprison'd
In highest tower of Valderey:
"Ne'er shall bread assuage my hunger,
Ne'er shall wine my thirst allay;

"Beard and hair grown rough and ragged
Care from me shall ne'er receive;
Till the truth be plain before me
Ne'er will I this refuge leave!

"O ye green leaves of the vineyard!
Grapes that I no more may taste!
Quickly may you pine and wither,
Quickly pine like me and waste!"

Thrice the sun hath sunk and risen,
Groaning still he lonely sate;
And the faithful Countess grieving,—
"How to soothe his mournful state?"

Whither may she flee for succour?
Who shall aid or solace bring?
Innocence may challenge pity:
Whither wend? Unto the King!

That I remedy may find thee,
Faithful Countess! quickly go!
Secret of this sad affliction
Mine be it, here or there, to know!

On the loyal word of knighthood,
Troth and faith I plight to thee.

Pure she shall be found and spotless,
  Or myself shall recreant be.

O the green leaves of the Vine-tree!
  Grapes I sought with eager haste:
To the soul their beauty touch'd me,—
  Fruit so pure I dared not taste.

Quickly then the Countess hurried
  To the King, nor tarried more.
What they heard I wish to hear too,
  So will listen at the door.

Hist! a voice of heavenly sweetness
  Steals upon my ravish'd ears,
While this sad plaint sang the mourner,
  Mocking music of the spheres:—

"Once I was a Vine well guarded,
  Taught by tending love to grow;
Now I lack that fostering nurture,—
  Why, I scarce dare ask to know."

Then shone out the royal goodness;
  Tear of pity dimm'd his eye:
"Quick of the other side inform me,
  That the truth I may descry!"

"My fresh vineyard, so well guarded,
  When I enter'd it again,
Trace of plundering thief I noted,—
  What he stole I ask in vain."

Ceas'd the Count, o'erwhelmed with sorrow;
  But then laughing said the King
(Whether at self or at the mourner
  Aim'd that laugh I can not sing)—

"'Twas I who the vineyard enter'd,
  Left of plundering thief the trace;

Grapes I saw, but, Heaven so save me!
Not a grape did I displace.

"And a fracture in the portal
From my foot the slipper tore;
Need'st thou proof? behold it here!"
Its fellow from within he bore.

Of the joy that follow'd after
Little need I more impart:
Glad the Count the truth admitted;
Play'd the King the kingly part.

"Fresh green vine-leaves hath the vineyard,
Richest grapes were those I saw:
It was fear that kept them safely,—
Fear of God and of his Law."

J. A.

LUIS DE CAMOENS.

1524?—1579.

BEHOLDING HER.

When I behold you, Lady! when my eyes
Dwell on the deep enjoyment of your sight,
I give my spirit to that one delight,
And earth appears to me a Paradise.
And when I hear you speak, and see you smile,
Full satisfied, absorb'd, my center'd mind
Deems all the world's vain hopes and joys the while
As empty as the unsubstantial wind.
Lady! I feel your charms, yet dare not raise
To that high theme the unequal song of praise,—
A power for that to language was not given;
Nor marvel I, when I those beauties view,
Lady! that He, whose power created you,
Could form the stars and yonder glorious heaven.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

HIS INSUFFICIENCY OF PRAISE.

So sweet the lyre, so musical the strain,
By which my suit, Belovèd! is express'd,
That, hearing them, no such indifferent breast
But welcomes Love and his delicious pain,
And opes to his innumerable train
Of sweet persuasions, lovely mysteries,
Brief angers, gentle reconcilements, sighs
And ardour unabash'd by proud disdain.
Yet, when I strive to sing what beauty dwells
Upon thy brow, so oft in scorn array'd,
My song upon the unworthy lips expires.
It must be loftier verse than mine that tells
Of loveliness like thine. My Muse, dismay'd,
Folds her weak wing and silently retires.

RICHARD GARNETT.

TO CATERINA IN HEAVEN.

My Gentle Spirit! thou who hast departed
So early, of this life in discontent,—
Rest thou there ever, in heaven's firmament,
While I live here on earth all broken-hearted!
In that etherial seat where thou didst rise,
If memory of this life so far consent,
Forget not thou my ardent love unspent
Which thou didst read so perfect in mine eyes!
And if perchance aught worthy thee appears
In my great cureless anguish for thy death,
O, pray to God, who closed so soon thy years,
That He will also close my sorrowing breath,
And swiftly call me hence thy form to see,—
As swiftly he deprived these eyes of thee.

J. J. AUBERTIN.

French.

GUILLAUME DE POITIERS.

1071—

BEHOLD THE MEADS.

Behold, the meads are green again,
The orchard-bloom is seen again,
Of sky and stream the mien again
Is mild, is bright!
Now should each heart that loves obtain
Its own delight.

But I will say no ill of Love,
However slight my guerdon prove:
Repining doth not me behove:
And yet—to know
How lightly she I fain would move
Might bliss bestow!

There are who hold my folly great,
Because with little hope I wait;
But one old saw doth animate
And me assure:
Their hearts are high, their might is great,
Who will endure.

HARRIET WATERS PRESTON.

MARCABRUN.

12th Century.

AT THE FOUNTAIN.

A fount there is, doth overfling
Green turf and garden walks; in Spring
A glory of white blossoming

Shines underneath its guardian tree;
And new-come birds old music sing;
And there, alone and sorrowing,
I found a maid I could not cheer,—

Of beauty meet to be adored,
The daughter of the castle's lord;
Methought the melody outpour'd
By all the birds unceasingly,
The season sweet, the verdant sward,
Might gladden her,—and eke my word
Her grief dismiss, would she but hear.

Her tears into the fountain fell;
With sorry sighs her heart did swell;
"O Jesus, king invisible!"
She cried,—"of thee is my distress!
Through thy deep wrong bereft I dwell:
Earth's best have bidden us farewell,
On thee at thine own shrine to wait.

"And my true Love is also gone,
The free, fair, gentle, valiant One;
So what can I but make my moan,
And how the sad desire suppress
That Louis' name were here unknown,
The prayers, the mandates, all undone
Whereby I am made desolate?"

Soon as I heard this plaintive cry,
Moving the limpid wave anigh,
"Weep not, fair maid! so piteously,
Nor waste thy roses!" thus I cried,—
"Neither despair, for He is by
Who wrought this leafy greenery,
And He will give thee joy one day."

"Seigneur! I well believe," she said,—
"Of God I shall be comforted
In yonder world when I am dead;

And many a sinful soul beside;—
But now hath He prohibited
My chief delight. I bow my head,—
But heaven is very far away."

H. W. P.

BERNARD DE VENTADOUR.

1130—

NO MARVEL IS IT.

No marvel is it if I sing
Better than other minstrels all:
For more than they I am Love's thrall,
And all myself therein I fling,—
Knowledge and sense, body and soul,
And whatso power I have beside;
The rein that doth my being guide
Impels me to this only goal.

His heart is dead whence did not spring
Love's odour, sweet and magical;
His life doth ever on him pall
Who knoweth not that blessed thing;
Yea! God, who doth my life controul,
Were cruel did he bid me bide
A month, or even a day, denied
The love whose rapture I extol.

How keen, how exquisite the sting
Of that sweet odour! At its call
An hundred times a day I fall
And faint, an hundred rise and sing.
So fair the semblance of my dole,
'Tis lovelier than another's pride:
If such the ill doth me betide,
Good hap were more than I could thole.

Yet haste, kind heaven! the sundering
True swains from false, great hearts from small!

The traitor in the dust bid crawl!
The faithless to confession bring!
Ah! if I were the master sole
Of all earth's treasures multiplied,
To see my Lady satisfied
Of my pure faith, I'd give the whole.

H. W. P.

GOBIN DE RHEIMS.

13th Century.

SWEET LIFE.

Sweet life indeed it were,
  His joy to prove,
Who in his Lady fair
  Finds a True Love!
No guile, no folly there,
  No fickle pride;
Seeking her heart to share
  With none beside;
To treachery unknown,
  Faithful and fervent proved,
Loving that only One
  By whom beloved.

EDGAR TAYLOR.

CHARLES D'ORLEANS.

1391—1465.

SHE WHOM I LOVE.

Is she not lavishly endow'd,
She whom I love so loyally?
It is my very faith, in troth,
That one so fair can never be!
And say'st thou not the same with me?
Tell me, in simple verity,
  Is she not lavishly endow'd,
  She whom I love so loyally?

Whether she dance, or sing, or smile,
Or whate'er else may do, or be,—
Give me a voice, impartial, free
From favour or from flattery,—
Is she not lavishly endow'd,
She whom I love so loyally?

E. T.

FRANÇOIS VILLON.

1431—146 .

A BALLAD OF OLD-TIME LADIES.

Tell me, where, in what land of shade,
Hides fair Flora of Rome? and where
Are Thaìs and Archipiade,
Cousins german in beauty rare?
And Echo, more than mortal fair,
That when one calls by river flow,
Or marish, answers out of the air?
—But what has become of last year's snow?

Where did the learn'd Heloìsa vade,
For whose sake Abelard did not spare
(Such dole for love on him was laid)
Manhood to lose and a cowl to wear?
And where is the Queen who will'd whilere
That Buridan, tied in a sack, should go
Floating down Seine from the turret-stair?
—But what has become of last year's snow?

Blanche too, the lily-white Queen, that made
Sweet music as if she a Siren were?
Broad-foot Bertha? and Joan, the Maid,
The good Lorrainer the English bare
Captive to Rouen, and burn'd her there?
Beatrix, Eremburge, Alys,—lo!
Where are they, virgins debonair?
—But what has become of last year's snow?

ENVOI.

Prince! you may question how they fare,
This week, or liefer this year, I trow:
Still shall this burden the answer bear,—
But what has become of last year's snow?

JOHN PAYNE.

RONDEAU.

Death! of thy rigour I complain,
That hast my Lady torn from me,
And yet will not contented be,
Till from me too all strength be ta'en,
For languishment of heart and brain.
What harm did she in life to thee?
Death!
One heart we had betwixt us twain;
Which being dead, I too must dree
Death, or, like carven saints we see
In choir, sans life to live be fain,
Death!

J. P.

CLEMENT MAROT.

1505—1544.

MADAME D'ALBRET'S LAUGH.

Yes! that fair neck, too beautiful by half,
Those eyes, that voice, that bloom, all do her honour;
Yet, after all, that little giddy laugh
Is what, in my mind, sits the best upon her.

Good God! 'twould make the very streets and ways,
Through which she passes, burst into a pleasure!
Did melancholy come to mar my days
And kill me in the lap of too much leisure,
No spell were wanting, from the dead to raise me,
But only that sweet laugh wherewith she slays me.

LEIGH HUNT.

A LOVE-LESSON.

A sweet "No! no!" with a sweet smile beneath
  Becomes an honest girl,—I'd have you learn it;
As for plain "Yes!" it may be said, i' faith,
  Too plainly and too oft,—pray, well discern it!

Not that I'd have my pleasure incomplete,
  Or lose the kiss for which my lips beset you;
But that in suffering me to take it, Sweet!
  I'd have you say—"No! no! I will not let you."

L. H.

JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

1525?—1560.

HYMN TO THE WINDS.

(The Winds are invoked by the winnowers of corn.)

To you, Troop so fleet
That with wing'd wandering feet
  Through the wide world pass,
And with soft murmuring
Toss the green shades of Spring
  In wood and grass!
Lily and violet
I give, and blossoms wet,
  Roses and dew;
This branch of blushing roses
Whose fresh bud uncloses,
  Wind-flowers too.
Ah! winnow with sweet breath
Winnow the holt and heath
  Round this retreat,
Where, all the golden morn,
We fan the gold o' the corn
  In the sun's heat!

ANDREW LANG.

A VOW TO HEAVENLY VENUS.

We that with like hearts love, we lovers twain,
New-wedded in the village by thy fane,
Lady of all chaste love! to thee it is
We bring these amaranths, these white lilies,
A sign and sacrifice: may love, we pray,
Like amaranthine flowers feel no decay;
Like these cool lilies may our loves remain,
Perfect and pure, and know not any stain!
And be our hearts, from this thy holy hour,
Bound each to each, like flower to wedded flower!

A. L.

PIERRE RONSARD.

1524—1585.

TO HIS YOUNG MISTRESS.

Fair Flower of fifteen Springs! that still
Art scarcely blossom'd from the bud,
Yet hast such store of evil will,
A heart so full of hardihood,—
Seeking to hide in friendly wise
The mischief of your mocking eyes:

If you have pity, Child! give o'er;
Give back the heart you stole from me,
Pirate! setting so little store
On this your captive from Love's sea,
Holding his misery for gain,
And making pleasure of his pain.

Another, not so fair of face,
But far more pitiful than you,
Would take my heart, if of his grace
My heart would give her of Love's due;
And she shall have it, since I find
That you are cruel and unkind.

Nay! I would rather that it died
Within your white hand's prisoning,
Would rather that it still abide
In your ungentle comforting,
Than change its faith, and seek to her
That is more kind, but not so fair.

A. L.

THE ROSE.

See, Mignonne! hath not the Rose,
That this morning did unclose
  Her purple mantle to the light,
Lost, before the day be dead,
The glory of her raiment red,
  Her colour, bright as yours is bright?

Ah, Mignonne! in how few hours
The petals of her purple flowers
  All have faded, fallen, died!
Sad Nature! mother ruinous!
That seest thy fair child perish thus
  'Twixt matin-song and eventide.

Hear me, Darling! speaking sooth:
Gather the fleet flower of your youth!
  Take ye your pleasure at the best!
Be merry ere your beauty flit!
For length of days will tarnish it,
  Like roses that were loveliest.

A. L.

OF HIS LADY'S OLD AGE.

When you are very old, at evening
You'll sit and spin beside the fire, and say,
Humming my songs,—"Ah, well! ah, well-a-day!
When I was young of me did Ronsard sing."

None of your maidens that doth hear the thing,
Albeit with her weary task foredone,
But wakens at my name, and calls you One
Blest, to be held in long remembering.

I shall be low beneath the earth, and laid
On sleep, a phantom in the myrtle shade,
While you beside the fire, a grandame grey,
My love, your pride, remember and regret.
Ah, love me, Love! we may be happy yet;
And gather roses while 'tis call'd to-day.

A. L.

FRANÇOIS AUGUSTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

1769—1848.

ROMANCE.

Sweet, O sweet is thy memory,
My birth-place! hid in greenery.
My Sister! how the days seem'd fair
When we
First breathed of France the liberal air
Down there!

Dost thou, like me, remember clear
How oft, while we the hearth stood near,
Our mother clasp'd us nothing loath,
My Dear!
And we her hair with answering troth
Kiss'd both?

Dost thou remember, proud and hoar,
The chateau by the river Dore,
And, fairer still, the turret high
Of More,
Whence bells proclaim'd to earth and sky
Day nigh?

Dost thou remember too the lake
Whose calm the swallows skimm'd to break,
While reeds by zephyrs woo'd and won
Would shake ;
And sank, his course of glory done,
The sun ?

O, who shall give me Helen back ?
The great oak and the mountain track ;—
Though sorrow hang the passing day
In black,
One landscape shall rich hues array
For aye !

TORU DUTT.

PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER.

1780—1857.

MY VOCATION.

Thrown ailing on this mud,
Ugly, and weak withal,
And stifling in the crowd
Because I am so small,—
While idly murmuring,
Bewailing my mishap,
The good God bids me sing :—
Sing ! poor little chap !

The chariot of the rich
May splash me, passing by ;
Power spurns me to the ditch,—
Who cares for such as I ?
Their pride has lost its sting,
And I my fingers snap :
The good God bids me sing :—
Sing ! poor little chap !

O happy heedless folk
  Who care-for-the-morrow shirk!
I flinch beneath the yoke
  O' the very lightest work.
O, liberty's the thing;
  But appetite will rap:—
The good God bids me sing:—
  Sing! poor little chap!

Even Love, that once had ruth
  And deign'd to assuage my pain,
Is passing, with my youth,
  Never to come again.
In vain my prayers I fling
  In witching Beauty's lap:
The good God bids me sing:—
  Sing! poor little chap!

How then shall I disuse
  To sing, my sole task here?
They whom I thus amuse,
  Will they not hold me dear?
When the wine, in friendship's ring,
  Flows like the rising sap,
The good God bids me sing:—
  Sing! poor little chap!

W. J. LINTON.

FORTUNE.

Rap! rap!—Is that my lass—
Rap! rap!—is rapping there?
It is Fortune. Let her pass!
I'll not open the door to her.

All of my friends are making gay
My little room, with lips wine-wet:
We only wait for you, Lisette!
Fortune! you may go your way.
  Rap! rap!——

If we might credit half her boast,
What wonders gold has in its gift.
Well, we have twenty bottles left
And still some credit with our host.
Rap! rap!——

Her pearls, and rubies too, she quotes,
And mantles more than sumptuous:
Lord! but the purple's nought to us,—
We're just now taking off our coats.
Rap! rap!——

She treats us as the rawest youths,
With talk of genius and of fame:
Thank calumny, alas, for shame!
Our faith is spoil'd in laurel growths.
Rap! rap!——

Far from our pleasures, we care not
Her highest heavens to attain;
She fills her big balloons in vain
Till we have swamp'd our little boat.
Rap! rap!——

Yet all our neighbours crowd to be
Within her ring of promises,
Ah! surely, friends! our mistresses.
Will cheat us more agreeably.
Rap! rap!——

W. J. L.

THE POOR WOMAN.

It snows! it snows!—and yonder at God's porch,
Upon her knees, a woman old doth pray,
While through her rags the north-east cold doth scorch:
It is for bread she prayeth, day by day.
Groping along through the cathedral yard,
Winter and summer season cometh she.

Poor woman! she is blind. O fortune hard!
Let us bestow on her our charity!

You recollect what this old wretch has been,
With her poor cheeks so meagre and so white?
Once was she of our theatres the Queen;
Her songs the town enraptured with delight.
The young amid their laughter or their tears
Of her great beauty raved enthusiastly;
And all their charmed dreams reflected hers.
Let us bestow on her our charity!

How many times along the homeward street
Her chariot's speed could scarce outrun the crowd!
Above the clatter of her horses' feet
She heard the echoes of applauses loud.
To hand her from her carriage to her door,
To tend her every pace voluptuously,
How many rivals watch'd her steps before!—
Let us bestow on her our charity!

When all the arts were wreathing crowns for her,
How full of pomp was her high dwelling-place;
How many crystals, bronzes, columns, were
As loving tribute brought, her love to grace!
How many poet lovers at her feasts
Quaff'd of the cup of her prosperity!
Your palaces have all their swallow-nests.
Let us bestow on her our charity!

O sad reverse! a sickness bow'd her head,
Broke her sweet voice, and dimm'd her beauty's sheen!
And soon, alone and poor, she begg'd her bread,
Where for these twenty years her place has been.
No hand knew better how to scatter gold,
Or with more goodness, than this hand which she
So hesitatingly to us doth hold;
Let us bestow on her our charity!

The cold grows colder: woe and misery!
And now the cold is stiffening every limb.
Her fingers scarcely lift the rosary
That blesses her wan lips with smiles so dim.
Under so many ills if her poor heart
Finds yet some nourishment in piety,
That her last trust, in heaven, may not depart,
Let us bestow on her our charity!

W. J. L.

HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE IS.

Ye Gods! how beautiful she is,
She whom I love for evermore;
Her eyes' sweet melancholy bliss
From love's pure fount is welling o'er.
With its most happy breath, I wis,
To inspire her being heaven was fain:
Ye Gods! how beautiful she is!
And I,—I am, I am so plain.

Ye Gods! but she is beautiful!
Her twentieth spring she scarce hath told;
Her lips are flower-buds fresh and full;
Her hair is bright with waving gold.
But one accomplishment she'll miss:
Knew she herself, she might be vain.
Ye Gods! how beautiful she is!
And I,—I am, I am so plain.

Ye Gods! how beautiful is she!
And yet I am by her beloved,
Though not one grace belongs to me
Of those by womankind approved.
Before she charm'd my life with bliss
Love fled from me. Return again!
Ye Gods! how beautiful she is!
And I,—I am, I am so plain.

Ye Gods! how beautiful she is!
  And love shall overlast my fears.
Her garland doth a forehead kiss
  Was bald ere I had thirty years.
And now, ye veils that hide my bliss!
  Fall off: my joy hath nought to gain.
Ye Gods! how beautiful she is!
  And I,—I am, I am so plain.

W. J. L.

ALPHONSE MARIE LOUIS DE LAMARTINE.

1792—1869.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Eagles, that wheel above our crests,
Say to the storms that round us blow,
They can not harm our gnarled breasts,
Firm-rooted as we are below.
Their utmost efforts we defy.
They lift the sea-waves to the sky;
But when they wrestle with our arms
Nervous and gaunt, or lift our hair,
Balanced within its cradle fair
The tiniest bird has no alarms.

Sons of the rock, no mortal hand
Here planted us: God-sown we grew.
We are the diadem green and grand
On Eden's summit that He threw.
When waters in a deluge rose,
Our hollow flanks could well enclose
Awhile the whole of Adam's race;
And children of the Patriarch
Within our forest built the Ark
Of Covenant, foreshadowing grace.

We saw the Tribes as captives led,
We saw them back return anon;

As rafters have our branches dead
Cover'd the porch of Solomon ;
And later, when the Word, made man,
Came down in God's salvation-plan
To pay for sin the ransom-price,
The beams that form'd the Cross we gave :
These, red in blood of power to save,
Were altars of that Sacrifice.

In memory of such great events,
Men come to worship our remains ;
Kneel down in prayer within our tents,
And kiss our old trunks' weather-stains.
The saint, the poet, and the sage,
Hear and shall hear from age to age
Sounds in our foliage like the voice
Of many waters ; in these shades
Their burning words are forged like blades,
While their uplifted souls rejoice.

TORU DUTT.

VICTOR MARIE HUGO.

1802—

MORE STRONG THAN TIME.

Since I have set my lips to your full cup, my Sweet !—
Since I my pallid face between your hands have laid,—
Since I have known your soul, and all the bloom of it,
And all the perfume rare, now buried in the shade,—

Since it was given to me to hear, one happy while,
The words wherein your heart spoke all its mysteries,—
Since I have seen you weep, and since I have seen you smile,
Your lips upon my lips, and your eyes upon my eyes,—

Since I have known above my forehead glance and gleam
A ray, a single ray of your star, veil'd always,—
Since I have felt the fall, upon my life-time's stream,
Of one rose-petal pluck'd from the roses of your days,—

I now am bold to say to the swift changing hours—
Pass! pass upon your way! for I grow never old;
Fleet to the dark abyss with all your fading flowers!
One rose that none may pluck within my heart I hold.

Your flying wings may smite, but they can never spill
The cup full-fill'd of love, from which my lips are wet,
My heart has far more fire than you have frost to chill,
My soul more love than you can make my soul forget.

ANDREW LANG.

THE GRAND ARMY.

Soldiers of our Year Two! O wars! O epic songs!—
Drawing at once their swords against all Crowned Wrongs,
In Prussian, Austrian bounds,
And against all the Tyres and Sodoms of the earth,
And him the man-hunter, the Tzar o' the icy North,
Follow'd by all his hounds,

And against Europe all, with all its captains proud,
With all its foot-soldiers whose might the plains did crowd,
With all its horsemen fleet,
All risen against France, with many a hydra head,—
They sang as on they march'd, their spirits without dread,
And without shoes their feet.

At early dawn, at eve, South, North, and everywhere,
With their old muskets on their shoulders, rattling there,
Passing both rock and flood,
Without or sleep or rest, foodless, and ragged too,
Joyous and proud they went, and their shrill trumpets blew
As only demons could.

Sublimest Liberty fill'd evermore their thought;
Fleets taken sword in hand, and frontiers set at nought,—
So sovereignly they go:
O France! on every day some prodigy they dare,—

Encounters, combats, shocks,—on Adige' side Joubert,
And on the Rhine Marceau.

The vanguard they o'ercame, the centre they o'erthrew;
In the snow, and in the rain, water their middles to,
On went they, ever on:
And one sued them for peace, and one flung wide his gate;
And thrones were scattered like dead leaves, here of late,
Now at the wind's breath gone.

O soldiers! you were grand, in the midst of battle-shocks,
With your lightning-flashing eyes and wild dishevel'd locks
In the wild whirlwind black:
Impetuous, ardent, radiant, tossing back your heads,
Like lions snuffing up the North-wind when he treads
Upon his tempest track!

Drunken and madly rapt in their great epic deeds,
They savour'd all the mirth of most heroic needs,—
Steel clashing here and there,
The winged Marseillaise flying amid the balls,
The grenades and the drums, the bomb-shells and cymbals,
And thy clear laugh, Kleber!

The Revolution cried—Die, O my volunteers!
Die to deliver all the peoples from their fears!
Their answering hands they raised.
Go, my old soldiers! go, my beardless generals!
And Victory proudly march'd to the sound of bare foot falls
Over the world amazed.

Disheartening and fear to them were all unknown:
They had without a doubt over the high clouds gone,
If their audacity
In its Olympic race one moment had look'd back,
And seen the Republic point over their glorious track
Her finger to the sky.

W. J. LINTON.

MOURNING.

Paths over which long grasses wave!
Hill-sides and valleys! woods moss'd o'er!
Wherefore thus silent as the grave?
—"Since he who came now comes no more."

Why no one at thy casement seen,
Thy flower-less garden why so bare?
O house! where has thy master been?
—"I only know he is elsewhere."

Watch, dog!—"And why, around a home
Now empty, by no footsteps cross'd?"
Whom weep'st thou? child!—"My father." Whom
Sad woman! weepest thou?—"The Lost."

Where is he gone?—"Into the dark."
Wild waves, heard breaking in the gloom!
Whence are ye?—"From the convict-bark."
And what bear ye from us?—"A tomb."

W. J. L.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

(*To the Proscribed.*)

Let us not doubt, but trust! The end is mystery.
Bide we! Of Nero kings, as of the panther, He,
Our God, can break the teeth.
God trieth us, my friends! let us have faith and calm,
And work! O desert sands! hath not he sown the palm
Your fiery dust beneath?

Because he doth not end his work even when we list,
Delivers Rome to the priest, and to the jesuit Christ,
And to the knave the True,
Should we despair! Of him, The Just in very deed?

No! no! he only knew the name of every seed
He for his harvest threw.

Is not all certainty within his vision furl'd?
From the nadir to the zenith God doth fill our world.
We are but scholars here.
Our wisdom unto his is errant foolishness;
And is it not first with him light hath its luminousness
And the dark can disappear?

Doth he not see the snake trailing on belly round?
Doth not his glance pierce down, to their roots deep underground,
Pelion and Ossa through?
Knows he not, stork! the hour thy migratings begin?
Knows he not, tiger! both thy goings out and in?
Thy den, O lion! too?

Answer O swallow! and thou, eagle on sounding wing!
Say, have ye nests whereof the Eternal knows no thing?
Stag! canst thou from him flee?
Seèst thou not, O fox! his eyes among the brake?
Wolf! when at night thou feel'st a blade of grass to quake,
Sayest thou not—'Tis He?

Since he knows all of that, since he can everything,
Since from the cause his hand all of effect can bring,
Like fruit from the kernel-stone,—
Since in the apple he knows when to house the worm,
And how strong marble columns shall be by the storm
In one short night o'erthrown,—

Since he the bellowing ocean lashes with his wind,—
Since he alone is the Seeing, and man so wholly blind,—
Since he is midst of all,—
Since his arm bears us up, and, when he passeth by,
The comet trembleth, as the flax that tremblingly
Into the flame doth fall,—

Since the obscurest night knows him, the veriest dark
Sees him at his good pleasure save the foundering bark,—
Why should we doubtful be?
We who, firm, pure, and proud, in our worst agonies
Remain upright in front of all their tyrannies,
Keeping for Him our knee.

Think also, though our days are days of bitterness,
When we reach through this fog our arms we feel no less
The hand that guides the day;
And when bow'd low we tread the martyr-vale of death,
Hear we not One behind whose cheering whisper saith—
Be sure, this is the way!

The future, O Proscribed! is ours. Great Liberty,
Glory, and Peace, come back in cars of victory
On thundering axletrees.
This Crime, triumphant now, passeth like smoke away:
A passing smoke, a lie. So he may boldly say
Who the high heaven sees.

Fiercer the Cæsars are than waves with foamy mane:
But God saith—Through their nostrils I will put a rein
And in their mouths a bit;
And verily I will lead them, yield they or resist,
Them, their buffoons, their flute-players, even as I list,
To the shades where phantoms sit.

God saith: the granite base whereon they stand so well
Crumbleth away, and lo! they disappear pell-mell,
Their fortunes falling through.
North-wind! North-wind! that comest to beat against our doors,
O tell us, is it thou scatterest these emperors?
Where hast thou flung them to?

W. J. L.

THE GRAVE AND THE ROSE.

The Grave said to the Rose—
" What of the dews of dawn?
Love's flower! what end is theirs?"
" And what of spirits flown,
The souls whereon doth close
The tomb's mouth unawares?"
The Rose said to the Grave.

The Rose said—" In the shade
From the dawn's tears is made
A perfume faint and strange,
Amber and honey sweet."
" And all the spirits fleet
Do suffer a sky-change,
More strangely than the dew,
To God's own angels new:"
The Grave said to the Rose.

ANDREW LANG.

BURNING THE LIBRARY.

(*A supposed occurrence.*)

'Tis you then burn'd the Library?
" I did,
I brought the fire."
—O most unheard-of crime!
Crime, wretch! which you upon yourself commit.
Why, you have quench'd the light of your own soul!
'Tis your own torch which you have just put out!
That which your impious madness has dared burn
Was your own treasure, fortune, heritage.
The Book (the master's bugbear) is your gain;
The Book has ever taken side with you.
A Library implies an act of faith

Which generations still in darkness hid
Sign in their night, in witness of the dawn.
What! miscreant! you fling your flaming torch
Into this pile of venerable truths,
These master works that thunder forth and lighten,—
Into this tomb become Time's inventory,
Into the ages, the antique man, the past
Which still spells out the future,—history
Which having once begun will never end,
Into the poets, into this mine of Bibles
And all this heap divine! Dread Æschylus,
Homer, and Job, upright against the horizon,
Molière, Voltaire and Kant you set on fire!
Thus turning human reason into smoke!
Have you forgotten that your liberator
Is this same Book? The Book that's set on high
And shines, because it lightens and illumes;
It undermines the gallows, war and famine;
It speaks,—the Slave and Pariah disappear.
Open a Book! Plato, Beccaria, Milton,
Those prophets, Dante, Shakespeare or Corneille,—
Shall not their great souls waken yours in you?
Dazzled you feel the same as each of them;
Reading you grow more gentle, pensive, grave;
Within your heart you feel these great men grow;
They teach you as the dawn lights up a cloister;
And as their warm beams penetrate your heart
You are appeased and thrill with stronger life;
Your soul interrogated answers theirs;
You feel you're good, then better;—as snow in fire—
Then melt away your pride, your prejudice,
Evil and rage and Kings and Emperors!
For Science, see you! first lays hold of men,
Then Liberty; and all this flood of light,
Mark me, 'tis you who have extinguish'd it!
The goal you dream'd of by the Book was reach'd;
The Book enters your thoughts and there unties

The bonds wherein truth was by error held,
For each man's conscience is a Gordian knot.
The Book is your physician, guardian, guide :
It heals your hate, and cures your frenzied mood.
See what you lose by your own fault, alas !
Why, know the Book's your wealth ! The Book means Truth,
Knowledge and Duty, Virtue, Progress, Right,
And Reason scattering hence delirious dreams.
And you destroy this, you !
"I can not read."

MATHILDE BLIND.

THE CLARIONS OF THOUGHT.

Sound ! sound forever, clarions of Thought !
When Joshua against the high-wall'd city fought,
He march'd around it with his head raised high,
His troops in serried order following nigh ;
But not a sword was drawn, no blood outsprang,
Only the trumpets the shrill onset rang.
At the first round smiled scornfully the king ;
And at the second said, half wondering,
"Hopest thou with noise my fortress to break down ?"
At the third turn the Ark of old renown
Went forward, then the trumpets sounding loud,
And then the troops with ensigns waving proud ;
Stepping upon the old walls children dark,
With horns to mock the notes, and hiss the Ark.
At the fourth turn, braving the Israelites,
Women appear'd on crenulated heights,
The battlements embrown'd with ages' rust,
And hurl'd upon the Hebrews stones and dust,
And spun and sang when weary of the game.
At the fifth turn up came the blind and lame,
And with wild uproar clamorous and high
Rail'd at the clarions ringing in the sky.
At the sixth time, upon a tower's high crest,
So high that there the eagle built his nest,

So hard that on it lightnings struck in vain,
Appear'd in merriment the king again :
" These Hebrews good musicians are, it seems,"
He said, loud laughing,—" but they live on dreams !"
The princes laugh'd, submissive to the king,
Laugh'd all the courtiers in a glittering ring,
And thence the laughter spread through all the town.

At the seventh time the solid walls fell down.

TORU DUTT.

LOUIS CHARLES ALFRED DE MUSSET.

1810—1857.

TO PÉPA.

Pépa! when the night has come,
And Mamma has bid Good-Night,
By thy light, half-clad and dumb,
As thou kneelest out of sight,—

Laid by cap and sweeping vest
Ere thou sinkest to repose,
At the hour when half at rest
Folds thy soul as folds a rose,—

When sweet Sleep, the sovereign mild,
Peace to all the house has brought,
Pépita! my charming child!
What, O what is then thy thought?

Who knows? Haply dreamest thou
Of some lady doom'd to sigh,
All that Hope a truth deems now,
All that Truth shall prove, a lie.

Haply of those mountains grand
That produce—alas! but mice;
Castles in Spain; a Prince's hand;
Bon-bons, lovers, or cream-ice.

Haply of soft whispers breathed
'Mid the mazes of a ball;
Robes, or flowers, or hair enwreathed;
Me;—or nothing, Dear! at all.

T. D.

THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

1811—1872.

WHAT THE SWALLOWS SAY.

Leaves, not green but red and gold,
Fall and dot the yellow grass;
Morn and eve the wind is cold:
Sunny days are gone, alas!

Showers lift bubbles on the pool;
Peasants harvest-work despatch;
Winter comes apace to rule;
Swallows cluster on the thatch.

Hundreds, hundreds of the race
Gather'd, hold a high debate,
One says—"Athens is my place:
Thither shall I emigrate.

"Every year I go and build
On the famous Parthenon:
Thus the cornice-hole is fill'd,—
Mark of an insulting gun!"

"Smyrna suits my humbler needs,"—
Says a second, twittering gay:
"Hadjis there count amber beads,
Sitting in the sun's bright ray.

"In a café's little room,
Where chibouks a vapour raise,
Floating 'mid the strange perfume,
Turbans shall I, skimming, graze."

"Balbec! triglyph that I love!
Thee again,"—says one, "I seek;
There shall I hang soon above
Little ones with open beak."

One cries out,—"Lo, my address!
Rhodes, the palace of the Knights;
Year by year my nest I tress
On the black-stone pillar-heights."

Says a fifth—"Old age, you see,
Weighs me down, I scarce can fly;
Malta's terraced rock for me!
Azure wave and azure sky."

And the sixth,—"In Cairo fair,
On a lofty minaret,
Mud head-quarters lined with hair,
Make me winter quite forget."

"At the Second Cataract,"
Says the last,—"'mid beauties brown,
Is my nest; the place exact
Is a granite monarch's crown."

All,—"To-morrow many miles,
File by file, we shall have gone;
Peaks of snow and plains and isles
Vanish far—yet on!—still on!"

Twinkling bright their eyes of jet,
Clapping wings in brotherhood,
Twitter thus the swallows met,
When the rust is on the wood.

All they say I understand:
For the poet is a bird,

Captive, broken-wing'd, and bann'd,
  Struggling still, though oft unheard.

O for wings! for wings! for wings!
  As sings Rueckert in his song:
To fly with the birds and Springs
  Wheresoever the sun shines long.

T. D.

JAQUES JASMIN.

1798—1864.

THE ICE-HEARTED SIREN.

Thou whom the swains environ,
O Maid of wayward will!
O icy-hearted Siren!
The hour we all desire, when
Thou too, thou too shalt feel.
The gay wings thou dost flutter,
The airy nothings utter,
While the crowd can only mutter
In ecstasy complete
          At thy feet:
Yet hark to One who proves thee
Thy victories are vain
Until a heart that loves thee
Thou hast learn'd to love again.

Sunshine, the heavens adorning,
We welcome with delight;
But thy sweet face returning
With every Sunday morning
Is yet a rarer sight.
We love thy haughty graces,
Thy swallow-like swift paces;
Thy song the soul upraises;

Thy lips, thine eyes, thy hair,
All are fair :
Yet hark to One who proves thee !
Thy victories are vain
Until a heart that loves thee
Thou hast learn'd to love again.

Thy going from them widows
All places utterly ;
The hedge-rows and the meadows
Turn scentless ; gloomy shadows
Discolour the blue sky.
Then, when thou comest again,
Farewell fatigue and pain !
Life glows in every vein ;
O'er every slender finger
We would linger.
Yet hark to One who proves thee !
Thy victories are vain
Until a heart that loves thee
Thou hast learn'd to love again.

Thy pet dove in his flitting
Doth warn thee, Lady fair !
Thee in the wood forgetting,
Brighter for his dim setting
He shines, for love is there.
Love is the life of all :
O answer thou his call !
Lest the flower of thy days fall,
And the grace whereof we wot
Be forgot.
For till great Love shall move thee
Thy victories are vain :
'Tis little men should love thee :
Learn thou to love again !

HARRIET WATERS PRESTON.

FREDERIC MISTRAL.

1830—

IN THE MULBERRY LEAVES.

(*From Mireio.*)

(*The Magnarello are women rearers of silk-worms.*)

Sing, magnarello! merrily,
As the green leaves you gather!
In their third sleep the silk-worms lie;
And lovely is the weather.
Like brown bees that in open glades
From rosemary gather honey,
The mulberry trees swarm full of maids,
Glad as the air is sunny.

. . . . . .

Sing, magnarello! merrily.
The green leaves ever piling!
Two comely children sit on high
Amid the foliage, smiling.
Sing, magnarello! loud and oft,—
Your merry labours hasten!
The guileless pair who laugh aloft
Are learning love's first lesson.

. . . . . .

Sing, magnarello! merrily,
As the green leaves you gather!
The sun of May is riding high,
And ardent is the weather.

. . . . . .

H. W. P.

Irish.

[ANONYMOUS.]

10th Century.

THE LEGEND OF FERGUS LEIDÈSON.

One day King Fergus, Leidè Luthmar's son,
Drove by Loch Rury; and, his journey done,
Slept in his chariot, wearied. While he slept,
A troop of fairies o'er his cushions crept.
And first his sharp dread sword they filch'd away;
Then bore himself, feet forward, to the bay.
He with the chill touch woke; and at a snatch
It fortuned him in either hand to catch
A full-grown sprite; while 'twixt his breast and arm
He pinn'd a youngling. They, in dire alarm,
Writhed hard and squeal'd. He held the tighter. Then
"Quarter!" and "Ransom!" cried the little men.
"No quarter," he; "nor go ye hence alive,
Unless ye gift me with the art to dive
Long as I will,—to walk at large, and breathe
The seas, the lochs, the river floods beneath!"
"We will!" He loosed them. Herbs of virtue they
Placed in his ear-holes; or, as others say,
A hood of fairy texture o'er his head
(Much like a cleric's cowl) they drew, and said—
"Wear this, and walk the deeps; but well beware
Thou enter no wise in Loch Rury there!"
Clad in his cowl, through many deeps he went,
And saw their wonders; but was not content
Unless Loch Rury also to his eyes
Reveal'd its inner under-mysteries.
Thither he came, and plunged therein; and there

The *Muirdris* met him. Have you seen a pair
Of blacksmith's bellows open out and close
Alternate 'neath the hand of him that blows?
So swell'd it, and so shrunk. The hideous sight
Hung all his visage sideways with affright.
He fled. He gain'd the bank. "How seems my cheer,
O Mwena?" "Ill," replied the charioteer.
"But rest thee! Sleep thy wildness will compose."
He slept. Swift Mwena to Emania goes:
"Whom now for king, since Fergus' face awry
By law demeans him of the sovereignty?"
"Hush!" and his sages and physicians wise
In earnest council sit, and thus advise:—
"He knows not of his plight. To keep him so
As he suspect not that he ought not know,—
For so the mind be straight, and just awards
Wait on the judgment, right-read law regards
No mere distortion of the outward frame
As blemish barring from the kingly name,—
And, knew he all the baleful fact you tell,
An inward wrench might warp the mind as well,—
Behoves it therefore all of idle tongue,
Jesters, and women, and the witless young,
Be from his presence kept. And when at morn
He takes his bath, behoves his bondmaid, Dorn,
Muddy the water, lest perchance he trace
Lost kingship's token on his imaged face."
Three years they kept him so; till, on a day,
Dorn with his face-bath ewer had made delay;
And fretted Fergus, petulant and rash,
A blow bestow'd her of his horse-whip lash.
Forth burst the woman's anger: "Thou a king!
Thou sit in council! Thou adjudge a thing
In court of law! Thou, who no kingship can,
Since all may see thou art a blemish'd man!
Thou wry-mouth!" Fergus thereon slew the maid;
And, to Loch Rury's brink in haste convey'd,

Went in at Fertais. For a day and night
Beneath the waves he rested out of sight;
But all the Ultonians on the bank who stood
Saw the loch boil and redden with the blood.
When next at sunrise skies grew also red,
He rose,—and in his hand the *Muirdris'* head.—
Gone was the blemish. On his goodly face
Each trait symmetric had resumed its place;
And they who saw him mark'd in all his mien
A king's composure, ample and serene.
He smiled; he cast his trophy to the bank,
Said, "I survivor, Ulstermen!" and sank.

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

DEIRDRA'S LAMENT.

The lions of the hill are gone,
And I am left alone, alone:
Dig the grave both wide and deep!
For I am sick and fain would sleep.

The falcons of the wood are flown,
And I am left alone, alone:
Dig the grave both deep and wide,
And let us slumber side by side!

The dragons of the rock are sleeping,
Sleep that wakes not for our weeping:
Dig the grave and make it ready!
Lay me on my True Love's body!

Lay their spears and bucklers bright
By the warriors' sides aright!
Many a day the three before me
On their linked bucklers bore me.

Lay upon the low grave-floor,
'Neath each head, the blue claymore!
Many a time the noble three
Redden'd these blue blades for me.

Lay the collars, as is meet,
Of their greyhounds at their feet!
Many a time for me have they
Brought the tall red deer to bay.

In the falcon's jesses throw,
Hook and arrow, line and bow!
Never again by stream or plain
Shall the gentle woodsmen go.

Sweet companions were ye ever!
Harsh to me your sister never!
Woods and wilds, and misty valleys,
Were with you good as a palace.

O, to hear my True Love singing,
Sweet as sounds of trumpets ringing!
Like the sway of ocean swelling
Roll'd his deep voice round our dwelling.

O, to hear the echoes pealing
Round our green and fairy sheeling,
When the three, with soaring chorus,
Pass'd the skylark silent o'er us!

Echo! now sleep morn and even;
Lark! alone enchant the heaven;
Ardan's lips are scant of breath,
Neesa's tongue is cold in death.

Stag! exult on glen and mountain;
Salmon! leap from loch to fountain;
Heron! in the free air warm ye:
Usnach's Sons no more will harm ye.

Erin's stay no more ye are,
Rulers of the ridge of war;
Never more 'twill be your fate
To keep the beam of battle straight.

Woe is me! by fraud and wrong,
Traitors false and tyrants strong,
Fell Clan Usnach, bought and sold,
For Barach's feast and Conor's gold.

Woe to Eman, roof and wall!
Woe to Red Branch, hearth and hall!
Tenfold woe and black dishonour
To the foul and false Clan Conor!

Dig the grave both wide and deep!
Sick I am and fain would sleep:
Dig the grave and make it ready!
Lay me on my True Love's body!

S. F.

KING DATHY'S DEATH.

King Dathy assembled his Druids and Sages,
And thus he spake them: "Druids and sages!
What of King Dathy?
What is reveal'd in Destiny's pages
Of him or his? Hath he
Aught for the Future to dread or to dree?
Good to rejoice in, or evil to flee?
Is he a foe of the Gall—
Fitted to conquer or fated to fall?"

And Beirdra, the Druid, made answer as thus,—
A priest of a hundred years was he:—
"Dathy! thy fate is not hidden from us!
Hear it through me!—
Thou shalt work thine own will!
Thou shalt slay, thou shalt prey,
And be Conqueror still!

Thee the Earth shall not harm!
Thee we charter and charm
From all evil and ill!
Thee the laurel shall crown!
Thee the wave shall not drown!
Thee the chain shall not bind!
Thee the spear shall not find!
Thee the sword shall not slay!
Thee the shaft shall not pierce!
Thou, therefore, be fearless and fierce!
And sail with thy warriors away
To the lands of the Gall,
There to slaughter and sway,
And be Victor o'er all!"

So Dathy he sail'd away, away,
Over the deep resounding sea;
Sail'd with his hosts in armour grey
Over the deep resounding sea,
Many a night and many a day;
And many an islet conquer'd he,
He and his hosts in armour grey.
And the billow drown'd him not,
And a fetter bound him not,
And the blue spear found him not,
And the red sword slew him not,
And the swift shaft knew him not,
And the foe o'erthrew him not:
Till, one bright morn, at the base
Of the Alps, in rich Ausonia's regions,
His men stood marshal'd face to face
With the mighty Roman legions.
Noble foes!
Christian and Heathen stood there among those,
Resolute all to overcome,
Or die for the Eagles of Ancient Rome!

When, behold! from a temple anear
    Came forth an agèd priest-like man,
Of a countenance meek and clear,
    Who, turning to Eirè's Ceann,
Spake him as thus: "King Dathy! hear!
    Thee would I warn!
Retreat! retire! Repent in time
    The invader's crime;
Or better for thee thou had'st never been born!"
But Dathy replied: "False Nazarene!
    Dost thou then menace Dathy? thou!
    And dreamest thou that he will bow
To One unknown, to One so mean,
So powerless as a priest must be?
He scorns alike thy threats and thee!
On! on, my men! to victory!"

And, with loud shouts for Eirè's King,
    The Irish rush to meet the foe;
And falchions clash and bucklers ring,—
        When, lo!
Lo! a mighty earthquake's shock!
And the cleft plains reel and rock;
Clouds of darkness pall the skies;
        Thunder crashes,
        Lightning flashes,
And in an instant Dathy lies
On the earth a mass of blacken'd ashes!
Then, mournfully and dolefully,
    The Irish warriors sail'd away
    Over the deep resounding sea,
Till wearily and mournfully,
They anchor'd in Eblana's Bay.—
Thus the Seanachies and Sages
Tell this tale of long-gone ages.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

O'HUSSEY.

17th Century.

THE MAGUIRE.

Where is my Chief, my Master, this bleak night? mavrone!
O, cold, cold, miserably cold is this bleak night for Hugh!
Its showery, arrowy, speary sleet pierceth one through and through,
Pierceth one to the very bone.

Rolls real thunder? Or, was that red livid light
Only a meteor? I scarce know; but through the midnight dim
The pitiless ice-wind streams. Except the hate that persecutes him
Nothing hath crueler venomy might.

An awful, a tremendous night is this, meseems!
The flood-gates of the rivers of heaven, I think, have been burst wide;
Down from the overcharged clouds, like unto headlong ocean's tide,
Descends grey rain in roaring streams.

Though he were even a wolf ranging the round green woods,
Though he were even a pleasant salmon in the unchainable sea,
Though he were a wild mountain eagle, he could scarce bear, he,
This sharp sore sleet, these howling floods.

O, mournful is my soul this night for Hugh Maguire!
Darkly as in a dream he strays! Before him and behind
Triumphs the tyrannous anger of the wounding wind,
The wounding wind, that burns as fire!

It is my bitter grief—it cuts me to the heart—
That in the country of Clan Darry this should be his fate!
O, woe is me! where is he? Wandering houseless, desolate,
Alone, without or guide or chart!

Medreams I see just now his face, the strawberry-bright,
Uplifted to the blacken'd heavens, while the tempestuous winds
Blow fiercely over and round him, and the smiting sleet-shower blinds
The hero of Galang to-night!

Large, large affliction unto me and mine it is,
That one of his majestic bearing, his fair stately form,
Should thus be tortured and o'erborne; that this unsparing storm
Should wreak its wrath on head like his!

That his great hand, so oft the avenger of the oppress'd,
Should this chill, churlish night, perchance, be paralyzed by frost;
While through some icicle-hung thicket, as One lorn and lost,
He walks and wanders without rest.

The tempest-driven torrent deluges the mead,
It overflows the low banks of the rivulets and ponds;
The lawns and pasture-grounds lie lock'd in icy bonds,
So that the cattle can not feed.

The pale bright margins of the streams are seen by none;
Rushes and sweeps along the untameable flood on every side;
It penetrates and fills the cottagers' dwellings far and wide;
Water and land are blent in one.

Through some dark woods, 'mid bones of monsters, Hugh now strays;

As he confronts the storm with anguish'd heart, but manly brow,—
O! what a sword-wound to that tender heart of his were now
A backward glance at peaceful days!

But other thoughts are his,—thoughts that can still inspire
With joy and an onward-bounding hope the bosom of Mac-Nee,—
Thoughts of his warriors charging like bright billows of the sea,
Borne on the wind's wings, flashing fire!

And though frost glaze to-night the clear dew of his eyes,
And white ice-gauntlets glove his noble fine fair fingers o'er,
A warm dress is to him that lightning-garb he ever wore,—
The lightning of the soul, not skies.

Hugh march'd forth to the fight—I grieved to see him so depart;
And lo! to-night he wanders frozen, rain-drench'd, sad, betray'd:
But the memory of the lime-white mansions his right hand hath laid
In ashes warms the hero's heart!

J. C. M.

British.

LLYWARC HÊN.

6th Century.

PROVERBIAL TRIPLETS.

Brittle is the reed, there is flood in the ravine.
Like the commerce of a Saxon with his money,
Void of love is the soul of a stepmother.

The leaf that is hurried by the wind,
Alas! how perishable is its fate:
It is old,—this year only was it born.

Though it be small, yet ingenious
Is the dwelling of the bird in the skirt of the wood.
Of equal age will the good and the happy be.

Chill and wet is the mountain, cold and grey is the ice.
Trust to God, and he will not deceive thee.
Persevering patience will not leave thee long afflicted.

Intangling is the snare; cluster'd is the ash.
The ducks in the pond, white breaks the wave.
More powerful than a hundred is the affliction of the heart.

The long night clamorous is the sea-shore.
A tumult is common in a congregation.
The naughty can not bear with the good.

The long night clamorous is the mountain.
Blustering is the wind over the tops of trees.
Ill nature will not deceive the contented mind.

The luxuriant growing thorn will have berries on it.
And the thrush on her nest
And the liar will never be silent.

Rain without, the fern are drench'd.
White the gravel of the sea, floating is the spray.
Reason is the fairest light for man.

Rain without, loquacious is the shelter.
Yellow is the furze, rotten is the hedge.
Thou Creating God! why givest thou being to a coward?

Rain without, my hair is drench'd.
Full of complaint is the feeble, steep is the cliff.
Darkly white is the torrent; the sea is salt.

Rain without, let it drench the ocean!
Blustering is the wind over the reeds.
After every feat, still without a genius.

WILLIAM OWEN PUGHE.

DAVYDD AP GWYLYM.

14th Century.

TO THE LARK.

Sentinel of the morning light!
Reveler of the Spring!
How sweetly, nobly wild thy flight,
Thy boundless journeying!
Far from thy brethren of the woods, alone,
A hermit chorister before God's throne.

O, wilt thou climb yon heavens for me,
Yon rampart's starry height,
Thou interlude of melody
'Twixt darkness and the light!
And seek, with heaven's first dawn upon thy crest,
My Lady Love, the moonbeam of the West!

No woodland caroler art thou;
Far from the archer's eye,
Thy course is o'er the mountain's brow,
Thy music in the sky:
Then fearless float thy path of cloud along,
Thou earthly denizen of angel song!

"MAELOG."

Anglo-Saxon.

CÆDMON.

—680.

THE FIRST DAY.

There had not here as yet
Save cavern shade
Aught been ;
But this wide abyss
Stood deep and dim,
Strange to its Lord,
Idle and useless,
On which look'd with his eyes
The King firm of mind,—
And beheld those places
Void of joys,
Saw the dark cloud
Lour in eternal night,
Swart under heaven,
Dark and waste,
Until this worldly creation
Through the word existed
Of the Glory King.

Here first shaped
The Lord Eternal
Chief of all creatures
Heaven and earth ;
The firmament uprear'd
And this spacious land
Established
By his strong powers,

The Lord Almighty.
The earth as yet was
Not green with grass;
Ocean-cover'd,
Swart in eternal night,
Far and wide
The dusky ways.

Then was the glory-bright
Spirit of Heaven's Guardian
Borne over the deep
With utmost speed;
The Creator of Angels bade—
The Lord of Life—
Light, to come forth
Over the spacious deep.
Quickly was fulfilled
The high King's behest;
For him was holy light
Over the waste,
As the Maker bade.

Then sundered
The Lord of Triumphs
Over the ocean flow
Light from darkness,
Shade from brightness;
Then gave names to both,
The Lord of Life.
Light was the first
Through the Lord's word
Named Day.
Beauteous, bright creation
Well-pleased
The Lord at the beginning,
The procreative time.

BENJAMIN THORPE.

Icelandic.

[ANONYMOUS.]

COUNSELS OF SIGRDRIFA.

Now this is my first counsel:
That thou with thy kin
Be guiltless, guileless ever;
Nor hasty of wrath
Despite of wrong done,—
Unto the Dead good that doeth.
—Lo! the second counsel:
That oath thou swearest never
But trusty oath and true;
Grim tormenting
Gripes troth-breakers,
Cursèd wretch is the wolf of vows.
—This is my third rede:
That thou at the Thing
Deal not with the fools of folk;
For unwise man
From mouth lets fall
Worser word than well he wotteth.
Yet hard it is
That holding of peace
When men shall deem thee dastard,
Or deem the lie said soothly;
But woeful is home witness
Unless right good thou gettest it:
Ah! on another day
Drive the life from out him

And pay the liar back for his lying!
—Now behold the fourth rede:
If ill witch thee bideth,
Woe-begetting by the way,
Good going farther
Rather than guesting,
Though thick night be on thee!
Far-seeing eyes
Need all sons of men
Who wend in wrath to war;
For baleful women
Bide oft by the highway,
Swords and hearts to soften.
—And now the fifth rede:
As fair as thou seèst
Brides on the bench abiding,
Let not love's silver
Rule over thy sleeping;
Draw no woman to kind kissing!
—For the sixth thing I rede:
When men sit a-drinking
Amid ale-words and ill words,
Deal thou nought
With the drunken fight-staves!
For wine stealeth wit from many.
Brawling and drink
Have brought unto men
Sorrow sore oft enow;
Yea! bane unto some,
And to some weary bale;
Many are the griefs of mankind.
—For the seventh I rede thee:
If strife thou raisest
With a man right high of heart,
Better fight a-field
Than burn in the fire

Within thine hall fair to behold.
—The eighth rede that I give thee:
Unto all ill look thou,
And hold thy heart from all beguiling!
Draw to thee no maiden!
No man's wife bewray thou!
Urge them not to unmeet pleasure!
—This is the ninth counsel:
That thou have heed of dead folk
Whereso thou findest them a-field;
Be they sick-dead,
Be they sea-dead,
Or come to ending by war-weapons.
Let bath be made
For such men foredone!
Wash thou hands and feet thereof,
Comb their hair and dry them
Ere the coffin has them;
Then bid them sleep full sweetly!
—This for the tenth counsel:
That thou give trust never
Unto oaths of foeman's kin,
Beest thou bane of his brother,
Or hast thou fell'd his father;
Wolf in young son waxes,
Though he with gold be gladden'd.
For wrong and hatred
Shall rest them never,
Nay! nor sore sorrow;
Both wit and weapons
Must the king have
Who is fain to be the foremost.
—The last rede and eleventh:
Unto all ill look thou,
And watch thy friends' ways ever!

E. MAGNUSSON & W. MORRIS.

Norwegian.

PETER ANDREAS MUNCH.

1811—1863?

KING SOLOMON'S DEATH.

Before his Temple King Solomon stood,
With bow'd down body, in doleful mood:
He knew that his life drew near its close,
And he thought how slowly the walls arose.

King Solomon had a magician's skill,
The Spirits of Air obey'd his will;
He forced them to bring him treasures untold,
Jasper and marble and amber and gold;
Whereof with the quickness of thought arose
A dome which the vault of heaven did enclose;
But, though they toil'd by day and by night,
It was not yet raised to its destined height.
With hate and ill will wrought they every hour,
But they dreaded the King and his magic power;
So long as he did in the court-yard stand,
Was no resting a foot, was no resting a hand.
King Solomon had a magician's skill,
But he could not avert Death's power to kill.
His time was come,—he should soon be no more,—
In his inmost soul it grievèd him sore:
Not for his riches and royal state,
Not for his harem's pleasures so great;
His only, his bitterest, latest care
Was at leaving God's Temple unfinish'd there.
He knew that, so soon as he should die,
The Spirits with scorn and mocking would fly;
Would howl on the winds to distant lands—

"Jerusalem's Temple unfinish'd stands!"
Then pray'd he to God an earnest prayer:
"I know I must die, and death is fair;
No pleasure is life or glory to me:
Yet my body can never wearied be
So long as there still is wanting alone
To Thy Holy Temple one single stone.
Let therefore my body stand, O Lord!
In Thy Temple's court, keep watch and ward;
Let my gazing eye be a terror still
For many a day to those Spirits of Ill;
A monument over my grave let me stand
Till in dust this sceptre shall fall from my hand!"

And God let it be as the King did pray.
The soul released flew to heaven away;
But on earth the body was seen as of yore,
Standing in front of the Temple door.
The right arm outstretch'd with mien of command,
On an ivory sceptre reposed the left hand;
His brow was encircled with golden crown,
From his shoulders a mantle of velvet hung down,
In the wind was waving his hoary hair:
For days and years so stood he there,
And never a moment, by night or by day,
Durst the Spirits turn from their work away.
As a worm lay hidden the Evil Fiend
In the sceptre whereon the body lean'd;
And the worm was gnawing by day and night
While the Temple drew near to its destined height;
It gnaw'd till the sceptre broke at last;—
But the crowning stone was laid firm and fast.
The body perish'd from mortal sight,
But Jerusalem's Temple stood glorious and bright:
For Death itself hath not power to kill
The high resolve of an earnest will.

PIERCE BUTLER.

HENRIK ARNOLD THAULOV WERGELAND.

1808—1845.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

O Wall-flower! or ever thy bright leaves fade,
My limbs will be that of which all are made;
Before ever thou losest thy crown of gold,
My flesh will be mould.

And yet open the casement! till I am dead
Let my last look rest on thy golden head!
My soul would kiss thee before it flies
To the open skies.

Twice I am kissing thy fragrant mouth,
And the first kiss wholly is thine, in truth;
But the second remember, dear Love! to close
On my fair white Rose.

I shall not be living its Spring to see;
But bring it my greeting when that shall be,
And say that I wish'd that upon my grave
It should bloom and wave.

Yes! say that I wish'd that against my breast
The Rose should lie that thy lips caress'd;
And, Wall-flower! do thou into Death's dark porch
Be its bridal torch!

EDMUND WILLIAM GOSSE.

BJORNSTERNE BJORNSON.

1832—

THE BOY AND THE FLUTE.

Through the forest the boy wends all day long:
For there he has heard such a wonderful song.
He carved him a flute of the willow-tree,
And tried what the tune within it might be.

The tune came out of it sad and gay;
But while he listen'd it pass'd away.
He fell asleep, and once more it sung,
And over his forehead it lovingly hung.
He thought he would catch it, and wildly woke;
And the tune in the pale night faded and broke.
"O God! my God! take me up to Thee!
For the tune Thou hast made is consuming me."
And the Lord God said: "'Tis a friend divine,
Though never one hour shalt thou hold it thine.
Yet all other music is poor and thin
By the side of this which thou never shalt win!"

E. W. G.

HENRIK IBSEN.

1828—

IN THE ORCHARD.

In the sunny orchard closes,
  While the warblers sing and swing,
Care not whether blustering Autumn
  Break the promises of Spring!
Rose and white, the apple blossom
  Hides you from the sultry sky,—
Let it flutter, blown and scatter'd,
  On the meadows by-and-by!

Will you ask about the fruitage
  In the season of the flowers?
Will you murmur, will you question,
  Count the run of weary hours?
Will you let the scarecrow clapping
  Drown all happy sounds and words?
Brothers! there is better music
  In the singing of the birds.

From your heavy-laden garden
  Will you hunt the mellow thrush?

He will pay you for protection
  With his crown-song's liquid rush.
O but you will win the bargain,
  Though your fruit be spare and late,
For remember Time is flying
  And will shut your garden gate.

With my living, with my singing,
  I will tear the hedges down.
Sweep the grass and heap the blossom!
  Let it shrivel, pale and brown!
Swing the wicket! Sheep and cattle,
  Let them graze among the best!
I broke off the flowers; what matter
  Who may revel with the rest?

E. W. G.

TEA.

(*A Comparison—from Love's Comedy.*)

Hawk. Far in the dreamy East there grows a plant
  Whose native home is the Sun's Cousin's garden——
All the Ladies. O, it is Tea.
Hawk. It is.
The Ladies. To think of Tea!
Hawk. Its home lies far in the Valley of Romance,
  A thousand miles beyond the wilderness.
  (Fill up my cup! I thank you Let us have
  On Tea and Love a good tea-table talk!)
  It has its home away in Fable-land;
  Alas! and there too is the home of Love:
  Only the Children of the Sun, we know,
  Can cultivate the herb or tend it well;
  And even so it is with Love, my friends!
  A drop of sun-blood needs must circulate
  Through our dull veins before the passionate Love
  Can root itself or shoot or blossom forth.
. . . . . .

Miss Magpie. But love and love are everywhere the same,—
Tea has varieties and qualities.
Mrs. Strawman. Yes! tea is bad or good, or pretty good.
Anna. The young green shoots are thought the best of all.
Svanhild. That kind is only for the Sun's bright Daughters.
A Young Lady. They say that it intoxicates, like ether.
Another. Fragrant as lotus and as sweet as almond.
Guldsted. That kind of import never reaches us.
Hawk. I think that in his nature every one
Has got a little "Heavenly Empire" in him
Where, on the twigs, a thousand such sweet buds
Form under shadow of that falling Wall
Of China, bashfulness;—where, underneath
The shelter of the quaint kiosk, there sigh
A troop of Fancy's little China Dolls,
Who dream, and dream, with damask round their loins,
And in their hands a golden tulip-flower.
The first-fruits of Love's harvest were for them;
And we just have the rubbish and the stalks.

. . . . . .

And now the last point of similitude:—
See how the hand of culture presses down
The "Heavenly Empire" out in the far East!
Its great Wall moulders, and its strength is gone;
The last of genuine Mandarins is hang'd,
And Foreign Devils gather in the crops.
Soon the whole thing will merely be a legend,
A wonder-story nobody believes:
The whole wide world is painted grey on grey;
And Wonderland for ever is gone past.
But have we Love? O where, O where is Love?
Nay! Love is also banish'd out of sight.
But let us bow before the age we live in!
Drink! drink in tea to Love discrown'd and dead!

E. W. G.

Swedish.

ESAIAS TEGNER.

1782—1846.

INGEBORG'S LAMENT.

(*From Frithiof's Saga.*)

Summer is past!
Storms on the sea the Autumn has cast:
Yet glad with the storms would I stray
Far, far away.

Long did I stand
Watching the sails leave the Northern strand:
Ah, happy sails! o'er Frithiof ye wave;
Ye fly with the Brave.

Thou ocean blue!
Storm not, but guard him, faithful and true!
Light him, ye stars! ye celestial bands!
To distant lands.

Thou, blooming Spring!
Frithiof's return, but not Ingeborg's, wilt bring:
Neither in vales nor halls will she meet him,
Nowhere will greet him.

Low in the ground,
Cold lies she, pale, and heavenward bound:
A sacrifice was she, bled to death
By Helga's breath.

Falcon he left!
Mine shalt thou be, of thy master bereft;
I'll feed thee myself, thou huntsman rare
High in the air!

Thou on his hand,
With outspread wings, embroider'd, shalt stand :
Wrought of silver thy pinions behold !
Talons of gold !

Freya once took
Wings of the hawk, for Odur to look :
She roam'd in infinite space above,
Seeking her Love.

Her wings to me
Would bring no help, would not set me free :
Death alone will bring me relief
From care and grief.

Huntsman ! thou free,
Fly on my shoulder ! look on the sea !
Ah, as far as our strain'd eyes may roam,
He comes not home.

When laid to rest,
Should he return, fulfil my behest !
Greet him from his bride, then here sleeping,
Frithiof when weeping !

LEOPOLD HAMEL.

JOHAN LUDVIG RUNEBERG.

1804—1877.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Life's fair Angel sat upon the Maker's right,
In her childhood still the Earth reposed below ;
And the Highest look'd in anger from his height
On the first sin, that already there did grow.

Fly ! so did God say unto Life's Angel then,
Bearing punishment to Earth's guilt-cover'd dale !
Not a joy shall bloom for ever there again,
Not a being escape from evanescence' bale.

And God's envoy flew down to the sinful land;
At his Lord's behest the scythe swung from its sheath:
Saw the son of dust the traces of his hand,
And, affrighted, named the luminous angel Death.

And the mighty Reaper spareth not: his glaive
Crusheth seedlings slight, and stately oaks doth smite;
High and low, and rich and poor, and king and slave,
All before his sternness quake, before his might.

But out of the victims whom he felleth there
Gathers he what noble hid in them had lain;
Sifts it but from dust's contagion, to transfer
All atoned unto its God, its home again.

E. MAGNUSSON & E. H. PALMER.

THE MAID OF SEVENTEEN.

I know not what I hope for,
  Yet hope I none the less;
My heart it feels so empty,
  Yet fills to such excess.
Where tendeth this disquiet,
That ne'er its goal hath won?
What wish I for? what will I?
  What do I think upon?

Like any drudge at sewing
  I sit the livelong day;
I seem to work in earnest,
  Yet time wears not away;
My head sinks on my hand, with
My needlework 'tis done:
What wish I for? what will I?
  What do I think upon?

I thought, when only Spring comes
  With Nature freshly dight,
Then will my mind be alter'd,
  My troubles take their flight;

But Spring-time came and Summer,
While I the same kept on :
What wish I for ? what will I ?
  What do I think upon ?

The lovely country's charms now
  I love not as before ;
The more the days are brightening,
  My gloom grows all the more :
What will disperse my unrest ?
When will my grief be gone ?
What wish I for ? what will I ?
  What do I think upon ?

Oh ! he who may repose in
  Death's tranquil home is blest !
May be 'tis but the grave where
  The heart doth find its rest ;
And yet how sad, already
To leave both friends and sun !
What wish I for ? what will I ?
  What do I think upon ?

E. M. & E. H. P.

HOME THE MAID CAME.

Home the Maid came from her Lover's meeting,
Came with redden'd hands. The mother question'd :
" Wherewith have thy hands got redden'd ? Maiden ! "
Said the maiden : " I have pluck'd some roses,
And upon the thorns my hands have wounded."
She again came from her Lover's meeting,
Came with crimson lips. The mother question'd :
" Wherewith have thy lips got crimson ? Maiden ! "
Said the maiden : " I have eaten strawberries,
And my lips I with their juice have painted."
She again came from her Lover's meeting,
Came with pallid cheeks. The mother question'd :
" Wherewith are thy cheeks so pallid ? Maiden ! "

Said the maiden : "Make a grave, O Mother!
Hide me there and place a cross thereover!
And cut on the cross what now I tell thee :—

"Once she came home, and her hands were redden'd,
For betwixt her Lover's hands they redden'd;
Once she came home, and her lips were crimson,
'Neath her Lover's lips they had grown crimson;
Last, she came home, and her cheeks were pallid,
For they blanch'd beneath her Lover's treason."

E. M. & E. H. P.

WAITING.

Mother minds her household cares,
At her sewing sister keeps,
And a-hunting brother goes;
But myself, with cheek on hand,
I am sitting dreaming here.
O my Lover! where art thou?
Not yet traced, not even yet known,
Only yearn'd and waited for.

E. M. & E. H. P.

GRIEF AND JOY.

Grief and Joy together
In my heart abided,—
Grief within one chamber,—
Joy within the other,
Both unreconcilèd:
Now the one bare sway there,
Now the other wholly.
Since the one Love came there
She the door has open'd
And the twain appeasèd:
For my grief is bliss now,
And my joy is sadness.

E. M. & E. H. P.

Finnish.

[ANONYMOUS.]

WOINOMOINEN'S MUSIC.

Then the ancient Woinomoinen
On the bench himself he seated;
Took the harp betwixt his fingers;
On his knee about he turn'd it,
In his hand he fitly placed it.
Play'd the ancient Woinomoinen,
Universal joy awaking.
Like a concert was his playing:
There was nothing in the forest,
On four nimble feet that runneth,
On four lengthy legs that stalketh,
But repair'd to hear the music
When the ancient Woinomoinen,
When the Father joy awaken'd;
Even, at Woinomoinen's harping,
'Gainst the hedge the bear up-bounded.
There was nothing in the forest,
On two whirling pinions flying,
But with whirlwind speed did hasten;
There was nothing in the ocean,
With six fins about that roweth,
Or with eight to move delighteth,
But repair'd to hear the music;
Even the briny water's Mother
'Gainst the beach breast-forward cast her,
On a little sand-hill raised her,
On her side with toil up-crawling.

Even from Woinomoinen's eye-balls
Tears of heart-felt pleasure trickled,
Bigger than the whortle-berry,
Heavier than the eggs of plovers,
Down his broad and mighty bosom,
Kneeward from his bosom flowing,
From his knee his feet bedewing ;
And I've heard, his tears they trickled
Through the five wool-wefts of thickness,
Through his jackets eight of wadmal.

GEORGE BORROW.

THE THREE CUCKOOS.

(*Aino has drowned herself.*)

Sorely weeps the blue-eyed mother,
And the tears that fall are bitter,
As in sad and trembling accents,
Woe-begone, she maketh answer :
" Listen ! O ye mothers ! listen !
Never from the roof paternal
Hurry forth unwilling daughters,
Ne'er to bridegroom that she loves not !
Ne'er as I, alas ! unhappy,
Drove, alack ! my lovely Aino."—
Sorely weeps the blue-eyed mother,
And the bitter tears come falling
From her blue eyes red with sorrow,
Down across her furrow'd visage,
Till they reach her heaving bosom,
And athwart her heaving bosom,
And across her garment's border,
And adown her red striped stockings,
Till they reach the shining sandals,
Ever with a ceaseless flowing,
Part to earth for its possession,
Part to water for its portion.

As they fall, and falling mingle,
Streamlets form they, three in number,
Flowing on like crystal rivers,
Gather'd all of single tear-drops,
Precious drops that fell and trickled
From the mother's wrinkled eyelids.
In each swiftly-flowing torrent
Lo! a cataract is foaming,
Foaming with a fiery splendour;
From each cataract's commotion
Rise three rocks above the tumult;
From each rock, upon its summit,
Soars aloft a grassy hillock;
On each hillock slender birch-trees
Struggle sky-ward, three in number;
On the summit of each birch-tree
Sits a pretty cuckoo birdling,
And the three sing altogether.
"Love! O Love!" the first one singeth,
And another—"Suitor! Suitor!"
And the third sings—"Joyful! Joyful!"
And the one "O Love!" that singeth
Singeth so three moons unceasing
For the love-refusing maiden
Now beneath the billow sleeping;
And the one that singeth "Suitor!"
He will sing six moons unceasing,
All in honour of that suitor
Who will vainly sue forever;
And the one that singeth "Joyful!"
He will sing, alas! the life-time
Of that sad and joyless mother
Who sits weeping now for ever.

JOHN ADDISON PORTER.

Danish.

[ANONYMOUS.]

VIDRIK VERLANDSON.

King Diderik sits in the halls of Bern,
And he boasts of his deeds of might :
So many a swain in battle he's fell'd,
And taken so many a knight !

King Diderik sits in the halls of Bern,
And he strikes his moony shield ;
" O would that I knew of a hero now
'Gainst whom I could take the field ! "

Then answered Master Hildebrand
(For he knew all things best)—
" There sleeps a Giant at Birtingsberg,
Darest thou disturb his rest."

" Now hear me, Master Hildebrand !
Thou art huge in body and limb ;
Thou foremost shalt ride, in the Wood, this day,
And bear our challenge to him."

Then answered Master Hildebrand,
So careful a knight was he :
" Not so, my Lord ! will I do this day,
For the wages delight not me."

Then out spoke Vidrik Verlandson,
And he spoke in wrathful mood :
" O I'll be first of the band this day
All through the Birting Wood."

Then outspoke Vidrik Verlandson,
And he spoke with lofty pride :
" The smith he forged me a faulchion good,
That can steel like cloth divide."

They were three hundred valorous knights
Unto Birting's land that rode :
They go in quest of Langben the Jutt,
To the gloomy wood, his abode.

Then out spoke Vidrik Verlandson :
" A wondrous game we'll play;
For I will ride in the greenwood first,
If ye'll but trust me away."

Then answered bold King Diderik,
He answer'd hastily then :
" When thou therein shall have found the Jutt,
Come back for me and my men!"

It was Vidrik Verlandson,
In the forest alone he sped;
And there he found so little a way
Which up to the Giant led.

It was Vidrik Verlandson,
He came unto Birting's Hill :
There black and dread lay Langben the Jutt,—
He lay stretch'd out and still.

It was Vidrik Verlandson
With his lance touch'd him on the knee ;
" Wake up! wake up now, Langben the Jutt!
Thou sleepest full sound, I see."

" Here have I lain, for many a year,
'Mid the leaf and the dew-wet herb,
But never till now came a warrior by
That has dared my sleep disturb."

"Here stand I Vidrik Verlandson,
With a good sword at my side;
I come to wake thee up from thy sleep,
Betide whatever betide."

It was Langben the Giant then
Turn'd up the white of his eye;
"O whence can come this warrior youth
Who such bold words lets fly?

"But hear! but hear, thou warrior youth!
I will not do battle with thee
Except thou prove of a knightly race:
So thy lineage tell to me!"

"A handsome Smith my father was,
And Verland hight was he;
Bodild they call'd my mother fair,
Queen over countries three;

"Skimming I call my noble steed,
Begot from the wild sea-mare;
Blank do I call my haughty helm,
Because it glitters so fair;

"Skrepping I call my good thick shield,
Steel shafts have furrow'd it o'er;
Mimmering have I named my sword,—
'Tis harden'd in heroes' gore;

"And I am Vidrik Verlandson;
For clothes bright iron I wear.
Stand'st thou not up on thy long long legs,
I'll pin thee down to thy lair.

"Do thou stand up on thy long long legs,
Nor look so dogged and grim!
The King holds out before the Wood;
Thou shalt yield thy treasure to him."

"All, all the gold that I possess
I will keep with great renown;
I'll yield it at no little horse-boy's word
To the best king wearing a crown."

"So young and little as here I seem,
Thou shalt find me prompt in a fray;
I'll hew thy head from thy shoulders off,
And thy much gold bear away!"

It was Langben the mighty Jutt,
With fury his heart was fired;
"Ride hence! ride hence, thou warrior youth!
If of life thou be not tired."

Skimming sprang up with both his legs
Against the Giant's side;
Asunder went five of his rib-bones then,
And the fight began at that tide.

It was Langben the lofty Jutt,
He waved his steel mace round,
He sent a blow after Vidrik;
But the mace struck deep in the ground.

It was Langben the lofty Jutt
Who had thought his foeman to slay;
But the blow fell short of Vidrik,—
For the good horse bore him away.

It was Langben the lofty Jutt
That shouted in wild despair;
"Now lies my mace in the hillock fast
As though 'twere hammer'd in there!"

Vidrik he paused no moment's space,
So ready was he to assail;
"Upon him, Skimming! upon him once more!
Now, Mimmering! now prevail!

He seized his sword in both his hands,
  Unto Langben Giant he flew
He struck him so hard in the hairy breast
  That the point his lungs went through.

Now Langben Giant has got a wound,
  And he's waken'd thoroughly now;
So gladly would he have paid it back,
  But, alas! he knew not how.

"Accursèd be thou, young Vidrik!
  And accursèd thy piercing steel!
Thou hast given me, see! a wound in my breast,
  Whence rise the pains I feel."

"I'll hew thee, Giant! I'll hew thee as small
  As leaves that are borne on the blast,
Except thou showest me all the gear
  That hid in the forest thou hast."

"Forbear, O Vidrik Verlandson!
  Strike me not cruelly dead!
And I will lead thee straight to my house,
  That is thatch'd with gold so red."

Vidrik rode, and the Giant crept,
  So far through the forest ways,
They found the house with the red gold thatch'd;—
  It glitter'd like straw in a blaze.

"Therein, therein are heaps of gold,—
  No king has a greater store;
Do thou remove the big black stone,
  And lift from the hinges the door!"

With both hands Vidrik seized the stone,
  But to stir it vain did he try;
The Giant took it with finger and thumb,
  And lifted it up in the sky.

"Now hear! now hear, thou warrior youth!
Thou canst wheel thy courser about;
But in every feat of manly strength
I could beat thee out and out."

Then answered Vidrik Verlandson
(He fear'd for himself some ill)—
"'Tis not the custom of any wise man
His strength on a stone to spill."

"Therein, therein is much more gold
Than fifty kings can show;
Hear me, Vidrik Verlandson!
Thou therein first shalt go."

Then answered Vidrik Verlandson
(His cunning intent he saw)—
"Thou shalt lead the way into thine own house:
For that is warrior law!"

It was Langben the Giant then,
To the door he stoop'd down low;
It was Vidrik Verlandson
Cleft off his head at a blow.

Away the quivering body he drew,
And propp'd it against an oak;
Then back ere he rode the long long way
He has thought of a wondrous joke.

With the Giant's blood he besmear'd himself
And besmear'd his steed all o'er;
Then back he rides to King Diderik,—
Pretends to be wounded sore.

"Here bide in peace, my companions good!
All under the grass green hill;
Langben the Giant has smote me to-day,—
I doubt I shall fare but ill."

"If thou from the Giant hast got a blow,
Thy life must be nigh its close;
We'll ride swift back to the halls of Bern,
No man more will we lose."

"Now wend thee, bold King Diderik!
Wend into the wood with me!
And all of the gold the Giant had,
That will I show to thee."

"If thou hast slain the Giant this day,
'Twill far be blazed in the land;
And the warrior lives not in this world
'Gainst whom thou may'st fear to stand."

But what befell King Diderik's men?
When the Giant they first perceived,
They all stopp'd short in the good green-wood,
Of courage at once bereaved.

They thought the Giant verily would
That moment after them stride;
Not one of them all had battled with him,
Back would they all have hied.

It was Vidrik Verlandson,
He laugh'd at their craven fear;
"How would ye have faced him when alive
Ye dare not him dead go near?"

With his lance's haft the body he push'd,—
The head came toppling down:
That the Giant was a warrior stark,
Forsooth, I am forced to own.

Out took they then his ruddy gold,
And shared it amongst the band;
To Vidrik came the largest part,—
It was earn'd with his good hand.

Little cared he for the booty, I ween,
  But he thought of his meed of fame,
When men should say in the Danish land
  That the Giant he overcame.

So gladly rode they to Bern again,
  King Diderik gladdest of all;
There caused he Vidrik Verlandson
  To sit next him in the hall.

ADAM GOTTLOB OEHLENSCHLAEGER.

1779—1850.

HAKON THE MIGHTY.

A chamber in THYRA'S *castle.* THYRA *has just heard that her two brothers are slain by* HAKON, *in the battle with* OLAF *for the crown of Norway, in which* HAKON *is defeated. She had loved and been loved by* HAKON, *but he had left her.*

Thyra. Ye holy Gods! what fearful destiny
  Have ye reservèd for poor Thyra? How
  Has she deserved the bitter pangs with which
  Alternately ye do her heart torment?

Enter a man wrapped in a cloak, his face also hidden.

  Ha! what is this? A stranger: what wouldst thou?
The Unknown. Are we alone? are we in safety here?
Thyra. What speakest thou of safety, who dost force
  Thyself into my house to frighten me?
  Say out, what wouldst thou?
The Unknown (*throwing off his cloak*).
  Dost thou know me? Thyra!
Thyra. Ye holy Gods! 'tis Hakon!
Hakon. Ay! himself.
Thyra. Thou fleest to me?
Hakon. By all Valhalla's Gods,
  Thou art right to be astonish'd. I would see
  The noble stag that would not refuge seek

Even beneath the most unlikely shelter
When howling dogs do closely follow it.

Thyra. O Hakon! thou art pale; thy eye is dull.

Hakon. Odin is witness that I fought as fights
A wolf that would protect its little ones.
With this sword have I to Valhalla sent
A mighty host of men. Now I am weary,
My army beaten, fortune turn'd from me,
And Olaf blunted with his Christian magic
The Northern swords. A host proved faithless to me.
Now I have none on whom I can rely.
The Valkyries, the mighty Rota's hand
Heavy and ice-cold lies upon my brow.
I with my thrall have ridden through the night,
Abandon'd, weary with the hard day's fight.
By scorching thirst I long have been consumed.
Say! is that water in the goblet there?

Thyra. O Hakon! wait, and let me go to fetch——

Hakon. No! no! remain!
(*He drinks.*) Ha! now my thirst is quench'd.
At Gaulaa did at last my charger fall;
I slew him, and I tore my mantle off,
And steep'd it in the blood, that I might baffle
The enemies who follow'd me.

Thyra. O Hakon!

Hakon. And then I pass'd before thy castle, Thyra!
And I remember'd how thou hadst often sworn,
So solemnly enraptured, that thou wast
The only one who loved me from thy heart.
I know indeed full well that love may turn
To hate. I run the risk that it is so.
Here am I, Thyra! wilt thou harbour me
From Olaf and his followers' pursuit?
I shall be grateful for thy love, which I
So little could appreciate. In case——
In case thou shouldst refuse (O Thyra! it
Does cost Earl Hakon much to have to beg),

Then will I wander out into the night
And take my last look o'er proud Norway's land,
Over the kingdom which did homage to me;
And then will tranquil fall upon my sword.
Then shall the wild storm with its mighty wings
Raise Hakon's spirit to the God of War;
The sun shall gaze upon a hero's corse
And say—He is great in death as in his life.

Thyra. O Hakon! Hakon! speak not so! O Hakon!
I hate thee not; I can not hate thee now.
And I will harbour thee, and keep thee safe,
And faithfully preserve thee from thy foes.

She takes his hand.

Hakon. Dost know that I have slaughter'd with this hand
My son, the little Erling, who was ever
So dear to thee?

Thyra. I know that thou didst offer
Him to the mighty Gods; that is a proof
Of the extremities to which fate brought
A soul as rare as thine.

Hakon. And dost thou know
That with the hand which thou art pressing now
I have——O, it is painful!

Thyra. Ay! I know
That thou hast slain my brothers in the fight.

Hakon. And yet——

Thyra. Does Thyra Thyra still remain.
Ay! Hakon! thou hast hardly treated me,
And with disdain hast thou repulsed my love;
Hast slain my brothers; but in time of war
Life is opposed to life, and Einar said
They in Valhalla were in happiness.

She hides her face in her hands, and weeps; then raises her head and looks fixedly at him.

Ha! tell me, Hakon! is it thou that standest
In Thyra's chamber, in the forest home,

Far from the brilliant royal hall of Hladè,
Envelop'd in grim darkness of the night,
Here where the storm beats 'gainst the castle walls
As in my breast? Say, Hakon! is the pale,
The silent man here in the hall, is it thou?
Who faint, without thy casque or purple cloak,
Dost lean upon thy sword.

Hakon. The pallid ghost
Thou seest was once great Norway's mighty Lord,—
The Norsemen proud obeyed his voice; he fell
In battle, in a battle fought at Hladè.
Ha! that is long ago, almost forgotten.
Now is it but his spectre that doth stalk
At midnight hours. Hakon was his name.

Thyra. Ha! now I am most fearfully avenged.
Away, weak spite! and love! return again!
I were no woman, but a forest wolf,
If every spite did not fade from my breast
At such a sight. O, rest upon my heart!
Come! let me dry the sweat upon thy brow;
Come! let me bring new life into thine eye!

She embraces him.

Hakon (*mad*). What is thy name? thou fair Norwegian Maid!

Thyra. Forget-me-not my playmates call'd me once.
A light blue lovely little flower was I,
Which had grown up within thy oaken roots,
And suck'd its life and colour only thence;
And which must perish altogether if
It might not still live in its little corner,
A shadow of thy stem.

Hakon. Forget-me-not!
A friendly name!

Thyra. O Hakon! what is this?
A fever makes thee shiver in my arms;
Thou art weeping, Hakon! Great Valhalla's Gods!

This is a dangerous, ay! a fearful sign.
Ere this I ne'er saw tears upon thy cheek.

Hakon (*with a mad tenderness*).

Forget-me-not! pale little flower upon
A warrior's grave! my tears astonish thee.
Hast thou not seen before the hard stones weep
When brought from the cold air into the warmth?
It is a death-sweat. Blossom of pale death!
Be not astonish'd at it!

Thyra. Gentle Freya!

F. C. LASCELLES.

THE SPIDER TO THE PRISONER.

My web so rarely twined,
With threads so fine and small,
The very faintest breath of wind
Can straight undo it all.

And yet, though frail and slight,
And meanly housed it be,
It symbolizes Allah's might,
And comfort hath for thee.

As in the moonbeam I,
Sits God amid the blaze
Of endless light, and from on high
The universe surveys.

His threads through earth and air
Still in and out he weaves,
And even the tiniest thread his care
Not unregarded leaves.

THEODORE MARTIN.

Dutch.

MARIA TESSELSCHADE KROMBALGH.

1594—1649.

THE WILD SONGSTER.

Praise thou the Nightingale,
Who with her joyous tale
Doth make thy heart rejoice,
Whether a singing plume she be or viewless winged voice!

Whose warblings sweet and clear
Ravish the listening ear
With joy, as upward float
The throbbing liquid trills of her enchanted throat.

Whose accent pure and ripe
Sounds like an organ pipe,
That holdeth divers songs,
And with one tongue alone sings like a score of tongues.

The rise and fall again
In clear and lovely strain
Of her sweet voice and shrill
Outclamours with its song the singing springing rill.

A creature whose great praise
Her rarity displays,
Seeing she only lives
A month in all the year to which her song she gives.

But this thing sets the crown
Upon her high renown,—
That such a little bird as she
Can harbour such a strength of clamorous harmony!

EDMUND WILLIAM GOSSE.

THE TAME SONGSTER.

But, wild-wood songster! cease!
Draw breath and hold thy peace!
Thy notes make no sweet noise
That can compete for tone with Rosamunda's voice:

Who hath so dear an art
Of whispering to the heart
In measured plaintive sobs,
That, bound in friendship's net, like a snared bird it throbs.

Whose cunning voice instills
Deep wisdom, while it fills
The minds of those who hear,
And makes the soul leap up into the listening ear.

In moanings low she dies,
And then, with tender sighs,
In amorous soft conceits
A world of various tongues she nimbly counterfeits.

No weariness we know,
Though from her throat may flow
Much song; new pleasures high
Still charm the insatiate ear with each fresh harmony.

Here rarer rapture lives
Than fitful music gives;
No feather'd song so gay
As this that summer gives nor winter takes away.

E. W. G.

CONSTANTINE HUYGHENS.

1596?—1687.

ON TESSELSCHADE'S GRAVE.

'Tis Tesselschadè's grave!
Let no one vainly try
To measure out in words her matchless quality!
The honour that men give the sun to her they gave.

And why in death she lay,
Listen! I will relate.
O mothers! think! it was her daughter seal'd her fate,
And she who owed her life took life from her away.

The child had little blame:
The mother saw her die;
And died that she to keep her company might try.
So perish'd Tesselchâ through her own tender aim.

E. W. G.

JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL.

1587—1679.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Who sits above heaven's heights sublime,
Yet fills the grave's profoundest place,
Beyond eternity or time
Or the vast round of viewless space:
Who on Himself alone depends,
Immortal, glorious, but unseen,
And in his mighty being blends
What rolls around or flows within.
Of all we know not, all we know,
Prime source and origin, a sea
Whose waters pour'd on earth below
Wake blessing's brightest radiancy.
His power, love, wisdom, first exalted
And waken'd from oblivion's birth
Yon starry arch, yon palace vaulted,
Yon heaven of heavens, to smile on earth.
From His resplendent majesty
We shade us, 'neath our sheltering wings,
While awe-inspired and tremblingly
We praise the glorious King of Kings,
With sight and sense confused and dim.
O name, describe the Lord of Lords!

The seraphs' praise shall hallow Him :—
  Or is the theme too vast for words ?

RESPONSE.

'Tis God ! who pours the living glow
  Of light, creation's fountain head :
Forgive the praise, too mean and low,
  Or from the living or the dead !
No tongue Thy peerless name hath spoken,
  No space can hold that awful Name ;
The aspiring spirit's wing is broken ;—
  Thou wilt be, wert, and art the same.
Language is dumb,—Imagination,
  Knowledge, and Science, helpless fall ;
They are irreverent profanation,
  And thou, O God ! art all in all.
How vain on such a thought to dwell !
  Who knows Thee ? Thee, the All-unknown ?
Can angels be thy oracle,
  Who art, who art Thyself alone ?
None, none can trace Thy course sublime,
  For none can catch a ray from Thee,
The Splendour and the Source of Time,
  The Eternal of Eternity !
The light of light outpour'd conveys
  Salvation in its flight elysian,
Brighter than even Thy mercy's rays ;—
  But vainly would our feeble vision
Aspire to Thee. From day to day
  Age steals on us, but meets Thee never :
Thy power is life's support and stay,——
  We praise Thee, sing Thee, Lord ! forever.
    Holy ! holy ! holy ! Praise,
    Praise be His in every land !
    Safety in His presence stays,
    Sacred is His high command.

JOHN BOWRING.

German.

STEINMAR.

13th Century.

TO HIS LADY.

With the graceful corn upspringing,
With the birds around me singing,
With the leaf-crown'd forests waving,
Sweet May-dews the herbage laving,
With the flowers that round me bloom,
To my Lady dear I'll come :
All things beautiful and bright,
Sweet in sound and fair to sight,—
Nothing, nothing is too rare
For my beauteous Lady fair.
    Every thing I'll do and be,
    So my Lady solace me.

She is One in whom I find
All things fair and bright combined ;
When her beauteous form I see,
Kings themselves might envy me,—
Joy with joy is gilded o'er
Till the heart can hold no more.
She is bright as morning sun,
She my fairest, loveliest One!
For the honour of the fair
I will sing her beauty rare :
    Every thing I'll do and be,
    So my Lady solace me.

Solace me then, Sweetest! be
Such in heart as I to thee!
Ope thy beauteous lips of love!

Call me thine! and then above
Merrily, merrily I will sail
With the light clouds on the gale.
Dear One! deign my heart to bless!
Steer me on to happiness!
Thou, in whom my soul confideth!
Thou, whose life my spirit guideth!—
Every thing I'll do and be,
So my Lady solace me.

EDGAR TAYLOR.

JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE.

1749—1832.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

(*From Faust.*)

RAPHAEL.

The sun makes music as of old
Amid the rival spheres of Heaven,
On its predestined circle roll'd
With thunder speed: the Angels even
Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
Though none its meaning fathom may:
The world's unwither'd countenance
Is bright as at creation's day.

GABRIEL.

And swift and swift, with rapid lightness,
The adorned Earth spins silently,
Alternating Elysian brightness
With deep and dreadful night; the sea
Foams in broad billows from the deep
Up to the rocks, and rocks and ocean,
Onward, with spheres which never sleep,
Are hurried in eternal motion.

MICHAEL.

And tempests in contention roar
From land to sea, from sea to land;

And, raging, weave a chain of power,
Which girds the earth, as with a band.
A flashing desolation there
Flames before the thunder's way;
But thy servants, Lord! revere
The gentle changes of thy day.

CHORUS OF THE THREE.

The Angels draw strength from thy glance,
Though no one comprehend Thee may;—
Thy world's unwither'd countenance
Is bright as on creation's day.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

WALPURGIS NIGHT.

(*From Faust.*)

Scene—The Hartz Mountain: a desolate country.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Meph. Would you not like a broomstick? As for me,
I wish I had a good stout ram to ride;
For we are still far from the appointed place.
Faust. This knotted staff is help enough for me,
Whilst I feel fresh upon my legs. What good
Is there in making short a pleasant way?
To creep along the labyrinths of the vales,
And climb those rocks, where ever-babbling springs
Precipitate themselves in waterfalls,
Is the true sport that seasons such a path.
Already Spring kindles the birchen spray,
And the hoar pines already feel her breath:
Shall she not work also within our limbs?
Meph. Nothing of such an influence do I feel:
My body is all wintry, and I wish
The flowers upon our path were frost and snow:
But see! how melancholy rises now,
Dimly uplifting her belated beam,

The blank unwelcome round of the red moon;
And gives so bad a light, that every step
One stumbles 'gainst some crag. With your permission,
I'll call an Ignis-fatuus to our aid;
I see one yonder burning jollily.
Halloo, my friend! may I request that you
Would favour us with your bright company?
Why should you blaze away there to no purpose?
Pray be so good as light us up this way!

Ignis Fatuus. With reverence be it spoken, I will try
To overcome the lightness of my nature:
Our course, you know, is generally zig-zag.

Meph. Ha! ha! your worship thinks you have to deal
With men. Go straight on, in the Devil's name,
Or I shall puff your flickering life out!

Ignis Fatuus. Well!
I see you are the master of the house;
I will accommodate myself to you.
Only consider that to-night this mountain
Is all enchanted, and if Jack-a-lantern
Shows you his way, though you should miss your own,
You ought not to be too exact with him.

ALTERNATE CHORUS: FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, AND IGNIS-FATUUS.

The limits of the sphere of dream,
The bounds of true and false, are past.
Lead us on, thou wandering Gleam!
Lead us onward, far and fast,
To the wide, the desert waste!

But see, how swift advance and shift,
Trees behind trees, row by row,—
How, clift by clift, rocks bend and lift
Their frowning foreheads as we go!
The giant-snouted crags, ho! ho!
How they snort, and how they blow!

Through the mossy sods and stones
Stream and streamlet hurry down,
A rushing throng! A sound of song
Beneath the vault of Heaven is blown!
Sweet notes of love, the speaking tones
Of this bright day, sent down to say
That Paradise on Earth is known,
Resound around, beneath, above;
All we hope and all we love
Finds a voice in this blithe strain,
Which wakens hill and wood and rill,
And vibrates far o'er field and vale,
And which Echo, like the tale
Of old times, repeats again.

Tu-whoo! tu-whoo! near, nearer now
The sound of song, the rushing throng!
Are the screech, the lapwing, and the jay,
All awake as if 'twere day?

See, with long legs and belly wide,
A salamander in the brake!
Every root is like a snake,
And along the loose hill-side,
With strange contortions through the night,
Curls, to seize or to affright;
And animated, strong, and many,
They dart forth polypus-antennæ,
To blister with their poison-spume
The wanderer. Through the dazzling gloom
The many-colour'd mice, that thread
The dewy turf beneath our tread,
In troops each other's motions cross,
Through the heath and through the moss;
And, in legions intertangled,
The fire-flies flit, and swarm, and throng,
Till all the mountain depths are spangled.

Tell me, shall we go or stay?
Shall we onward? Come along!
Everything around is swept
Forward, onward, far away!
Trees and masses intercept
The sight, and wisps on every side
Are puff'd up and multiplied.

Meph. Now vigorously seize my skirt, and gain
This pinnacle of isolated crag!
One may observe with wonder from this point,
How Mammon glows among the mountains.

Faust. Ay!
And strangely through the solid depth below
A melancholy light, like the red dawn,
Shoots from the lowest gorge of the abyss
Of mountains, lightening hitherward; there rise
Pillars of smoke, here clouds float gently by;
Here the light burns soft as the enkindled air,
Or the illumined dust of golden flowers;
And now it glides like tender colours spreading;
And now bursts forth in fountains from the earth;
And now it winds, one torrent of broad light,
Through the far valley with a hundred veins;
And now once more within that narrow corner
Masses itself into intensest splendour.
And near us, see! sparks spring out of the ground,
Like golden sand scatter'd upon the darkness;
The pinnacles of that black wall of mountains
That hems us in, are kindled.

Meph. Rare, in faith!
Does not Sir Mammon gloriously illuminate
His palace for this festival? it is
A pleasure which you had not known before.
I spy the boisterous guests already.

Faust. How
The children of the wind rage in the air!
With what fierce strokes they fall upon my neck!

Meph. Cling tightly to the old ribs of the crag!
Beware! for if with them thou warrest
In their fierce flight toward the wilderness,
Their breath will sweep thee into dust, and drag
Thy body to a grave in the abyss.
A cloud thickens the night.
Hark! how the tempest crashes through the forest!
The owls fly out in strange affright;
The columns of the evergreen palaces
Are split and shatter'd;
The roots creak, and stretch, and groan;
And ruinously overthrown,
The trunks are crush'd and scatter'd
By the fierce blast's unconquerable stress.
Over each other crack and crash they all
In terrible and intertangled fall;
And through the ruins of the shaken mountain
The airs hiss and howl.
It is not the voice of the fountain,
Nor the wolf in his midnight prowl.
Dost thou not hear?
Strange accents are ringing
Aloft, afar, anear;
The witches are singing!
The torrent of a raging wizard song
Streams the whole mountain along.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

The stubble is yellow, the corn is green,
Now to the Brocken the witches go;
The mighty multitude here may be seen
Gathering, wizard and witch, below.
Sir Urean is sitting aloft in the air;
Hey over stock! and hey over stone!
'Twixt witches and incubi, what shall be done?
Tell it who dare! tell it who dare!

A VOICE.

Upon a sow-swine, whose farrows were nine,
Old Baubo rideth alone.

CHORUS.

Honour her, to whom honour is due!
Old mother Baubo, honour to you!
An able sow, with old Baubo upon her,
Is worthy of glory, and worthy of honour!
The legion of witches is coming behind,
Darkening the night, and out-speeding the wind.

A VOICE.

Which way comest thou?

A VOICE.

Over Ilsenstein.
The owl was awake in the white moonshine:
I saw her at rest in her downy nest,
And she stared at me with her broad, bright eye.

VOICES.

And you may now as well take your course on to Hell,
Since you ride by so fast on the headlong blast.

A VOICE.

She dropp'd poison upon me as I pass'd.
Here are the wounds.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Come away! come along!
The way is wide, the way is long,
But what is that for a Bedlam throng?
Stick with the prong, and scratch with the broom!
The child in the cradle lies strangled at home,
And the mother is clapping her hands.

SEMI-CHORUS OF WIZARDS I.

We glide in
Like snails when the women are all away;
And from a house once given over to sin
Woman has a thousand steps to stray.

SEMI-CHORUS II.

A thousand steps must a woman take,
Where a man but a single spring will make.

VOICES ABOVE.

Come with us, come with us, from Felunsee.

VOICES BELOW.

With what joy would we fly through the upper sky!
We are wash'd, we're anointed, stark naked are we;
But our toil and our pain are forever in vain.

BOTH CHORUSES.

The wind is still, the stars are fled,
The melancholy moon is dead;
The magic notes, like spark on spark,
Drizzle, whistling through the dark.
Come away!

VOICES BELOW.

Stay, oh stay!

VOICES ABOVE.

Out of the crannies of the rocks
Who calls?

VOICES BELOW.

O, let me join your flocks!
I three hundred years have striven
To catch your skirt and mount to Heaven,—
And still in vain. O, might I be
With company akin to me!

BOTH CHORUSES.

Some on a ram and some on a prong,
On poles and on broomsticks we flutter along;
Forlorn is the wight who can rise not to-night.

A HALF-WITCH BELOW.

I have been tripping this many an hour:
Are the others already so far before?
No quiet at home, and no peace abroad!
And less, methinks, is found by the road.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Come onward away! aroint thee! aroint!
A witch to be strong must anoint, anoint,—
Then every trough will be boat enough;
With a rag for a sail we can sweep through the sky.
Who flies not to-night, when means he to fly?

BOTH CHORUSES.

We cling to the skirt, and we strike on the ground;
Witch-legions thicken around and around;
Wizard-swarms cover the heath all over.

They descend.

Meph. What thronging, dashing, raging, rustling:
What whispering, babbling, hissing, bustling;
What glimmering, spurting, stinking, burning,
As Heaven and Earth were overturning.
There is a true witch element about us!
Take hold on me, or we shall be divided:—
Where are you?
Faust (*from a distance*). Here!
Meph. What?
I must exert my authority in the house!
Place for young Voland! Pray make way, good people!
Take hold on me, Doctor! and with one step
Let us escape from this unpleasant crowd!
They are too mad for people of my sort.
Just there shines a peculiar kind of light—
Something attracts me in those bushes. Come
This way! we shall slip down there in a minute.
Faust. Spirit of Contradiction! Well, lead on!
'Twere a wise feat indeed to wander out
Into the Brocken upon May-day night,
And then to isolate oneself in scorn,
Disgusted with the humours of the time.
Meph. See yonder, round a many-colour'd flame
A merry club is huddled altogether!

Even with such little people as sit there,
One would not be alone.

Faust. Would that I were
Up yonder in the glow and whirling smoke,
Where the blind million rush impetuously
To meet the Evil Ones; there might I solve
Many a riddle that torments me!

Meph. Yet
Many a riddle there is tied anew
Inextricably. Let the great world rage!
We will stay here safe in the quiet dwellings.
'Tis an old custom. Men have ever built
Their own small world in the great world of all.
I see young witches naked there, and old ones
Wisely attired with greater decency.
Be guided now by me! and you shall buy
A pound of pleasure with a dram of trouble.
I hear them tune their instruments,—One must
Get used to this damn'd scraping. Come! I'll lead you
Among them! and what there you do and see
As a fresh compact 'twixt us two shall be.
How say you now? this space is wide enough;
Look forth! you cannot see the end of it.
An hundred bonfires burn in rows, and they
Who throng around them seem innumerable:
Dancing and drinking, jabbering, making love,
And cooking, are at work. Now tell me, friend!
What is there in the world better than this?

Faust. In introducing us do you assume
The character of wizard or of devil?

Meph. In truth, I generally go about
In strict incognito; and yet one likes
To wear one's orders upon gala-days.
I have no ribbon at my knee; but here
At home the cloven foot is honourable.
See you that snail there? She comes creeping up,
And with her feeling eyes hath smelt out something.

I could not, if I would, mask myself here.
Come now! we'll go about from fire to fire;
I'll be the pimp, and you shall be the lover.

To some Old Women, who are sitting round a heap of glimmering coals.

Old gentlewomen! what do you do out here?
You ought to be with the young rioters
Right in the thickest of the revelry,—
But every one is best content at home.

GENERAL.

Who dare confide in right or a just claim?
So much as I had done for them! and now,—
With women and the people 'tis the same;
Youth will stand foremost ever,—age may go
To the dark grave unhonour'd.

MINISTER.

Now-a-days
People assert their rights,—they go too far;
But as for me, the good old times I praise;
Then we were all in all,—'twas something worth
One's while to be in place and wear a star;
That was indeed the golden age on earth.

PARVENU.

We too are active, and we did and do
What we ought not, perhaps; and yet we now
Will seize, whilst all things are whirl'd round and round,
A spoke of Fortune's wheel, and keep our ground.

AUTHOR.

Who now can taste a treatise of deep sense
And ponderous volume? 'tis impertinence
To write what none will read; therefore will I
To please the young and thoughtless try.

Meph. (*who at once appears to have grown very old*).

I find the people ripe for the last day,
Since I last came up to the wizard mountain;

And as my little cask runs turbid now,
So is the world drain'd to the dregs.

PEDLAR-WITCH.

Look here,
Gentlemen! do not hurry on so fast,
And lose the chance of a good penny-worth.
I have a pack full of the choicest wares
Of every sort, and yet in all my bundle
Is nothing like what may be found on earth;
Nothing that in a moment will make rich
Men and the world with fine malicious mischief;
There is no dagger drunk with blood; no bowl
From which consuming poison may be drain'd
By innocent and healthy lips; no jewel,
The price of an abandon'd maiden's shame;
No sword which cuts the bond it cannot loose,
Or stabs the wearer's enemy in the back;
No——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gossip! you know little of these times.
What has been has been; what is done is past.
They shape themselves into the innovations
They breed, and innovation drags us with it.
The torrent of the crowd sweeps over us,
You think to impel, and are yourself impell'd.

Faust. Who is that yonder?

Meph. Mark her well! It is
Lilith.

Faust. Who?

Meph. Lilith, the first wife of Adam.
Beware of her fair hair! for she excels
All women in the magic of her locks;
And when she winds them round a young man's neck
She will not ever set him free again.

Faust. There sit a girl and an old woman: they
Seem to be tired with pleasure and with play.

Meph. There is no rest to-night for any one;
When one dance ends another is begun:
Come; let us to it! we shall have rare fun.

FAUST *dances and sings with a* GIRL, *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *with an* OLD WOMAN.

BROCTO-PHANTASMIST.

What is the cursèd multitude about?
Have we not long since proved to demonstration
That ghosts move not on ordinary feet?
But these are dancing just like men and women.

THE GIRL.

What does he want then at our ball?

FAUST.

O, he
Is far above us all in his conceit;
Whilst we enjoy, he reasons of enjoyment,
And any step which in our dance we tread,
If it be left out of his reckoning,
Is not to be consider'd as a step.
There are few things that scandalize him not:
And when you whirl round in the circle now,
As he went round the wheel in his old mill,
He says that you go wrong in all respects,
Especially if you congratulate him
Upon the strength of the resemblance.

BROCTO-PHANTASMIST.

Fly!
Vanish! Unheard of impudence! What, still there!
In this enlighten'd age too, since you have been
Proved not to exist!—But this infernal brood
Will hear no reason and endure no rule.
Are we so wise, and is the *pond* still haunted?
How long have I been sweeping out this rubbish
Of superstition, and the world will not
Come clean with all my pains! It is a case
Unheard of!

THE GIRL.

Then leave off teasing us so!

BROCTO-PHANTASMIST.

I tell you, Spirits! to your faces now,
That I should not regret this despotism
Of Spirits, but that mine can wield it not.
To-night I shall make poor work of it;
Yet I will take a round with you, and hope
Before my last step in the living dance
To beat the poet and the devil together.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At last he will sit down in some foul puddle,—
That is his way of solacing himself;—
Until some leech, diverted with his gravity,
Cures him of Spirits and the Spirit together.

To FAUST, *who has seceded from the dance.*

Why do you let that fair girl pass from you,
Who sung so sweetly to you in the dance?

Faust. A red mouse in the middle of her singing
Sprang from her mouth.

Meph. That was all right, my friend!
Be it enough that the mouse was not grey!
Do not disturb your hour of happiness
With close consideration of such trifles!

Faust. Then saw I——

Meph. What?

Faust. Seèst thou not a pale
Fair girl, standing alone, far, far away?
She drags herself now forward with slow steps,
And seems as if she moved with shackled feet:
I can not overcome the thought that she
Is like poor Margaret.

Meph. Let it be! pass on!
No good can come of it; it is not well
To meet it; it is an enchanted phantom,
A lifeless idol; with its numbing look,

It freezes up the blood of man ; and they
Who meet its ghastly stare are turn'd to stone,
Like those who saw Medusa.

Faust. O, too true !
Her eyes are like the eyes of a fresh corpse
Which no belovèd hand has closed ; alas !
That is the heart which Margaret yielded to me—
Those are the lovely limbs which I enjoy'd !

Meph. It is all magic, poor deluded fool !
She looks to every one like his first Love.

Faust. Oh, what delight ! what woe ! I can not turn
My looks from her sweet piteous countenance.
How strangely does a single blood-red line,
Not broader than the sharp edge of a knife,
Adorn her lovely neck !

Meph. Ay ! she can carry
Her head under her arm upon occasion.
Perseus has cut it off for her. These pleasures
End in delusion.—Gain this rising ground !
It is as airy here as in the Prater ;
And, if I am not mightily deceived,
I see a theatre. What may this mean ?

ATTENDANT.

Quite a new piece, the last of seven, for 'tis
The custom now to represent that number.
'Tis written by a Dilettantè, and
The actors who perform are Dilettanti ;
Excuse me, gentlemen ! but I must vanish :
I am a Dilettantè curtain-lifter.

SHELLEY.

THE BRIDE OF CORINTH.

A Youth to Corinth, whilst the city slumber'd,
Came from Athens : though a stranger there,
Soon among its townsmen to be number'd,
For a bride awaits him, young and fair :

From their childhood's years
They were plighted feres,
So contracted by their parents' care.

But may not his welcome there be hindered?
Dearly must he buy it, would he speed.
He is still a heathen with his kindred,
She and hers wash'd in the Christian creed.
When new faiths are born,
Love and troth are torn
Rudely from the heart, howe'er it bleed.

All the house is hush'd;—to rest retreated
Father, daughters,—not the mother quite;
She the guest with cordial welcome greeted,
Led him to a room with tapers bright;
Wine and food she brought,
Ere of them he thought,
Then departed with a fair Good-night.

But he felt no hunger, and unheeded
Left the wine, and eager for the rest
Which his limbs, forespent with travel, needed,
On the couch he laid him, still undress'd.
There he sleeps,—when lo!
Onwards gliding slow,
At the door appears a wondrous guest.

By the waning lamp's uncertain gleaming
There he sees a youthful maiden stand,
Robed in white, of still and gentle seeming,
On her brow a black and golden band.
When she meets his eyes,
With a quick surprise
Starting, she uplifts a pallid hand.

"Is a stranger here, and nothing told me?
Am I then forgotten even in name?

Ah! 'tis thus within my cell they hold me,
But I now am cover'd o'er with shame!
Pillow still thy head
There upon thy bed,
I will leave thee quickly as I came."

"Maiden! darling! Stay, O stay!" and, leaping
From the couch, before her stands the boy:
"Ceres, Bacchus, here their gifts are heaping;
And thou bringest Amor's gentle joy!
Why with terror pale?
Sweet one! let us hail
These bright Gods, their festive gifts employ."

"O, no! no! Young stranger! come not nigh me!
Joy is not for me, nor festive cheer.
Ah! such bliss may ne'er be tasted by me,
Since my mother, in fantastic fear,
By long sickness bow'd,
To Heaven's service vow'd
Me, and all the hopes that warm'd me here.

"They have left our hearth, and left it lonely,—
The old Gods, that bright and jocund train.
One, unseen, in heaven, is worship'd only,
And upon the Cross a Saviour slain;
Sacrifice is here,
Not of lamb nor steer,
But of human woe and human pain."

And he asks, and all her words doth ponder,—
"Can it be, that, in this silent spot,
I behold thee, thou surpassing wonder!
My sweet bride, so strangely to me brought?
Be mine only now!
See, our parents' vow
Heaven's good blessing hath for us besought!"

"No! thou gentle heart!" she cried in anguish;
"'Tis not mine, but 'tis my sister's place;
When in lonely cell I weep and languish,
Think, Oh think of me in her embrace!
I think but of thee,—
Pining drearily,
Soon beneath the earth to hide my face!"

"Nay! I swear by yonder flame which burneth,
Fann'd by Hymen, lost thou shalt not be;
Droop not thus, for my sweet bride returneth
To my father's mansion back with me!
Dearest! tarry here!
Taste the bridal cheer,
For our spousal spread so wondrously!"

Then with word and sign their troth they plighted,
Golden was the chain she bade him wear;
But the cup he offer'd her she slighted,
Silver, wrought with cunning past compare.
"That is not for me;
All I ask of thee
Is one little ringlet of thy hair."

Dully boom'd the midnight hour unhallow'd,
And then first her eyes began to shine;
Eagerly with pallid lips she swallow'd,
Hasty draughts of purple-tinctured wine;
But the wheaten bread,
As in shuddering dread,
Put she always by with loathing sign.

And she gave the youth the cup; he drain'd it,—
With impetuous haste he drain'd it dry;
Love was in his fever'd heart, and pain'd it,
Till it ached for joys she must deny.
But the maiden's fears
Stay'd him, till in tears
On the bed he sank, with sobbing cry,

And she leans above him—" Dear one! still thee!
Ah, how sad am I to see thee so!
But, alas! these limbs of mine would chill thee:
Love! they mantle not with passion's glow;
Thou wouldst be afraid
Didst thou find the maid
Thou hast chosen cold as ice or snow."

Round her waist his eager arms he bended,
With the strength that youth and love inspire;
" Wert thou even from the grave ascended,
I could warm thee well with my desire!"
Panting kiss on kiss!—
Overflow of bliss!—
" Burn'st thou not, and feelest me on fire?"

Closer yet they cling, and intermingling,
Tears and broken sobs proclaim the rest;
His hot breath through all her frame is tingling,
There they lie, caressing and caress'd.
His impassion'd mood
Warms her torpid blood,
Yet there beats no heart within her breast!

Meanwhile goes the mother, softly creeping,
Through the house, on needful cares intent,
Hears a murmur, and, while all are sleeping,
Wonders at the sounds, and what they meant.
Who was whispering so?—
Voices soft and low,
In mysterious converse strangely blent.

Straightway by the door herself she stations,
There to be assured what was amiss;
And she hears love's fiery protestations,
Words of ardour and endearing bliss:
" Hark, the cock! 'Tis light!

But to-morrow night
Thou wilt come again ? "—and kiss on kiss.

Quick the latch she raises, and, with features
Anger-flush'd, into the chamber hies.
" Are there in my house such shameless creatures,
Minions to the stranger's will ? " she cries.
By the dying light,
Who is't meets her sight ?
God ! 'tis her own daughter she espies !

And the youth in terror sought to cover,
With her own light veil, the maiden's head ;
Clasp'd her close ; but, gliding from her lover,
Back the vestment from her brow she spread,
And her form upright,
As with ghostly might,
Long and slowly rises from the bed.

" Mother ! mother ! wherefore thus deprive me
Of such joy as I this night have known ?
Wherefore from these warm embraces drive me ?
Was I waken'd up to meet thy frown ?
Did it not suffice
That, in virgin guise,
To an early grave you brought me down ?

" Fearful is the weird that forced me hither,
From the dark-heap'd chamber where I lay ;
Powerless are your drowsy anthems ; neither
Can your priests prevail, howe'er they pray.
Salt nor lymph can cool
Where the pulse is full ;
Love must still burn on, though wrapp'd in clay.

" To this youth my early troth was plighted,
Whilst yet Venus ruled within this land ;
Mother ! and that vow you falsely slighted,

At your new and gloomy faith's command.
But no god will hear,
If a mother swear
Pure from love to keep her daughter's hand.

"Nightly from my narrow chamber driven,
Come I to fulfil my destined part,
Him to seek to whom my troth was given,
And to draw the life-blood from his heart.
He hath served my will;
More I yet must kill,
For another prey I now depart.

"Fair young man! thy thread of life is broken,
Human skill can bring no aid to thee.
There thou hast my chain,—a ghastly token;
And this lock of thine I take with me.
Soon must thou decay;
Soon wilt thou be grey,
Dark although to-night thy tresses be!

"Mother! hear, oh hear my last entreaty!
Let the funeral-pile arise once more!
Open up my wretched tomb for pity!
And in flames our souls to peace restore!
When the ashes glow,
When the fire-sparks flow,
To the ancient Gods aloft we soar."

W. E. AYTOUN & T. MARTIN.

THE ERL-KING.

Who rides so late through night-winds wild?
It is the father with his child:
He folds the darling well in his arm;
He clasps him close, and he keeps him warm.

"My son! why so timidly cover thine eye?"
"Seest thou not, father! the Erl-King nigh?

'Tis he, with his crown and his glittering train."
" My son! 'tis the mist-lights that dance on the plain."

" Thou gentle child! come, go with me!
Ah, beautiful plays I'll play with thee;
The sweetest of flowers on the shore thou'lt behold;
My mother hath many a garment of gold."

" My father! my father! and dost thou not hear
What words of promise he breathes in my ear?"
" Be quiet, my child! be quiet! the breeze
Moans as it creeps through the withering trees."

" Say, beautiful boy! wilt go with me?
My daughters in beauty shall wait upon thee;
My daughters around thee their night-watch shall keep,
And rock thee and dance thee and sing thee to sleep."

" My father! my father! and seest thou not there
The Erl-King's daughters glide through the dark air?"
" My son! my son! 'tis the old willow-trees
That nod their grey heads to the nightly breeze."

" I love thee! I yearn for that fair form of thine;
And, willing or not, thou must come and be mine!"
" My father! my father! I feel his cold arm:
The Erl-King has done me a dreadful harm."

The father shudders; with terror wild
He clasps to his bosom the moaning child;—
All faint and breathless he gains his door;
'Twas a pale, dead child in his arms he bore.

CHARLES TIMOTHY BROOKS.

TO THE MOON.

Flooded are the brakes and dell
With thy phantom light,
And my soul receives the spell
Of thy mystic might.

To the meadow dost thou send
Something of thy grace,
Like the kind eye of a friend,
Beaming on my face.

Echoes of departed times
Vibrate in mine ear,
Joyous, sad, like spirit-chimes,
As I wander here.

Flow, flow on, thou little brook;
Ever onward go!
Trusted heart, and tender look,
Left me even so.

Richer treasure earth has none
Than I once possess'd—
Ah, so rich, that when 'twas gone,
Worthless was the rest.

Little brook! adown the vale,
Rush, and take my song;
Give it passion, give it wail,
As thou leap'st along.

Sound it in the winter night,
When thy streams are full;
Murmur it when skies are bright,
Mirror'd in the pool.

Happiest he of all created,
Who the world can shun,
Not in hate, and yet unhated;
Sharing thought with none,

Save one faithful friend; revealing,
To his kindly ear,
Thoughts like these, which o'er me stealing,
Make the night so drear.

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

THE KING IN THULÈ.

A King there was in Thulè,
  Kept troth unto the grave.
The maid he loved so truly
  A goblet to him gave;

And ever set before him
  At banquet was the cup,
And saddening thoughts came o'er him
  Whene'er he took it up.

When Death with him had spoken,
  His treasures ranged he there,
And all, save one dear token,
  He gifted to his heir.

Once more to royal wassail
  His peers he summon'd all;
Around were knight and vassal
  Throng'd in his father's hall.

Then rose the grand old Rover,
  Again the cup drain'd he,
And bravely flung it over
  Into the weltering sea.

He saw it flashing, falling,
  And settling in the main,
Heard Death unto him calling;—
  He never drank again!

W. E. A.

SORROW WITHOUT CONSOLATION.

O, wherefore shouldst thou try
The tears of love to dry?
    Nay, let them flow!
For didst thou only know,
    How barren and how dead
Seems everything below

To those who have not tears enough to shed,
Thou'dst rather bid them weep, and seek their comfort so!

W. E. A.

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

1759—1805.

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

Vivos voco—Mortuos plango—Fulgura frango.

I.

Fast in its prison walls of earth
Awaits the mould of bakèd clay!
Up, comrades! up, and aid the birth—
The BELL that shall be born to-day!
Who would honour obtain,
With his sweat and his pain
The praise that man gives to the Master must buy;
But the blessing withal must descend from on high!

And well an earnest word beseems
The work the earnest hand prepares;
Its load more light the labour deems
When sweet discourse the labour shares.
So let us ponder, not in vain,
What strength can work when labour wills!
For who would not the fool disdain
Who ne'er designs what he fulfils?
And well it stamps our Human Race,
(And hence the gift—To understand)
That Man within the heart should trace
Whate'er he fashions with the hand.

II.

From the fir the faggot take!
Keep it, heap it, hard and dry!
That the gather'd flame may break
Through the furnace, wroth and high.

When the copper within
Seethes and simmers, the tin
Pour quick! that the fluid which feeds the Bell
May flow in the right course glib and well.

Deep hid within this nether cell,
What force with fire is moulding thus
In yonder airy tower shall dwell
And witness far and wide of Us!
It shall in later days, unfailing,
Rouse many an ear to rapt emotion,
Its solemn voice with Sorrow wailing,
Or choral chiming to Devotion.
Whatever Fate to Man may bring,
Whatever weal or woe befall,
That metal tongue shall backward ring
The warning moral drawn from all.

III.

See the silvery bubbles spring!
Good! the mass is melting now;
Let the salts we duly bring
Purge the flood, and speed the flow!
From the dross and the scum
Pure the fusion must come:
For perfect and pure we the metal must keep,
That its voice may be perfect, and pure, and deep.

That voice, with merry music rife,
The cherish'd child shall welcome in,
What time the rosy dreams of life
In the first slumber's arms begin.
As yet in Time's dark womb unwarning
Repose the days, or foul or fair;
And watchful o'er that golden morning
The Mother-Love's untiring care!

And swift the years like arrows fly:
No more with girls content to play,

Bounds the bright Boy upon his way,
Storms through loud life's tumultuous pleasures,
With pilgrim staff the wide world measures;
And, wearied with the wish to roam,
Again seeks, stranger-like, the Father-Home.

And lo! as some sweet vision breaks
Out from its native morning skies,
With rosy shame on downcast cheeks,
The Virgin stands before his eyes.
A nameless longing seizes him;
From all his wild companions flown,
Tears, strange till then, his eyes bedim,—
He wanders all alone.
Blushing he glides where'er she move;
Her greeting can transport him;
To every mead, to deck his Love,
The happy wild flowers court him.
Sweet Hope, and tender Longing! ye
The growth of Life's first Age of Gold,
When the heart, swelling, seems to see
The Gates of Heaven unfold!
O Love! the beautiful and brief! O prime,
Glory, and verdure of Life's Summer time!

IV.

Browning o'er, the pipes are simmering;
Dip this wand of clay within!
If like glass the wand be glimmering,
Then the casting may begin.
Brisk! brisk now! and see
If the fusion flow free;
If (happy and welcome indeed were the sign)—
If the hard and the ductile united combine.
For still where the Strong is betrothed to the Weak,
And the Stern in sweet marriage is blent with the Meek,

Rings the concord harmonious, tender and strong:
So be it with thee if, for ever united,
The heart to the heart flows in one, love-delighted!
Illusion is brief, but repentance is long.

Lovely, thither are they bringing,
With her virgin wreath, the Bride!
To the love-feast clearly ringing,
Toll the church-bells far and wide!
With that sweetest holyday
Must the May of life depart;
With the cestus loosed, away
Flies illusion from the heart!
Yet Love lingers lonely,
When Passion is mute;
And the blossoms may only
Give way to the fruit.
The Husband must enter
The hostile life,—
With struggle and strife
To plant or to watch,
To snare or to snatch,
To pray and importune,
Must wager and venture
And hunt down his fortune.
Then flows in a current the gear and the gain,
And the garners are fill'd with the gold of the grain,—
Now a yard to the court, now a wing to the centre.
Within sits another,—
The thrifty Housewife,
The Mild One, the Mother,—
Her home is her life.
In its circle she rules;
And the daughters she schools,
And she cautions the boys;
With a bustling command
And a diligent hand,

Employ'd, she employs,
Gives orders to store,
And the much makes the more;
Locks the chest and the wardrobe with lavender smelling;
And the hum of the spindle goes quick through the dwelling;
And she hoards in the presses, well polish'd and full,
The snow of the linen, the shine of the wool;
Blends the useful and sweet, and from care and endeavour
Rests never.

Blithe the Master (where the while
From his roof he sees them smile)
Eyes the lands, and counts the gain.
There the beams projecting far
And the laden storehouse are,
And the granaries bow'd beneath
The blessed golden grain;
There in undulating motion
Wave the corn-fields like an ocean;
Proud the boast the proud lips breathe,—
"My house is built upon a rock,
And sees unmoved the stormy shock
Of waves that fret below."—
What chain so strong, what girth so great,
To bind the giant form of Fate?
Swift are the steps of Woe!

V.

Now the casting may begin!
See the breach indented there!
Ere we run the fusion in,
Halt, and speed the pious prayer!
Pull the plug out!
See, around and about,
What vapour, what vapour, God help us! has risen
Ha! the flame like a torrent leaps forth from its prison.

What friend is like the might of fire
When men can watch and wield the ire?
Whate'er we shape or work we owe
Still to that heaven-descended glow.
But dread the heaven-descended glow
When from their chain its wild wings go;
When where it listeth, wide and wild,
Sweeps forth free Nature's free-born child!
When the frantic One fleets,
While no force can withstand,
Through the populous streets
Whirling ghastly the brand:
For the Elements hate
What Man's labours create
And the works of his hand.
Impartially out from the cloud
Or the curse or the blessing may fall!
Benignantly out from the cloud
Come the dews, the revivers of all;
Avengingly out from the cloud
Come the levin, the bolt, and the ball.
Hark! a wail from the steeple! Aloud
The Bell shrills its voice to the crowd!
Look! look! red as blood
All on high!
It is not the daylight that fills with its flood
The sky.
What a clamour awaking
Roars up through the street!
What a hell-vapour breaking
Rolls on through the street!
And higher and higher
Aloft moves the column of Fire!
Through the vistas and rows
Like a whirlwind it goes,
And the air like the steam from a furnace glows.
Beams are cracking, posts are shrinking,

Walls are sinking, windows clinking,
Children crying,
Mothers flying,
And the beast (the black ruin yet smouldering under)
Yells the howl of its pain and its ghastly wonder.
Hurry and skurry! away! away!
The face of the night is as clear as the day.
As the links in a chain,
Again and again
Flies the bucket from hand to hand;
High in arches up-pushing,
The engines are gushing,
And the flood, as a beast on the prey that it hounds,
With a roar on the breast of the element bounds.
To the grain and the fruits,
Through the rafters and beams,
Through the barns and the garners it crackles and streams!
As if they would rend up the earth from its roots,
Rush the flames to the sky,
Giant-high!
And at length,
Wearied out and despairing man bows to their strength,
With an idle gaze seeing their wrath consume,
And submits to his doom.—
Desolate
The place, and dread!
For storms the barren bed!
In the blank voids, that cheerful casements were,
Comes to and fro the melancholy air,
And sits Despair;
And through the ruin, blackening in its shroud,
Peers as it flits the melancholy cloud.

One human glance of grief upon the grave
Of all that Fortune gave
The loiterer takes, then turns him to depart,
And grasps the wanderer's staff, and mans his heart.

Whatever else the element bereaves,
One blessing, more than all it reft, it leaves,—
The faces that he loves: he counts them o'er;
See! not one look is missing from that store.

VI.

Now, clasp'd the Bell within the clay,
The mould the mingled metals fill:
O, may it, sparkling into day,
Reward the labour and the skill!
Alas! should it fail,—
For the mould may be frail;
And still with our hope must be mingled the fear,—
And even now, while we speak the mishap may be near.

To the dark womb of sacred earth
This labour of our hands is given,
As seeds that wait the second birth
And turn to blessings, watch'd by heaven;
As seeds (how dearer far than they!)
We bury in the dismal tomb,
Where Hope and Sorrow bend to pray
That suns beyond the realm of day
May warm them into bloom.

From the steeple
Tolls the Bell
Deep and heavy
The death-knell!
Guiding with dirge-note, solemn, sad, and slow,
To the last home earth's weary wanderers know.
It is that worship'd Wife!
It is that faithful Mother!
Whom the dark Prince of Shadows leads benighted
From that dear arm where oft she hung delighted,
Far from those blithe companions born
Of her, and blooming in their morn,

On whom, when couch'd her heart above,
So often look'd the Mother Love!

Ah! rent the sweet Home's union band!
And, never never more to come,
She dwells within the shadowy land
Who was the Mother of that Home!
How oft they miss that tender guide,—
The care, the watch, the face, the Mother!
And where she sate the babes beside
Sits, with unloving looks, Another.

VII.

While the mass is cooling now,
Let the labour yield to leisure!
As the bird upon the bough,
Loose the travail to the pleasure!
When the soft stars awaken,
Each task be forsaken!
And the vesper-bell lulling the earth into peace,
If the Master still toil, chimes the workman's release.

Homeward from the tasks of day,
Through the green-wood's welcome way
Wends the workman, blithe and cheerly,
To the cottage loved so dearly;
And the eye and ear are meeting—
Now the slow sheep homeward bleating,
Now, the wonted shelter near,
Lowing the lusty-fronted steer,—
Creaking now the heavy wain
Reels with the happy harvest grain,
While with many-colour'd leaves
Glitters the garland on the sheaves:
For the reaper's work is done,
And the young folk's dance begun!
Desert street! and quiet mart!
Silence is in the City's heart;

And the social taper lighteth
Each dear face that Home uniteth;
While the gate the town before
Heavily swings with sullen roar.

Though darkness is spreading
O'er earth, the Upright
And the Honest undreading
Look safe on the Night,
Which the evil man watches in awe:
For the eye of the Night is the Law.

Bliss-dower'd, O daughter of the skies!
Hail! holy Order! whose employ
Blends like to like in light and joy:
Builder of cities! who of old
Call'd the wild man from waste and wold;
And, in his hut thy presence stealing,
Roused each familiar household feeling,
And, best of all, the happy ties,
The centre of the social band—
THE INSTINCT OF THE FATHER-LAND!

United thus, each helping each,
Brisk work the countless hands for ever:
For nought its power to Strength can teach
Like Emulation and Endeavour.
Thus link'd, the master with the man,
Each in his rights can each revere;
And, while they march in Freedom's van,
Scorn the lewd rout that dogs the rear.
With Freedom labour is renown:
Who works gives blessings and commands.
Kings glory in the orb and crown;
Be ours the glory of our hands!

Long in these walls, long may we greet
Your footfalls, Peace! and Concord sweet!

Distant the day, O! distant far
When the rude hordes of trampling War
Shall scare the silent vale;
And where
Now the sweet heaven, when day doth leave
The air,
Limns its soft rose-hues on the veil of Eve,
Shall the fierce war-brand tossing in the gale
O'er town and hamlet shake the horrent glare!

VIII.

Now, its destined task fulfill'd,
Asunder break the prison mould!
Let the goodly Bell we build
Eye and heart alike behold!
The hammer down heave
Till the cover it cleave!
For not till we shatter the wall of its cell
Can we lift from its darkness and bondage the Bell.

To break the mould the Master may,
If skill'd the hand and ripe the hour:
But woe! when on its fiery way
The metal seeks itself to pour.
Frantic and blind, with thunder-knell
Exploding from its shatter'd home,
And glaring forth as from a hell,
Behold the red Destruction come!
When rages strength that has not reason,
There breaks the mould before the season:
When numbers burst what bound before,
Woe to the State, that thrives no more!
Yea, woe! when in the City's heart
The latent spark to flame is blown,
And millions from their silence start
To claim without a guide their own.
Discordant howls the warning Bell,

Proclaiming discord wide and far,
And, born but things of peace to tell,
Becomes the ghastliest voice of war.
"Freedom! Equality!"—To blood
Rush the roused people at the sound!
Through street, hall, palace, roars the flood,
And banded murder closes round.
Hyæna shapes (that women were)
Jest with the horrors they survey;
They hound, they rend, they mangle there,
As panthers with their prey.
Nought rests to hallow,—burst the ties
Of life's sublime and reverent awe:
Before the Vice the Virtue flies,
And universal crime is Law.
Man fears the lion's kingly tread,
Man fears the tiger's fangs of terror;
And still the dreadest of the dread
Is Man himself in error.
No torch, though lit from heaven, illumes
The Blind: why place it in his hand?
It lights not him; it but consumes
The City and the Land.

IX.

Rejoice! and laud the prospering skies!
The kernel bursts its husk. Behold
From the dull clay the metal rise,
Pure-shining as a star of gold!
Rim and crown glitter bright,
Like the sun's flash of light,
And even the 'scutcheon, clear-graven, shall tell
That the art of a Master has fashion'd the Bell.

Come in! come in!
My merry men!—We'll form a ring,

The new-born labour christening,—
And CONCORD we will name her!
To union may her heart-felt call
In brother-love attune us all!
May she the destined glory win
For which the Master sought to frame her!
Aloft (all earth's existence under)
In blue-pavilion'd heaven afar
To dwell, the Neighbour of the Thunder,
The Borderer of the Star.
Be hers, above, a voice to raise
Like those bright hosts in yonder sphere
Who, while they move, their Maker praise,
And lead around the wreathèd year!
To solemn and eternal things
We dedicate her lip sublime!
As hourly calmly on she swings
Fann'd by the fleeting wings of Time,
No pulse, no heart, no feeling hers,
She lends the warning voice to Fate,
And still companions while she stirs
The changes of the Human State:
So may she teach us, as her tone,
But now so mighty, melts away,
That earth no life which earth has known
From the last silence can delay!

Slowly now the cords upheave her;
From her earth-grave soars the Bell.
'Mid the airs of heaven we leave her,
In the Music-Realm to dwell.
Up! upward! yet raise!—
She has risen; she sways.
Fair Bell! to our City bode joy and increase!
And O! may thy first sound be hallow'd to Peace!

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

THEKLA'S SONG.

The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar,
The damsel paces along the shore;
The billows they tumble with might, with might;
And she flings out her voice to the darksome night;
Her bosom is swelling with sorrow;—
"The world it is empty, the heart will die,
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky;
Thou Holy One! call thy child away!
I have lived and loved, and that was to-day——
Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow!"

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE RING OF POLYCRATES.

He stood upon his palace-wall.
His proud eye wander'd over all
The wealth of Samos, East and West.
"See! this is mine,—all this I govern!"
He said, addressing Egypt's Sovereign:
"Confess! my lot indeed is blest!"

"Yes! thou hast won the Gods' high favour,
For nobler men than thou, and braver,
Thy rivals once, are now thy slaves;
But, Fate will soon revenge the wrong.
I dare not call thee blest so long
As Heaven is just or Earth has graves!"

While yet he spake, behold! there came
A messenger in Milo's name:
"Health to the great Polycrates!
O King! braid laurels in thy hair,
And let new Pæans thrill the air,
And incense-offerings load the breeze!

"Spear-pierced, thy rebel foe lies dead;
Behold! I bear the traitor's head,

Sent by thy general, Polydore."—
Unrolling a dark shroud of cloth,
He bared, before the gaze of both,
A ghastly head, still dropping gore.

The Stranger King shrank back a pace,
Then said: "Thou art of mortal race;
On earth Success but heralds Ill.
Thou hast a fleet at sea: Beware!
For waves and winds heed no man's prayer,
And Tempest wakes at Neptune's will!"

But hark! a loud, a deafening shout
Of welcome from the throng without!
"Joy! joy!" The fleet so long away,
So long away, so long awaited,
At last is come, and richly freighted
Casts anchor in the exulting bay.

The Royal Guest hears all, astounded:
"Thy triumphs, truly, seem unbounded,
But are they? No! Thy star will set;
The javelins of the Cretan hordes
Strike surer home than Samian swords,
And thou must fall before them yet!"

Even while he warns, again rejoice
The crowd with one tumultuous voice:
"Hurrah! Dread Sovereign! live alway!
The war is over. Lo, the storms
Have wreck'd thy foes! The savage swarms
Of Crete and Thrace are Neptune's prey."

"It is enough!" exclaim'd the Guest:
"Blind Mortal! call thyself The Blest!
Feel all that Pride and Conquest can!
I here predict thine overthrow,

For perfect bliss unstarr'd with woe,
Came never yet from God to Man.

"I too have been most fortunate:
At home, abroad, in camp and state,
The bounteous Gods long favour'd me;
Yet I have wept! My only-cherish'd,
My son died in my arms! He perish'd,
And paid my debt to Destiny.

"If thou, then, wilt propitiate Fate,
Pray God forthwith to adulterate
Thy Cup of Joy! In all my past
Experience never knew I One
Who too long fill'd a golden throne,
But Ruin crush'd the wretch at last!

"But if God will not hear thy prayer,
Then woo Misfortune by some snare,
Even as the fowler sets his gin.
Hast here some jewel, some rare treasure,
Thou lovèst, prizest beyond measure?
The sea rolls yonder;—hurl it in!"

Replied the Host, now seized with fear,
"My realm hath nought I hold so dear
As this resplendent opal ring;
If that may calm the Furies' wrath,
Behold! I cast it in their path;"—
And forth he flung the glittering thing.

But when the morn again was come,
There stood without the palace-dome
A fisher with his teeming flasket,
Who cried: "Great King! thy days be pleasant!
Thou wilt not scorn my humble present,
This fish, the choicest in my basket."

And ere the mid-day meal the cook,
With joy and wonder in his look,
Rush'd in, and fell before his Master;
"O glorious Victor! matchless King!
Within the fish I found thy ring:
Thou wast not born to know Disaster."

Hereon uprose the Guest in dread:
"I tarry here too long," he said;—
"O prosperous wretch! my friend no more!
The Gods have will'd thy swift perdition!
I will not bide the Avenger's mission!"
He spake, and straightway left the shore.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

A SAYING OF CONFUCIUS.

The steps of Time have a threefold gait:
Loitering slow the Future advances;
Arrow-swift by the Present glances;
Ever the Past holds its fix'd estate.

No impatient thought can wing it
When its lingering feet delay;
Fear nor doubt to pause can bring it
As it speeds away;
Nor magic charm nor guilt's distress
Avails to move the motionless.

Wouldst thou with the Blest and Wise
End the course before thee lies,—
Let the Loiterer counsel read,
But ne'er be partner of thy deed!
Choose not as friend with the Flying to go!
And make not the Unchangeable thy foe!

NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

1787—1862.

THE BOY OF THE MOUNTAIN.

A shepherd boy
On the mountain am I;
I see over turret, I see over town;
I catch the gleam
Of the sun's first beam,
With me he stays longest before he goes down:
For I am the Boy of the Mountain!

To the river's home
In the rock I come,
Drink fresh from the fountain,—no goblet for me;
And as onward it goes,
Where faster it flows,
We wrestle together,—brave playmates are we:
For I am the Boy of the Mountain!

Up the mountain side
(My own, my pride)
The whirlwinds circle and hurry along;
They roar aloud
From the tempest cloud,
But above the hurtle is heard the song—
"I am the Boy of the Mountain!"

The lightning and thunder
They pass me under,
While I stand high in the blue up there;
Like friends I know them,
And call unto them
My father's home in the valley to spare,—
For I am the Boy of the Mountain!

Once was sounded well
The alarum bell,

And the beacon fires blazed many and strong;
Then down I leapt,
In the ranks I stept,
And swung my sword and sang my song—
"I am the Boy of the Mountain!"

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

SPIRITS EVERYWHERE.

Many a summer is dead and buried
Since over this flood I last was ferried;
And then, as now, the Noon lay bright
On strand and water and castled height.

Beside me then in this bark sat nearest
Two companions the best and dearest;
One was a gentle and thoughtful sire,
The other a youth with a soul of fire.

One, outworn by Care and Illness,
Sought the grave of the Just in stillness;
The other's shroud was the bloody rain
And thunder-smoke of the battle plain.

Yet still, when Memory's necromancy
Robes the Past in the hues of Fancy,
Medreameth I hear and see the Twain
With talk and smiles at my side again!

Even the grave is a bond of union;
Spirit and spirit best hold communion!
Seen through Faith, by the Inward Eye,
It is after life they are truly nigh!

Then, ferryman! take this coin, I pray thee!
Thrice thy fare I cheerfully pay thee;
For, though thou seèst them not, there stand
Anear me Two from the Phantom land!

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

KARL THEODOR KOERNER.

1791—1813.

THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

Sword! on my left side gleaming,
What means thy bright eye's beaming?
It makes my spirit dance
To see thy friendly glance.
Hurrah!

"A valiant rider bears me;—
A free-born German wears me:
That makes my eye so bright,
That is the Sword's delight."
Hurrah!

Yes! good Sword! I am free,
And love thee heartily;
And clasp thee by my side
Even as a plighted bride.
Hurrah!

"And I to thee, by Heaven,
My light steel life have given:
When shall the knot be tied?
When wilt thou take thy Bride?"
Hurrah!

The trumpet's solemn warning
Shall hail the bridal morning;
When cannon-thunders wake,
Then my True Love I take.
Hurrah!

"O blessed blessed meeting!
My heart is wildly beating:
Come, Bridegroom! come for me!
My garland waiteth thee."
Hurrah!

Why in the scabbard rattle,
So wild, so fierce for battle?
What means this restless glow?
My Sword! why clatter so?
Hurrah!

"Well may thy prisoner rattle:
My spirit yearns for battle.
Rider! 'tis war's wild glow
That makes me tremble so."
Hurrah!

Stay in thy chamber near,
My Love! what wilt thou here?
Still in thy chamber bide!
Soon, soon I take my Bride.
Hurrah!

"Let me no longer wait!
Love's garden blooms in state
With roses bloody-red,
And many a bright death-bed."
Hurrah!

Now then come forth, my Bride!
Come forth, thou Rider's Pride!
Come out, my good Sword! come
Forth from thy father's home!
Hurrah!

"O in the field to prance
The glorious wedding dance!
How, in the sun's bright beams,
Bride-like the clear steel gleams!"
Hurrah!

Then forward! valiant fighters!
And forward! German riders!

And, when the heart grows cold,
Let each his Love enfold!
Hurrah!

Once on the left it hung,
And stolen glances flung;
Now clearly on your right
Doth God each fond Bride plight.
Hurrah!

Then let your hot lips feel
That virgin cheek of steel!
One kiss! and woe betide
Him who forsakes the Bride!
Hurrah!

Now let the Loved One sing!
Now let the clear blade ring
Till the bright sparks shall fly,
Heralds of victory!
Hurrah!

For hark! the trumpet's warning
Proclaims the marriage-morning;
It dawns in festal pride:
Hurrah! thou Iron Bride!
Hurrah!

CHARLES TIMOTHY BROOKS.

HEINRICH HEINE.

1797—1856.

BY THE FISHER'S COTTAGE.

We sat by the fisher's cottage,
And look'd at the stormy tide;
The evening mist came rising,
And floating far and wide.

One by one in the light-house
The lamps shone out on high;
And far on the dim horizon
A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck,
Of sailors who live on the deep,
And how between sky and water,
And terror and joy, they sweep.

We spoke of distant countries
In regions strange and fair,
And of the wondrous beings
And curious customs there;

Of perfumes and lights on the Ganges,
Where trees like giants tower,
And of beautiful silent beings
Who kneel to the Lotus-flower;

Of the wretched dwarfs of Lapland,
Broad-headed, wide-mouth'd, and small,
Who crouch round their oil-fires, cooking,
And chatter and scream and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listen'd,
Till at last we spoke no more.
The ship like a shadow had vanish'd,
And darkness fell deep on the shore.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

A PRAYER.

Thou art like a lovely floweret,
So void of guile or art,—
I gaze upon thy beauty,
And grief steals o'er my heart.

I fain would lay, devoutly,
My hands upon thy brow,
And pray that God will keep thee
As good and fair as now.

C. G. L.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.

The moon is high in heaven,
And shimmers o'er the sea;
And my heart throbs like my Dear One's
As she silently sits by me.

With my arm around the Darling,
I rest upon the strand:
"What sound is in the night-wind?
Why trembles your snow-white hand?"

"Those are no evening breezes;
But the mermaids singing low,—
The mermaids, once my sisters,
Who were drown'd so long ago."

C. G. L.

THE LORELEY.

I know not what evil is coming,
  But my heart feels sad and cold;
A song in my head keeps humming,
  A tale from the times of old.

The air is fresh and it darkles,
  And smoothly flows the Rhine;
The peak of the mountain sparkles
  In the fading sunset-shine.

The loveliest wonderful Maiden
  On high is sitting there,
With golden jewels braiden,—
  And she combs her golden hair.

With a golden comb sits combing,
  And ever the while sings she
A marvelous song, through the gloaming,
  Of magical melody.

It hath caught the boatman, and bound him
  In the spell of a wild sad love;
He sees not the rocks around him,—
  He sees only her above.

The waves through the pass sweep, swinging,
  But boatman or boat is none:—
And this with her mighty singing
  The Loreley hath done.

JAMES THOMSON.

THE PICTURE.

I stood, on her picture gazing,
And backward my dark dreams ran,
And the dear dear face before me
To live somehow began.

Her lips, around them gather'd
A smile in some wondrous wise,
And tears as of yearning sadness
Stood glistening in her eyes.

And down my cheeks the tears too
Flow'd on in unbidden stream;
And O, that I've lost thee, Darling!
Seems only a wilder'd dream.

THEODORE MARTIN.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

1810—1876.

THE SPECTRE CARAVAN.

'Twas midnight in the Desert, where we rested on the ground;
There my Beddaweens were sleeping and their steeds were
  stretch'd around;

In the farness lay the moonlight on the Mountains of the Nile,
And the camel-bones that strew'd the sands for many an arid mile.

With my saddle for a pillow did I prop my weary head,
And my kaftan-cloth unfolded o'er my limbs was lightly spread,
While beside me, as the Kapitan and watchman of my band,
Lay my Bazra sword and pistols twain a-shimmering on the sand.

And the stillness was unbroken, save at moments by a cry
From some stray belated vulture sailing blackly down the sky,
Or the snortings of a sleeping steed at waters fancy-seen,
Or the hurried warlike mutterings of some dreaming Beddaween.

When, behold!—a sudden sandquake,—and between the earth and moon
Rose a mighty Host of Shadows, as from out some dim lagoon;
Then our coursers gasp'd with terror, and a thrill shook every man;
And the cry was—"Allah Akbar! 'tis the Spectre Caravan!"

On they came, their hueless faces toward Mecca evermore;
On they came, long files of camels, and of women whom they bore,
Guides, and merchants, youthful maidens bearing pitchers in their hands,
And behind them troops of horsemen following, sumless as the sands!

More and more! the phantom-pageant overshadow'd all the plains;
Yea! the ghastly camel-bones arose, and grew to camel-trains;

And the whirling column-clouds of sand to forms in dusky garbs,—
Here a-foot as Hadjee pilgrims, there as warriors on their barbs!

Whence we knew the Night was come when all whom Death had sought and found,
Long ago amid the sands whereon their bones yet bleach around,
Rise by legions from the darkness of their prisons low and lone,
And in dim procession march to kiss the Kaaba's Holy Stone.

And yet more, and more for ever!—still they swept in pomp along,
Till I ask'd me,—Can the Desert hold so vast a muster-throng?
Lo! the Dead are here in myriads; the whole World of Hades waits,
As with eager wish to press beyond the Babelmandeb Straits!

Then I spake: "Our steeds are frantic: To your saddles, every one!
Never quail before these Shadows! You are children of the Sun!
If their garments rustle past you, if their glances reach you here,
Cry Bismillah! and that mighty Name shall banish every fear.

"Courage comrades! Even now the moon is waning far a-West,—
Soon the welcome Dawn will mount the skies, in gold and crimson vest,—
And in thinnest air will melt away those phantom shapes forlorn,
When again upon your brows you feel the odour-winds of Morn!"

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

Polish.

ADAM MICKIEWICZ.

1798—1855.

ODE TO YOUTH.

O Peoples! heartless, soulless skeletons!—
O Youth! give me thy wings,
That I may mount aloft from this dread earth
And soar to where Enthusiasm flings
Its light on nobler things,
Waking new blossoms of most wondrous worth,
And blessing Hope with dreams of her belovèd ones.

For him whose sight is nigh eclipsed by age,
Whose wrinkled brow is bow'd unto the ground,
Be his pale vision's bound
The scant horizon of a measured page!

But, Youth! thy vigorous sight
Should leap beyond the earth and sun-like wend
Thorough the path of life, from height to height,
From end to end.

Look down, on yonder chaos whose dark girth
Is wrapp'd in sluggishness as in a fog!
It is the Earth.

And lo, on that dread ocean, like a log,
Floats some strange reptile shell'd in shapeless rind,
Itself its ship, its pilot, and its helm,
Feeding on what less reptiles it can find,
Now on the wave-top, now deep in the whelm,
All heedless of the unheeding tempest's shock.
Now bubble-like it bursts against a rock:
And no one of its life or burial wist.
Behold the Egotist!

Youth! the nectar of my life
Is only sweet when it is shared by others.
Let friendship's golden skein entwine you, brothers!
And heaven-like joys shall in your hearts be rife.

Together then, young friends!
Each one is happy in united ends,
And strong; and in enthusiasm wise.
Together then, young friends!
Nor is he hapless who nears not the aim.
Enthusiasm leading him, he dies,
In mid career struck down; his brethren rise
O'er him, as on a stair, toward eternal fame.

Together then, young friends!
Though steep and slippery be the path,
Though Violence or Weakness you prevent:
Let Wrath be vanquish'd by diviner Wrath,
And wrestle in youth with Weakness, till her charms be spent!
Who could with baby hands the serpents quell
Can grapple with the Centaur in his prime;
Will bring back victims from the throat of Hell;
And reach at last to Heaven's wreath sublime.
So reach thou far beyond the grasp of sight!
Burst through what thy mere reason can not pierce!
Youth! be thy soaring like the eagle's flight;
Thy arm a thunderbolt, so swift and fierce.

Hurrah! foot set to foot, with mighty hands
Our arms shall bind the sphere.
Our thoughts concentre here;
Our souls one will commands.
We'll tear this lump of earth from its deep base,
And push the sluggard on a newer track;
Rend off its mouldy rind, and give it back
Its Spring of life, fresh as our youthful grace.

Over dark chaos and the void of eld,
Confusion with confusion wildly blent,
God's Word forth went:
And lo, the worlds appear'd, in space upheld.
Shouted the hurricane, the waters leap'd,
And myriad stars the heavens in splendour steep'd.
So in the nations' hearts is darkness now,
Will, like the elements, 'gainst will contending;
But the divinity of Youth its brow
Uplifts: the nation's agony is ending.
The new world issues from the gloom,
In love henceforth upon its bright path wending,
And by Love's power upheld through the eternal doom.
Light driveth down the sky the cloudy rack
Of error; feeling bursts its icy bar.
Welcome, thrice welcome, Freedom's Morning Star!
The Saviour Sun close follows on thy track.

W. J. LINTON.

MORNING.

From the gaunt peaks the sailing vapours go;
Like prayers, the harvests murmur in the wind;
Bow'd woods salute the sun; like garnets glow
Their fiery fruits, in massy foliage shrined;
The meadows wave with flowers; through all the air
Bright butterflies, the animated spray
Of diamond fountains, rise and fall;—lo! where
The banded locusts darken o'er their prey.
The bald-brow'd rock frowns sternly on the wave;
The waters chafe, and in their angry foam
Sports a wild splendour, as in tigers' eyes,
And gleams with wrath and hurricane to come!
But the far sea is hush'd, and calm and grave
As a proud swan each snowy vessel lies.

RICHARD GARNETT.

EVENING.

Crowds stream out from the mosques, the Izan's sound
Dies in the evening hush; the Western skies
Crimson like virgins; rising silver-crown'd,
The queenly Moon to Night's embraces hies;
Those deathless odalisques of heaven's hareem,
The Stars, unveil; a lonely cloud is roll'd
Past by the wind, as bears an azure stream
A sleeping swan's white plumage, fringed with gold.
Cypress and minar shades here blended lie;
Here giant rocks high council seem to keep,
Like Eblis' senate, glooming all the mead;
Sometimes a lightning, kindling by their steeps,
Furrows the silent space of sapphire sky,
Like a lone Arab flying on his steed.

R. G.

SADNESS.

Eastward the sun arises, clad in gold;
Westward the waning moonbeam disappears;
Like spreading fires, the rose's buds unfold;
The violet droops, borne down by dewy tears.
My Laura, from her casement, bright and glad,
Shines forth upon me,—on my knees I bow;
Winding her golden tresses, "Why so sad
The moon," she asks,—"the violet, and Thou?"
'Tis eve: how changed! With added glory burns
The orient moon; and, now no more forlorn,
The violet drinks the sweet reviving breeze.
And Laura to her oriel returns
In lovelier garb, with dearer charms; and sees
Me sad as erst she saw me in the morn.

R. G.

Russian.

THE PLAINT OF THE WIFE.

THE WIFE.

Fain would I be sleeping, dreaming :
Heavy lies my head upon the pillow.
Up and down the passage goes my husband's father,
Angrily about it keeps he pacing.

CHORUS.

Thumping, scolding, thumping, scolding,—
Never lets his daughter sleep.

FATHER-IN-LAW.

Up, up, up, thou sloven there!
Up, up, up, thou sluggard there!
Slovenly, slatternly, sluggardish slut!

THE WIFE.

Fain would I be sleeping, dreaming :
Heavy lies my head upon the pillow.
Up and down the passage goes my husband's mother,
Angrily about it keeps she pacing.

CHORUS.

Thumping, scolding, thumping, scolding,—
Never lets her daughter sleep.

MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Up, up, up! thou sloven there!
Up, up, up! thou sluggard there!
Slovenly, slatternly, sluggardish slut!

THE WIFE.

Fain would I be sleeping, dreaming :
Heavy lies my head upon the pillow.
Up and down the passage steals my well-beloved One,—
All so lightly, softly, keeps he whispering.

THE LOVER.

Sleep, sleep, sleep, my darling One!
Sleep, sleep, sleep, my precious One!
Driven out, thrown away, married too soon!

W. R. S. RALSTON.

SORROW.

Whither shall I, the fair maiden, flee from Sorrow?
If I fly from Sorrow into the dark forest,—
After me runs Sorrow with an axe:
"I will fell, I will fell the green oaks;
I will seek, I will find the fair maiden."
If I fly from Sorrow into the open field,—
After me runs Sorrow with a scythe:
"I will mow, I will mow the open field;
I will seek, I will find the fair maiden."
Whither then shall I flee from Sorrow?
If I rush from Sorrow into the blue sea,—
After me comes Sorrow as a huge fish;
"I will drink, I will swallow the blue sea;
I will seek, I will find the fair maiden."
If I seek refuge from Sorrow in marriage,—
Sorrow follows me as my dowry;
If I take to my bed to escape from Sorrow,—
Sorrow sits beside my pillow;
And when I shall have fled from Sorrow into the damp earth,—
Sorrow will come after me with a spade.
Then will Sorrow stand over me, and cry triumphantly,
"I have driven, I have driven, the maiden into the damp earth!"

W. R. S. R.

LOVE-SONG.

The little wild birds have come flying
From beyond the sea, the blue sea;
The little birds go fluttering

About the bushes, over the open field :
All have their mates and rejoice in love.
Only the good youth, Alexàndrushka,
A homeless orphan in the wide world,
Grieves like a pining cuckoo,
And melts away in burning tears.
The poor lad has no one,
No one in the wide world to fondle him,—
No one ever brings joy to the orphan,
Uttering words of kind endearment.
Should he go out into the open field,
There to trample under foot his cares,
His misery and his bitter longing,
His longing and his misery not to be shaken off,—
Or should he go out into the dark forest,
His sorrow will not fly away.
The heart of the good youth
Is eaten up with care ;
He fades, he withers in his loneliness,
Like a blade of grass in the midst of a wild plain.
To the youth not even God's light is dear.
But Dunya dear has taken pity
On the poor fellow, on the orphan ;
She has caress'd the homeless One,
She has spoken to him terms of endearment,—
The beautiful maiden has fallen in love
With the lad Alexàndrushka.
She has cover'd him with her silken veil,
She has call'd him her darling, her Belovèd One :
And his sorrow and sighing have pass'd away.

W. R. S. R.

Servian.

THE BUILDING OF SKADRA.

Brothers three combined to build a fortress,
Brothers three, the brothers Mrljavchèvich.
Kral Vukàshin was the eldest brother;
And the second was Uglèsha-Voivode;
And the third, the youngest brother, Goiko.
Full three years they labour'd at the fortress,
Skadra's fortress on Bojàna's river;
Full three years three hundred workmen labour'd.
Vain th' attempt to fix the wall's foundation,
Vainer still to elevate the fortress:
Whatsoe'er at eve had raised the workmen
Did the Vila raze ere dawn of morning.

When the fourth year had begun its labours,
Lo! the Vila from the forest mountain
Call'd: "Thou King Vukàshin! vain thine efforts!
Vain thine efforts, all thy treasures wasting!
Never, never wilt thou build the fortress,
If thou find not two same-titled beings,
If thou find not Stojan and Stojàna:
And these two, these two young twins so loving,
They must be immured in the foundation.
Thus alone will the foundations serve thee:
Thus alone canst thou erect thy fortress!"

When Vukàshin heard the Vila's language,
Soon he call'd to Dèssimir, his servant:
"Listen, Dèssimir, my trusty servant!
Thou hast been my trusty servant ever;
Thou shalt be my son from this day onward.

Fasten thou my coursers to my chariot!
Load it with six lasts of golden treasures!
Travel through the whole wide world, and bring me,
Bring me back those two same-titled beings!
Bring me back that pair of twins so loving!
Bring me hither Stojan and Stojàna!
Steal them, if with gold thou canst not buy them!
Bring them here to Skadra or Bojàna!
We'll inter them in the wall's foundation:
So the wall's foundations will be strengthen'd;
So we shall build up our Skadra's fortress."

Dèssimir obey'd his master's mandate;
Fasten'd, straight, the horses to the chariot;
Fill'd it with six lasts of golden treasures;
Through the whole wide world the trusty servant
Wander'd, asking for these same-named beings,
For the twins, for Stojan and Stojàna:
Full three years he sought them,—sought them vainly:
Nowhere could he find these same-named beings:
Nowhere found he Stojan and Stojàna.
Then he hasten'd homewards to his master;
Gave the king his horses and his chariot:
Gave him his six lasts of golden treasures:
"Here, my sovereign! are thy steeds and chariot;
Here thou hast thy lasts of golden treasures!
Nowhere could I find those same-named beings:
Nowhere found I Stojan and Stojàna."

When Vukàshin had dismiss'd his servant,
Straight he call'd his builder, master Rado:
Rado call'd on his three hundred workmen;
And they built up Skadra on Bojàna;
But at even did the Vila raze it.
Vainly did they raise the wall's foundation,—
Vainly seek to build up Skadra's fortress.
And the Vila, from the mountain-forest,

Cried, "Vukàshin! listen! listen to me!
Thou dost spill thy wealth, and waste thy labour:
Vainly seek'st to fix the wall's foundations,—
Vainly seek'st to elevate the fortress.
Listen now to me! Ye are three brothers:
Each a faithful wife at home possesses:—
Her who comes to-morrow to Bojàna,
Her who brings the rations to the workmen,
Her immure within the wall's foundations!
So shall the foundations fix them firmly:
So shalt thou erect Bojàna's fortress."

When the king Vukàshin heard the Vila,
Both his brothers speedily he summon'd:
"Hear my words, now hear my words, my brothers!
From the forest-hill the Vila told me,
That we should no longer waste our treasures
In the vain attempt to raise the fortress
On a shifting, insecure foundation.
Said the Vila of the forest-mountain,—
'Each of you a faithful wife possesses;
Each a faithful bride that keeps your dwellings:
Her who to the fortress comes to-morrow,
Her who brings their rations to the workmen,
Her immure within the wall's foundations!
So will the foundations bear the fortress:
So Bojàna's fortress be erected!'
Now then, brothers! in God's holy presence
Let each swear to keep the awful secret,—
Leave to chance whose fate 'twill be to-morrow
First to wend her way to Skadra's river!"
And each brother swore, in God's high presence,
From his wife to keep the awful secret.

When the night had on the earth descended,
Each one hasten'd to his own white dwelling;
Each one shared the sweet repast of evening;
Each one sought his bed of quiet slumber.

Lo! there happen'd then a wondrous marvel!
First, Vukàshin on his oath he trampled,
Whispering to his wife the awful secret:
"Shelter thee, my faithful wife! be shelter'd!
Go not thou to-morrow to Bojàna!
Bring not to the workmen food to-morrow!
Else, my Fair! thy early life 'twill cost thee:
And beneath the walls they will immure thee!"

On his oath too did Uglèsha trample!
And he gave his wife this early warning:
"Be not thou betray'd, sweet Love! to danger!
Go not thou to-morrow to Bojàna!
Carry not their rations to the workmen!
Else in earliest youth thy friend might lose thee:
Thou might'st be immured in the foundation!"

Faithful to his oath, young Goiko whisper'd
Not a breath to warn his lovely consort.

When the morning dawn'd upon the morrow,
All the brothers roused them at the day-break;
And each sped, as wont, to the Bojàna.

Now, behold! two young and noble women,—
They half-sisters, they the eldest sisters!
One is bringing up her snow-bleach'd linen,
Yet once more in summer sun to bleach it:
See! she comes on to the bleaching meadows;
There she stops,—she comes not one step farther.
Lo! the second, with a red clay pitcher;
Lo! she comes, she fills it at the streamlet;
There she talks with other women, lingers,—
Yes! she lingers,—comes not one step farther.

Goiko's youthful wife at home is tarrying,
For she has an infant in the cradle:

Not a full-moon old, the little nursling:
But the moment of repast approaches;
And her agèd mother then bestirs her;
Fain would call the serving maid, and bid her
Take the noon-tide meal to the Bojàna.
"Nay, not so!" said the young wife of Goiko;
"Stay, sit down in peace, I pray thee, mother!
Rock the little infant in his cradle!
I myself will bear the food to Skadra.
In the sight of God it were a scandal,
An affront and shame among all people,
If of three no one were found to bear it."

So she staid at home, the agèd mother;
And she rock'd the nursling in the cradle.
Then arose the youthful wife of Goiko;
Gave them the repast, and bade them forward!
Call'd around her all the serving maidens.
When they reach'd Bojàno's flowing river,
They were seen by Mrljavchèvich Goiko;
On his youthful wife, heart-rent, he threw him;
Flung his strong right arm around her body;
Kiss'd a thousand times her snowy forehead:
Burning tears stream'd swiftly from his eyelids,
As he spoke, in melancholy language:

"O my Wife, my Own! my full heart's-sorrow!
Didst thou never dream that thou must perish?
Why hast thou our little one abandon'd?
Who will bathe our little one, thou absent?
Who will bare the breast to feed the nursling?"
More, and more, and more, he fain would utter;
But the king allow'd it not. Vukàshin,
By her white hand seizes her, and summons
Master Rado,—he the master-builder;
And he summons his three hundred workmen,

But the young-espoused One smiles, and deems it
All a laughing jest,—no fear o'ercame her.
Gathering round her, the three hundred workmen
Pile the stones and pile the beams about her.
They have now immured her to the girdle.

Higher rose the walls and beams, and higher;
Then the wretch first saw the fate prepared her,
And she shriek'd aloud in her despairing,—
In her woe implored her husband's brothers.

"Can ye think of God? have ye no pity?
Can ye thus immure me, young and healthful?"
But in vain, in vain were her entreaties;
And her brothers left her thus imploring.

Shame and fear succeeded then to censure,
And she piteously invoked her husband:
"Can it, can it be, my lord and husband!
That so young thou, reckless, would'st immure me?
Let us go and seek my agèd mother!
Let us go,—my mother she is wealthy;
She will buy a slave,—a man or woman,
To be buried in the wall's foundations."

When the mother-wife, the wife and mother,
Found her earnest plaints and prayers neglected,
She address'd herself to Neimar Rado:
"In God's name, my brother Neimar Rado!
Leave a window for this snowy bosom!
Let this snowy bosom heave it freely!
When my voiceless Jovo shall come near me,
When he comes, O let him drain my bosom!"
Rado bade the workmen all obey her,
Leave a window for that snowy bosom,—
Let that snowy bosom heave it freely
When her voiceless Jovo shall come near her!
When he comes, he'll drink from out her bosom.

Once again she cried to Neimar Rado :
" Neimar Rado ! in God's name, my brother !
Leave for these mine eyes a little window,
That these eyes may see our own white dwelling,
When my Jovo shall be brought toward me,
When my Jovo shall be carried homeward ! "
Rado bade the workmen all obey her,
Leave for those bright eyes a little window,—
That her eyes may see her own white dwelling,
When they bring her infant Jovo to her,
When they take the infant Jovo homeward.

So they built the heavy wall about her,
And then brought the infant in his cradle,
Which a long long while his mother suckled.
Then her voice grew feeble,—then was silent ;
Still the stream flow'd forth and fed the infant ;
Full a year he hung upon her bosom,—
Still the stream flow'd forth,—and still it floweth.
Women, when the life-stream dies within them,
Thither come,—the place retains its virtue ;
Thither come, to still their crying infants.

JOHN BOWRING.

THE HOLY NICHOLAS.

God of mercy ! what a wondrous wonder !
Such a wonder ne'er before was witness'd.
In Saint Paul's, within the holy cloister,
Gather'd round a golden table, seated
In three ranks, the saints are all collected ;
O'er them sits the thunderer Elias ;
In the midst are Sava and Maria ;
At the ends are Petka and Nedèlia ;
And their health the holy Nicholas pledges,
Pledges them their health to Jesus' glory.

But behold, behold the Saint!—he slumbers;
From his hand the cup of wine has fallen,
Fallen from it on the golden table:
Yet the wine's unspilt,—the cup unbroken.
Then laughed out the thunderer Elias:
"O my brother! O thou holy Nicholas!
Often drank we cooling wine together;
But it was our duty not to slumber,
Not to drop the cup. And tell me, brother!
Why to-day does slumber's power subdue thee?"

Him thus answer'd Nicholas the holy:
"Jest not thus with me, thou sainted thunderer!
For I fell asleep, and dream'd three hundred—
Dream'd three hundred friars had embark'd them
In one vessel on the azure ocean,—
Bearing offerings to the Holy Mountain,
Offerings,—golden wax, and snowy incense.
From the clouds there broke a furious tempest,
Lash'd the blue waves of the trembling ocean,
Scooping watery graves for all the friars.
Then I heard their blended voices call me:
'Help, O God! and help, O holy Nicholas!
Would that thou, where'er thou art, wert with us!'
So I hurried down to help the suppliants,—
So I saved the whole three hundred friars,—
So I shipp'd them full of joy and courage,
Brought their offerings to the Holy Mountain,
Brought their golden wax, their snowy incense;
And meanwhile I seem'd in gentle slumber,
And my cup fell on the golden table."

J. B.

Hungarian.

FRANCIS FALUDI.

18th Century.

THE GAY-PLUMED BIRD.

Thou gay-plumed bird! whose never-bridled flight
O'er field, o'er forest, is one long delight:
Were I a gay-plumed bird, how bless'd 'twould be
Thy songs to sing, to fly, to rest with thee,
Thou gay-plumed bird!

Thou gay-plumed bird! thou canst no longer sing:
Thou art imprison'd by the fowler's springe.
Were I a gay-plumed bird, I would not go
Sporting with such delusive treacheries. No!
Thou gay-plumed bird!

Thou gay-plumed bird! though liberty is gone,
Yet kindness waits thy every want upon.
Were I a gay-plumed bird, I still should long
For the free heaven and the wild woodland song,
Thou gay-plumed bird!

Thou gay-plumed bird! thy golden chain to me
Were but a decorated misery.
Were I a gay-plumed bird, I would not fill
Thy gaudy prison, were it gaudier still,
Thou gay-plumed bird!

Thou gay-plumed bird! they bring thee sugar'd meat,
Use flattering words, caressing while they cheat.
Were I a gay-plumed bird, that sweeten'd taste
Were worse than very poison to my taste,
Thou gay-plumed bird!

Thou luckless bird! Alas! and thou hast lost
That plumage, once thy brightness and thy boast.
Were I a gay-plumed bird, I could not dwell
A prisoner in thy solitary cell,
Thou gay-plumed bird!

JOHN BOWRING.

GIDEON RADAY.

18th Century.

THE THREE IDLERS

OF KING MATTHEW CORVINUS.

There is an ancient saying: "Idleness
Is the world's curse." And I have heard a story
Out of old time, instructive.

King Matthew once, half tipsy, put three fellows,
Three idle fellows, in a house to fatten;
And Fate, or Forethought, set the house on fire.
"Ah! see, the house is burning!" cried the first;
"If the King want us," said the second knave,—
"Why he will send for us!" Then, in a rage,
"Your tongue is very glib!" exclaim'd the third.
And the house went on burning, and they perish'd.

O, there are many idle dogs like these,—
Many who open wide their lazy mouths
And think that roasted ortolans will enter.

J. B.

ALOJS SZENTMIKLOSSY.

THE MISTAKE.

The Spring is come! the Spring is come! I heard the nightingale rejoice:
List to his warbling!—O deceit! it was my maiden's silver voice!

J. B.

[ANONYMOUS.]

THE FAIR AND BROWN MAIDS.

The house is burning, the timbers crack;
  I rush'd to the maidens brown and fair:
I brought the brown in safety back;
  The fair I left in danger there.

And then I long'd for the light-hair'd One,
  As we long for grapes from the tendril'd tree;
But more, far more for the maiden brown,
  Who is dear as an apple is dear to me.

J. B.

ALEXANDER PETÖFI.

1823—1849.

WIFE AND SWORD.

A dove upon the house-roof,
  Above in heaven a star,
Thou on my bosom sleeping,—
  How sweet thy breathings are!

Soft as the morning dew-drops
  Upon the rose-leaves fall,
Thou in my arms reposest,
  My Love! my Wife! my All!

Why should I not embrace thee
  With kisses manifold?
My lips are rich with kisses,—
  So gushing, so untold.

We talk, we toy, we trifle,
  We revel in love's bliss,
And snatch at every breathing
  A kiss—another kiss!

But who that bliss can measure
  Sparkling in every glance ?
It crests thy lips with beauty,
  It lights thy countenance.

I look upon my sabre,—
  'Tis idly hung above ;
And does it not reproach me—
  " Why so absorb'd in love ? "

Thou old—thou young companion !
  So wildly looking down :
I hear thy voice of anger,
  I see thy threatening frown.

" Shame ! shame on thee, deserter !
  Thus trifling with a wife :
Awake ! thy Country calls thee,
  For liberty,—for life ! "

And I—" She is so lovely,
  So witching, so divine,
The gift of heavenly beauty !
  This Angel-Love of mine.

" O recognize the mission
  Intrusted from the sky
To this celestial envoy,
  And hail her embassy ! "

She heard the word ; she echoed
  That word : " The Fatherland !
I buckle on the sabre
  With mine own plighted hand ;

" I charge thee—Save thy Country !
  'Tis mine, 'tis thine : for both
Off to the field of Victory !
  And there redeem thy troth ! "

J. B.

Roumanian.

[ANONYMOUS.]

MIORA.

Miora! dearest lamb of mine!
Why wilt thou starve thyself and pine?
These three long days thou dost not eat
Or juicy grass or clover sweet.

"'Tis that thy friends for greed and spite
Intend to murder thee this night,
Dear Master! O then fly away
Into the wood!" Miora! nay!

But charge thou them to lay me by
This wattled fold, where I may lie,
And hear my bleating lambs deplore,
And true dogs barking evermore.

And on my grassy grave be laid
The three fair flutes myself have made,
Of linden wood, whose tones prevail
Against the lark and nightingale!

In the sweet hollow flutes at eve
The wind melodiously will grieve,
And all my lambs will hear, and think
Of him who gave them food and drink.

But if my Mother come this way,
Seeking for me, then must thou say:
"To a far country did he fare;
And wed a monarch's daughter there!"

RICHARD GARNETT.

Modern Greek.

RIGA.

WAR SONG.

Sons of the Greeks! arise!
The glorious hour's gone forth;
And, worthy of such ties,
Display who gave us birth!
CHORUS.—Sons of Greeks! let us go
In arms against the foe,
Till their hated blood shall flow
In a river past our feet!

Then manfully despising
The Turkish tyrants' yoke,
Let your Country see you rising,
And all her chains are broke.
Brave shades of chiefs and sages!
Behold the coming strife;
Hellenès of past ages!
O, start again to life!
At the sound of my trumpet breaking
Your sleep, O join with me;
And, the seven-hill'd City seeking,
Fight! conquer! till we are free.
CHORUS.—Sons of Greeks! let us go
In arms against the foe,
Till their hated blood shall flow
In a river past our feet!

Sparta! Sparta! why in slumbers
Lethargic dost thou lie?
Awake, and join thy numbers
With Athens, old ally!

Leonidas recalling,
That chief of ancient song,
Who saved ye once from falling,—
The terrible! the strong!
Who made that bold diversion
In old Thermopylæ;
And warring with the Persian,
To keep his Country free,
With his Three Hundred waging
The battle, long he stood,
And like a lion raging
Expired in seas of blood.

CHORUS.—Sons of Greeks! let us go
In arms against the foe,
Till their hated blood shall flow
In a river past our feet!

LORD BYRON.

Turkish.

FEZOULI.

TO HIMSELF.

O Fezouli! the hour is near
Which bids thee from this world depart
And leave—what now thou hold'st so dear—
The loves of thy too ardent heart.

Yet till that fated hour arrive,
Be thy emprises, every one,
If thou wouldst fain behold them thrive,
In God Almighty's name begun!

GEORGE BORROW.

Arabian.

OF ILL-HAP.

(*From the Thousand and One Nights.*)

Fate has two days, untroubled one, the other lowering;
And life two parts, the one content, the other sorrowing.
Say unto him that taunteth us with Fortune's perfidy:—
At whom but those whose heads are high doth Fate its arrows fling?
If that the hands of Time have made their plaything of our life,
Till for its long-protracted kiss ill-hap upon us spring,
Dost thou not see the hurricane, what time the wild winds blow,
Smite down the stately trees alone, and spare each lesser thing?
Lo! in the skies are many stars, no one can tell their tale;
But to the sun and moon alone eclipse brings darkening.
The earth bears many a pleasant herb, and many a pleasant tree;
But none is stoned save only those to which the fair fruit cling.
Look on the sea, and how the waifs float up upon the foam,
But in its deepest depths of blue the pearls have sojourning.

JOHN PAYNE.

OF TRAVEL.

Travel! for you shall find new friends in place of those you leave;
And labour! for in toil indeed the sweets of life reside.
Nor gain nor honour comes to him who idly stays at home;

So leave thy native land behind, and journey far and wide!
Oft have I seen a stagnant pool, corrupt with standing still:
If water run, 'tis sweet, but else grows putrified.
If the full moon were always high and never waned nor set,
Men would not strain their watchful eyes for it at every tide.
Except the arrow leave the bow, 'twill never hit the mark;
Nor will the lion chance on prey, if in the copse he bide.
The aloes in its native land a kind of firewood is;
And precious metals are but dust whilst in the mine they hide:
The one is sent abroad and grows more precious straight than gold;
The other's brought to light and finds its value magnified.

J. P.

OF LOVE.

Cleave fast to her thou lovest! and let the envious rail amain!
For calumny and envy ne'er to favour love were fain.
Lo! the Compassionate hath made no fairer thing to see
Than when one couch in its embrace enfoldeth lovers twain,
Each to the other's bosom clasp'd, clad in their own delight,
Whilst hand with hand and arm with arm about their necks enchain.
Lo! when two hearts are straitly knit in passion and desire,
But on cold iron smite the folk that chide at them in vain.
If in thy time thou find but One to love thee and be true,
I rede thee cast the world away, and with that One remain!

J. P.

AN ARAB BEAUTY.

With a swimming gait she walks: I laugh for wonder, at her hips,
But weep to see her waist, that all too slight to bear them is.

J. P.

Persian.

FERDAUSI.

932—

RUSTAM AND AKWAN DEV.

(From the Shah-Namah.)

Kai Khosrau sat in a garden bright
With all the beauties of balmy Spring;
And many a warrior armour-dight
With a stout kamand and an arm of might
Supported Persia's King.

With trembling mien and a pallid cheek,
A breathless hind to the presence ran;
And on bended knee, in posture meek,
With faltering tongue that scarce could speak,
His story thus began:—

"Alack-a-day! for the news I bear
Will like to the follies of Fancy sound;
Thy steeds were stabled and stall'd with care,
When a Wild Ass sprang from its forest lair
With a swift resistless bound,—

"A monster fell, of a dusky hue,
And eyes that flash'd with a hellish glow;
Many it maim'd and some it slew,
Then back to the forest again it flew,
As an arrow leaves the bow."

Kai Khosrau's rage was a sight to see:
"Now curses light on the foul fiend's head!
Full rich and rare shall his guerdon be
Whose stalwart arm shall bring to me
The monster, alive or dead!"

But the mail-clad warriors kept their ground,
And their bronzèd cheeks were blanch'd with fear;
With scorn the Shah on the cowards frown'd,—
"One champion bold may yet be found
While Rustam wields a spear!"

No tarrying made the son of Zal,
Small reck had he of the fiercest fray;
But promptly came at the monarch's call,
And swore that the monster fiend should fall
Ere closed the coming day.

The swift Rakush's sides he spurr'd,
And speedily gain'd the darksome wood;
Nor was the trial for long deferr'd,—
But soon a hideous roar was heard,
Had chill'd a baser blood.

Then darting out like a flashing flame,
Traverse his path the Wild Ass fled;
And the hero then with unerring aim
Hurl'd his stout kamand, but as erst it came,—
Unscathed the monster fled.

"Now Khuda in Heaven!" bold Rustam cried,—
"Thy chosen champion deign to save!
Not all in vain shall my steel be tried,
Though he who my powers has thus defied
Be none but Akwan Dev."

Then steadily chasing his fiendish foe,
He thrust with hanger, he smote with brand;
But ever avoiding the deadly blow
It vanish'd away like the scenes that show
On Balkh's delusive sand.

For full three wearisome nights and days
Stoutly he battled with warlike skill;
But the Demon such magical shifts essays

That leaving his courser at large to graze,
He rests him on a hill.

But scarce can slumber his eyelids close,
Ere Akwan Dev from afar espies;
And never disturbing his foe's repose,
The earth from under the mound he throws,
And off with the summit flies.

"Now, daring mortal!" the Demon cried,—
"Whither wouldst have me carry thee?
Shall I cast thee forth on the mountain side,
Where the lions roar and the reptiles glide,
Or hurl thee into the sea?"

"O bear me off to the mountain side,
Where the lions roar and the serpents creep!
For I fear not the creatures that spring or glide;
But where is the arm that can stem the tide,
Or still the raging deep?"

Loud laugh'd the fiend as his load he threw
Far plunging into the roaring flood;
And louder laugh'd Rustam as out he flew,
For he fain had chosen the sea, but knew
The fiend's malignant mood.

Soon all the monsters that float or swim,
With ravening jaws down on him bore;
But he hew'd and he hack'd them limb from limb,
And the wave pellucid grew thick and dim
With streaks of crimson gore.

With thankful bosom he gains the strand,
And seeketh his courser near and far,
Till he hears him neigh, and he sees him stand
Among the herds of a Tartar band,
The steeds of Isfendiyar.

But Rustam's name was a sound of dread,
And the Tartar heart it had caused to quake;
The herd was there, but the hinds had fled,—
So all the horses he captive led
For good Kai Khosrau's sake.

Then loud again through the forest rings
The fiendish laugh and the taunting cry;
But his kamand quickly the hero flings,
And around the Demon it coils and clings,
As a cobweb wraps a fly.

Kai Khosrau sat in his garden fair,
Mourning his Champion lost and dead,
When a shout of victory rent the air,
And Rustam placed before his chair
A Demon Giant's head.

E. H. PALMER.

OMAR EL KHAYYAM.

1042—11—.

THE POTTER'S SHOP.

Listen again! One evening, at the close
Of Ramazan, ere the better Moon arose,
In that old Potter's Shop I stood alone
With the clay population round in rows.

And, strange to tell, among that earthen lot
Some could articulate, while others not:
And suddenly One more impatient cried—
"Who *is* the Potter, pray! and who the Pot?"

Then said another: "Surely not in vain
My substance from the common earth was ta'en,
That He who subtly wrought me into shape
Should stamp me back to common earth again!"

Another said: "Why, ne'er a peevish boy
Would break the bowl from which he drank in joy:

Shall he that *made* the vessel in pure love
And fancy, in an after rage destroy ? "

None answer'd this ; but after silence spake
A vessel of a more ungainly make :
" They sneer at me for leaning all awry,—
What ! did the hand then of the Potter shake ? "

Said One : " Folk of a surly tapster tell,
And daub his visage with the smoke of Hell ;
They talk of some strict testing of us : pish !
He's a good fellow, and 'twill all be well."

Then said another, with a long-drawn sigh :
" My clay with long oblivion is gone dry ;
But, fill me with the old familiar juice,
Methinks I might recover by-and-by."

So, while the vessels one by one were speaking,
One spied the little Crescent all were seeking :
And then they jogg'd each other : " Brother ! brother!
Hark to the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking ! "

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

IN WINE.

Ah ! with the Grape my fading life provide !
And wash my body whence the life has died !
And in a winding-sheet of Vine-leaf wrapp'd,
So bury me by some sweet garden-side !

That even my buried ashes such a snare
Of perfume shall fling up into the air,
As not a True Believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in men's eyes much wrong ;
Have drown'd my honour in a shallow Cup,
And sold my reputation for a Song.

Indeed, indeed, repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
And then, and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My threadbare penitence in pieces tore.

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour,—well!
I often wonder what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the goods they sell.

Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang—
Ah! whence? and whither flown again! Who knows?

Ah, Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits—and then
Remould it nearer to the heart's desire!

Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane!
The moon of heaven is rising once again:
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same garden after me—in vain!

And when Thyself with shining foot shall pass
Among the guests star-scatter'd on the grass,
And in thy joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One,—turn down an empty glass!

E. F.

A POET'S CHOICE.

Give me a flask of wine, a crust of bread,
A quiet mind, a book of verse to read,
With thee, O Love! to share my humble roof:
I would not take the Sultan's crown instead.

E. H. WHINFIELD.

SADI.

1184?—1291.

ROSE-LEAVES.

Most bless'd that happy One whose gaze intense
Rests on such face at each successive morn!
The drunk with wine-at-midnight may his sense
Regain; but not till the Last Day shall dawn
Will Love's intoxication reach its bourne.

Well said that agèd mother to her son,
Whose giant arm could well a tiger slay:
"Couldst thou remember days long past and gone
When in my arms a helpless infant lay,
And know thyself that babe, thou wouldst not now
Thus wrong me, when I am old, an athlete thou."

Thou wast by God then not forgotten when
Thou wast a seed, thy nature in suspense:
He gave thee soul and reason, wisdom, ken,
Beauty, and speech, reflection, judgment, sense;
He on thy hand array'd thy fingers ten,
And thy arms fasten'd to thy shoulders. Whence
Canst thou then think, O thou most weak of men!
He'd be unmindful of thy subsistence?

Better be silent than thy purpose tell
To others and enjoin them secresy:
O dolt! keep back the water at the well!
For the swoln stream to stop thou'lt vainly try.
In private utter not a single word
Which thou in public wouldst regret were heard!

E. B. EASTWICK

HAFIZ.

14th Century.

MEDITATIONS.

O Cup-bearer! fill up the goblet, and hand it around to us all!
For to Love that seem'd easy at first these unforeseen troubles befall.

In the hope that the breeze of the South will blow yon dark tresses apart
And diffuse their sweet perfume around, O what anguish is caused to the heart!

Ay! sully your prayer-mat with wine, if the elder encourage such sin!
For the traveler surely should know all the manners and ways of the inn.

What rest or what comfort for me can there be in the Loved One's abode,
When the bell is incessantly tolling to bid us each pack up his load?

The darkness of night and the fear of the waves and the waters that roar:—
How should they be aware of our state, who are roaming in safety ashore?

I yielded me up to delight, and it brought me ill fame at the last.
Shall a secret be hidden which into a general topic has pass'd?

Wouldst thou dwell in His presence? then never thyself unto absence betake!
Till thou meetest the One whom thou lovèst, the world and its pleasures forsake!

E. H. PALMER.

LOVE AND AGE.

My heart with youthful ardour glows
Though all my locks are frosted o'er
And white with Winter's tell-tale snows.
Ah! now the cruel maiden knows
What secret love my bosom bore.

Now through the portals of mine eyes
My prison'd soul hath taken flight,—
Now like a bird set free it flies
To revel in the Loved One's sight:
Ah! me; where it must soon alight,—
Love's fatal net beneath it lies.

E. H. P.

JAMI.

1414—1492.

ZULAIKHA.

. . There was a King in the West. His name
Taimùs, was spread wide by the drum of Fame.
Of royal power and wealth possess'd,
No wish unanswer'd remain'd in his breast.
His brow gave lustre to Glory's crown,
And his foot gave the thrones of the Mighty renown.
With Orion from heaven his host to aid,
Conquest was his when he bared his blade.
His child Zulaikha was passing fair:
None in his heart might with her compare,
Of his royal house the most brilliant star,
A gem from the chest where the treasures are.
Praise can not equal her beauty; no!
But its faint faint shadow my pen may show.
Like her own bright hair falling loosely down,

I will touch each charm to her feet from her crown.
May the soft reflection of that bright cheek
Lend light to my spirit and bid me speak!
And that flashing ruby, her mouth, bestow
The power to tell of the things I know!
  Her stature was like to a palm-tree grown
In the Garden of Grace, where no sin is known;
Bedew'd by the love of her father the King,
She mock'd the cypress that rose by the spring.
Sweet with the odor of musk, a snare
For the heart of the Wise, was the maiden's hair;
Tangled at night, in the morning through
Her long thick tresses a comb she drew,
And cleft the heart of the musk-deer in twain
As for that rare odour he sigh'd in vain.
A dark shade fell from her loose hair sweet
As jasmine over the rose of her feet.
A broad silver tablet her forehead display'd
For the heaven-set lessons of beauty made;
Under its edge two inverted Núns
Show'd black as musk their splendid half-moons,
And beneath them lively and bright were placed
Two Sáds by the pen of her Maker traced.
From Nún to the ring of the Mim there rose
Pure as silver, like Alif, her nose.
To the cipher, her mouth, add Alif: then
She had ten strong spells for the conquest of men.
That laughing ruby to view exposed
A Sín when the knot of her lips unclosed
At the touch of her pure white teeth, and between
The lines of crimson their flash was seen.
Her face was the garden of Iram, where
Roses of every hue are fair.
The dusky moles that enhanced the red
Were like Moorish boys playing in each rose-bed.
Of silver that paid no tithe, her chin
Had a well with the Water of Life therein.

If a sage in his thirst came near to drink,
He would feel the spray ere he reach'd the brink;
But lost were his soul if he nearer drew,
For it was a well and a whirlpool too.
Her neck was of ivory. Thither drawn,
Came with her tribute to beauty the fawn;
And the rose hung her head at the gleam of the skin
Of the shoulders fairer than jessamine.
Her breasts were orbs of a light most pure,
Twin bubbles new risen from Fount Kafúr;
Two young pomegranates grown on one spray,
Where bold hope never a finger might lay.
The touchstone itself was proved false when it tried
Her arms' fine silver thrice purified;
But the pearl-pure amulets fasten'd there
Were the hearts of the holy absorb'd in prayer.
The loveliest gave her their souls for rue;
And round the charm their own heart-strings drew.
Her arms fill'd her sleeves with silver from them
Whose brows are bound with a diadem.
To labour and care her soft hand lent aid,
And to wounded hearts healing unction laid.
Like reeds were those taper fingers of hers
To write on each heart love's characters.
Each nail on those fingers so long and slim
Show'd a new-moon laid on a full-moon's rim;
And her small closed hand made the moon confess
That she never might rival its loveliness.
Two columns fashion'd of silver upheld
That beauty which never was parallel'd;
And, to make the tale of her charms complete,
They were match'd by the shape of her exquisite feet,—
Feet so light and elastic no maid might show,
So perfectly fashion'd from heel to toe,—
If on the eye of a lover she stepp'd,
Her foot would float on the tear he wept.

R. T. H. GRIFFITH.

Hindoo.

THE LEGEND OF DHRUVA.

From the Vishnu Purana.

Sprung from great Brahma, Manu had two sons,
Heroic and devout, as I have said,—
Pryavrata and Uttanapado, names
Well known in legends; and of these the last
Married two wives: Suruchee, his adored,
The mother of a handsome petted boy,
Uttama; and Suneetee, less beloved,
The mother of another son, whose name
Was Dhruva. Seated on his throne, the King
Uttanapado on his knee one day
Had placed Uttama. Dhruva, who beheld
His brother in that place of honour, long'd
To clamber up and by his playmate sit.
Led on by love he came, but found, alas!
Scant welcome and encouragement; the King
Saw fair Suruchee sweep into the hall
With stately step, ay! every inch a queen,
And dared not smile upon her co-wife's son.
Observing him, her rival's boy, intent
To mount ambitious to his father's knee
Where sat her own, thus fair Suruchee spake:
"Why hast thou, child! form'd such a vain design?
Why harbour'd such an aspiration proud,
Born from another's womb and not from mine?
O thoughtless! to desire the loftiest place,
The throne of thrones, a royal father's lap.
It is an honour to the Destined given,
And not within thy reach. What though thou art

Born of the King? Those sleek and tender limbs
Hold of my blood no portion; I am Queen.
To be the equal of mine only son
Were in thee vain ambition. Know'st thou not,
Fair prattler! thou art sprung, not, not from mine,
But from Suneetee's bowels? Learn thy place!"

Repulsed in silence from his father's lap,
Indignant, furious at the words that fell
From his step-mother's lips, poor Dhruva ran
To his own mother's chambers, where he stood
Beside her, with his pale thin trembling lips
(Trembling with an emotion ill-suppress'd)
And hair in wild disorder, till she took
And raised him to her lap, and gently said:
"O child! what means this? what can be the cause
Of this great anger? who hath given thee pain?
He that hath vex'd thee hath despised thy sire,
For in these veins thou hast the royal blood."

Thus conjured, Dhruva, with a swelling heart,
Repeated to his mother every word
That proud Suruchee spake, from first to last,
Even in the very presence of the King.

His speech, oft broken by his tears and sobs,
Helpless Suneetee, languid-eyed from care,
Heard, sighing deeply, and then soft replied:
"O son! to lowly fortune thou wast born,
And what my co-wife said to thee is truth.
No enemy to Heaven's Favour'd Ones may say
Such words as thy step-mother said to thee.
Yet, son! it is not meet that thou should'st grieve
Or vex my soul. The deeds that thou hast done,—
The evil haply in some former life,
Long, long ago,—who may, alas! annul;
Or who the good works not done supplement?

The sin of previous lives must bear their fruit.
The ivory throne, the umbrella of gold,
The best steed, and the royal elephant
Richly caparison'd, must be his by right
Who has deserved them by his virtuous acts
In times long past. O, think on this, my son!
And be content! For glorious actions done,
Not in this life but in some previous birth,
Suruchee by the Monarch is beloved.
Women, unfortunate like myself, who bear
Only the name of wife without the powers,
But pine and suffer for our ancient sins.
Suruchee raised her virtues pile on pile:
Hence Uttama her son, the fortunate.
Suneetee heap'd but evil: hence her son
Dhruva, the luckless. But, for all this, child!
It is not meet that thou should'st ever grieve,—
As I have said. That man is truly wise
Who is content with what he has, and seeks
Nothing beyond! but in whatever sphere,
Lowly or great, God placed him works in faith.
My son! my son! though proud Suruchee spake
Harsh words indeed, and hurt thee to the quick,
Yet to thine eyes thy duty should be plain.
Collect a large sum of the virtues! thence
A goodly harvest must to thee arise.
Be meek, devout, and friendly, full of love,
Intent to do good to the human race
And to all creatures sentient made of God!
And O, be humble! for on modest worth
Descends prosperity, as water flows
Down to low grounds."
She finish'd, and her son,
Who patiently had listen'd, thus replied:—
"Mother! thy words of consolation find
Nor resting-place nor echo in this heart,
Broken by words severe repulsing love

That timidly approach'd to worship. Hear,
Hear my resolve unchanging! I shall try
The highest good, the loftiest place to win
Which the whole world deems priceless and desires.
There is a crown above my father's crown:
I will obtain it, and at any cost
Of toil or penance or unceasing prayer.
Not born of proud Suruchee whom the King
Favours and loves, but grown up from a germ
In thee, O mother! humble as thou art,
I yet shall show thee what is in my power.
Thou shalt behold my glory and rejoice.
Let Uttama, my brother, not thy son,
Receive the throne and royal titles, all
My father pleases to confer on him!
I grudge them not. Not with another's gifts
Desire I, dearest mother! to be rich;
But with my own work would acquire a name.
And I shall strive unceasing for a place
Such as my father hath not won,—a place
That would not know him even, ay! a place
Far, far above the highest of this earth."

He said, and from his mother's chambers pass'd;
And went into the wood where hermits live,
And never to his father's house return'd.

Well kept the boy his promise made that day.
By prayer and penance Dhruva gain'd at last
The highest heavens; and there he shines, a star!
Nightly men see him in the firmament.

TORU DUTT.

Japanese.

[ANONYMOUS.]

THE FISHER BOY URASHIMA.

'Tis Spring, and the mist comes stealing
  O'er Suminoyè's shore,
And I stand by the seaside, musing
  On the days that are no more.

I muse on the old-world story,
  As the boats glide to and fro,
Of the fisher boy Urashima,
  Who a-fishing loved to go.

How he came not back to the village
  Though seven suns had risen and set,
But row'd on past the bounds of ocean,
  And the Sea-God's daughter met.

How they pledged their faith to each other,
  And came to the Evergreen Land,
And enter'd the Sea-God's palace
  So lovingly hand in hand,—

To dwell for aye in that country,
  The ocean maiden and he,—
The country where youth and beauty
  Abide eternally.

But the foolish boy said: "To-morrow
  I'll come back with thee to dwell;
But I have a word to my father,
  A word to my mother to tell."

The maiden answer'd : "A casket
I give into thine hand;
And if that thou hopèst truly
To come back to the Evergreen Land,

"Then open it not, I charge thee,—
Open it not, I beseech!"
So the boy row'd home o'er the billows
To Suminoyè's beach.

But where is his native hamlet?
Strange hamlets line the strand;
Where is his mother's cottage?
Strange cots rise on either hand.

"What in three short years since I left it,"
He cries in his wonder sore,—
"Has the home of my childhood vanish'd?
Is the bamboo fence no more?

"Perchance if I open the casket
Which the maiden gave to me,
My home and the dear old village
Will come back as they used to be!"

And he lifts the lid, and there rises
A fleecy, silvery cloud,
That floats off to the Evergreen Country——
And the fisher boy cries aloud;

He waves the sleeve of his tunic,
He rolls over on the ground,
He dances with fury and horror,
Running wildly round and round.

But a sudden chill comes o'er him
That bleaches his raven hair,
And furrows with hoary wrinkles
The form erst so young and fair.

His breath grows fainter and fainter,
  Till at last he sinks dead on the shore.
—And I gaze on the spot where his cottage
  Once stood, but now stands no more.

B. H. CHAMBERLAIN.

NO TIDINGS.

The year has come, the year has gone again,
And still no tidings of my absent Love :
Through the long days of Spring all heaven above
And earth beneath re-echo with my pain.

In dark cocoon my mother's silkworms dwell :
Like them a captive, through the livelong day
Alone I sit and sigh my soul away,
For ne'er to any I my love may tell.

Like to the pine-trees I must stand and pine,
While downward slanting fall the shades of night,
Till my long sleeve of purest snowy white
With showers of tears is steep'd in bitter brine.

B. H. C.

KURONUSHI.

SPRING.

No man so callous but he heaves a sigh
When o'er his head the wither'd cherry flowers
Come fluttering down. Who knows ? the Spring's soft showers
May be but tears shed by the sorrowing sky.

B. H. C.

HITOMARO.

SUMMER.

In blossoms the Wisteria tree to-day
Breaks forth, that sweep the wavelets of my lake.
When will the mountain cuckoo come and make
The garden vocal with his first sweet lay?

B. H. C.

[ANONYMOUS.]

AUTUMN.

Can I be dreaming? 'Twas but yesterday
We planted out each tender shoot again;
And now the Autumn breeze sighs o'er the plain,
Where fields of yellow rice confess its sway.

B. H. C.

FUKAYABU.

WINTER.

When from the skies, that wintry gloom enshroud,
The blossoms fall and flutter round my head,
Methinks the Spring even now his light must shed
O'er heavenly lands that lie beyond the clouds.

B. H. C.

Chinese.

THE MOTHER.

From out the South the genial breezes sigh,
They shake the bramble-branches to and fro
Whose lovely green delights the gazer's eye :
A mother's thoughts are troubled even so.

From out the South the genial breezes move,
They shake the branches of the bramble-tree :
Unless the sons fair men and honest prove,
The virtuous mother will dishonour'd be.

The frigid fount with violence and spray
By Shiyoun's town upcasts its watery store :
Though full seven sons she gave to life and day,
The mother's heart is but disturb'd the more.

When sings the redbreast, it is bliss to hear
The dulcet notes the little songster breeds ;
But ah ! more blissful to a mother's ear
The fair report of seven good children's deeds.

GEORGE BORROW.

LIFE A SHADOW.

Life is a shadow,—not the shade
Of aught that stable may be made,—
But of a bird that wings the skies,
And with its flight the shadow flies.

FROM THE TALMUD.

NOTES.

HOMER. Said by some to have been born as early as B.C. 1164, others make it as late as 684. He was probably an Ionian of Asia Minor: either Smyrna or Chios the most likely place of his birth It is still a question whether his great poems, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, were originally whole poems, or only a collection of many into one.

Alexander is a name of Paris. *Astyanax* signifies the Hope of Troy.

ÆSCHYLUS. The sublimest tragedian (religious and superhuman), born at Eleusis in Attica, was contemporary with Themistocles and Aristides. He is said to have written seventy tragedies, of which only seven remain: the *Persians*, the *Seven against Thebes*, the *Suppliants*, *Prometheus bound*, and (the trilogy of the *Oresteia*) *Agamemnon*, the *Choephoroe*, and the *Eumenides*.

SOPHOCLES was also a native of Attica. Of his one hundred and thirteen plays we have only seven left: *Antigone*, *Electra*, *Trachiniæ*, *Œdipus the King*, *Ajax*, *Philoctetes*, and *Œdipus at Colonus*. The rival of Æschylus: ethical, and more human, supreme as dramatic poet. He is said to have died in his ninetieth year, but there is no certain date.

EURIPIDES. Alford calls him the greatest dramatist, in the modern sense of the word, and equally great as a lyrist. Eighteen plays are extant of seventy-four, or more, written by him: *Alcestis* (the last of a tetralogy), *Medea*, *Philoctetes*, *Dyctis*, *Messores*, *Hippolytus* (*Coronifer*), *Hecuba*, *Electra*, etc. He was probably born in the island of Salamis.

ARISTOPHANES. An Athenian. The caricaturist of Pericles and Socrates; the only writer of the old Greek comedy of whom we have any

whole works. Of fifty-four plays some ten are extant: the *Acharnians*, the *Knights* (or *Horsemen*), the *Clouds* (in which Socrates and the Sophists are attacked), the *Birds*, the *Frogs*, the *Wasps*, etc.

TYRTÆUS. Born at Miletus, the capital of Ionia; but by some said to have been a Spartan, his martial songs and elegies having been written to encourage the Spartans in the Messenian War in the latter part of the seventh century. The dates of birth and death not known.

ANACREON. Born at Teos in Asia Minor. The *Odes* generally attributed to him have been thought to be of a later period, and that only a few fragments are really his (*Smith's Biog. Dict.*).

SAPPHO was born in the island of Lesbos. The two poems and fragments at pp. 47, 48, 49, are not quite all that remain of the impassioned poetry that won for her the title of the "Tenth Muse." "Violet-crown'd, pure, sweet-smiling Sappho," she is called by her contemporary Alcæus.

ALCÆUS. A noble of Mitylene, in Lesbos, was the earliest of the Æolian lyric poets; a writer of warlike and patriotic songs, though what remains we have are chiefly hymns and epigrams. There is another of his name, a writer of comedies.

SIMONIDES of Ceos (another Simonides of Amorgos): the rival of Pindar; and probably the most prolific and popular of the lyric poets, though only a few fragments have been preserved.

PINDAR. Though rivaled by Simonides, Pindar ranks as highest of the Greek lyrists. He wrote Hymns to the Gods, Odes for Processions, Songs of Maidens, Panegyrics on Princes, etc. The only works of his existing are Triumphal Odes, composed for victors at the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmean Games, the four great national festivals of Greece.

PLATO. Born in Athens, the year of the death of Pericles. He wrote some verse before devoting himself exclusively to philosophy.

HYBRIAS. A lyrical poet of Crete.

MESOMEDES. Also a Cretan; a freedman of the emperor Hadrian. His writings were lyrical and epigrammatic.

CALLISTRATUS. Nothing is known of him, except the song at *page* 54. Professor Wilson gives this as a literal translation.

THEOCRITUS. Born in Syracuse. The master of pastoral poetry. He wrote some thirty *Idyls*, pastoral (or bucolic), and others. From 284 to 260 B.C. is given as the time of his writing.

BION. An Ionian, of Smyrna. Contemporary with Theocritus, but inferior to him. The greatest of his poems, most of them fragmentary, is the Elegy on Adonis. *Cypris* (the Lady of Cyprus), *Cithera*, *Citheræa*, are names of Aphrodite, or Venus. *Ai!*—alas!

MOSCHUS. A Syracusan. Of a date a little later than the two forenamed poets, and inferior to both.

VIRGIL (Publius Virgilius Maro), the great Latin poet, was born in the neighbourhood of Mantua. His earliest poems are his *Eclogues*; his most finished work, the *Georgics*, an agricultural poem in four books; his greatest is the *Æneid*. There are also some short poems by him.

CATULLUS (Quintus Valerius Catullus), a native of Verona. He was alive in 47 B.C.; but there is no certain date of his death. His works consist of more than one hundred poems, of very various character, most of them short.

HORACE (Quintus Horatius Flaccus), born on the border of Apulia, belongs, like Virgil and Catullus, to the Augustan era.

The Campus Martis, or Field of Mars (*Thaliarchus*, p. 84), was the Roman morning resort for athletic games.

PROPERTIUS (Sextus Aurelius Propertius). Birth-date uncertain, between 57 and 46 B.C.; and the date of death not known. His last known writing is B.C. 16. An amatory poet, a man "of wit and pleasure," probably of Umbria.

MARTIAL (Marcus Valerius Martialis). By birth a Spaniard. The date of his death uncertain. A writer of some fifteen hundred epigrams.

AVIENUS (Flavius Avienus or Avianus). A minor Latin poet, fabulist, and epigrammatist, of the fourth or fifth century A.D. Elton confounds him with Rufus Festus Avianus, a poet and geographer of nearly the same date.

GUINICELLI. The greatest poet of his day; praised by Dante in the *Divina Commedia* and elsewhere. He belonged to a noble family of Bologna.

DANTE. Born at Florence, and died in exile at Ravenna. Before writing his great work Dante wrote, in prose and poetry, the *Vita Nuova* (New Life), a narrative of his love for Beatrice de' Portinari, who died in 1290, a sort of spiritual biography of his manhood to his 27th year. *Love and the Gentle Heart*, *Her Perfectness*, and *His Pitiful Song*, pp. 91, 94, 95, are taken from this work.

CAVALCANTI. Some fifteen years older than Dante, and his "first friend." Also praised by him in the *Divine Comedy*.

SACCHETTI. Poet and novelist; he wrote some three hundred stories, and numerous works on a variety of subjects.

PETRARCA (Petrarch). Born at Arezzo. Besides his songs and sonnets to Laura, and other Italian poems, he wrote an epic in Latin, *Africa*, on Scipio Africanus.

BOCCACCIO. Born in Paris, but of Italian parentage, his father a merchant of Florence. His *Decameron*, by which he is chiefly known, contains one hundred tales in prose.

BUONAROTTI (Michael Angelo) was born at Caprese, in Tuscany. The great artist's poems remained in manuscript for fifty-nine years after his death, when a great-nephew brought out an incorrect edition. In 1863 an edition from the autograph was published by Sig. Cesare Guasti, which has been translated by Mr. Symonds, 1878.

The sonnet *After Sunset*, p. 106, is after the death of Vittoria Colonna, the beloved friend of Angelo's old age.

CAMPANELLA. Also translated by Mr. Symonds, who contrasts him with Buonarotti,—Buonarotti devoted to the realization of beauty, Campanella to the ascertaining of truth; one "the veteran giant of the Renaissance, the other the audacious Titan of the modern age." Giovanni Domenico Campanella (the name of Tommaso taken when he became a Dominican monk) born at Stilo in Calabria, Giordano Bruno of Nola, and Vanini and Vico of Naples, all preceding Bacon, were the chief pioneers of the new school of thought preferring reason and nature to dogma.

Vanini and Bruno were burned for heresy; Campanella for sedition and heresy was imprisoned during a quarter of a century. We owe the publication (first in Germany) of his sonnets (philosophical, political, and personal) to a German gentleman, Tobia Adami, who had received them from Campanella's own hand.

BRUNO. The sonnet at p. 108 (*Icarus*) is commonly given to Bruno, but Mr. Symonds would attribute it to Tansillo of Nola, an earlier writer.

TASSO. The *Chorus of Shepherds*, p. 109, is from *Amynta*, a pastoral play, worthy of the poet of *Jerusalem Delivered*.

GUARINI. From the *Pastor Fido*, or *Faithful Shepherd*, another pastoral play, written in emulation of Tasso.

ALCAUDETE is placed by Sir John Bowring among the early Spanish poets, but without date. The Moorish ballads, *Woe is me, Alhama!* and the *Bridal of Andalla*, pp. 112, 115, are of a yet earlier period, the time of the Moors in Spain.

CERVANTES, little known but for his Don Quixote, was author also of some thirteen novels, but for which, Sir Walter Scott confesses, the Waverley Novels might not have been written. He wrote also *Galatea*, a prose poem, prose with poetic scraps (fabling, as Coleridge says, "of delicious love, with stainless virtue"), and *Travels in Parnassus*, a satirical poem, criticising a hundred of his fellow-poets. *Don Quixote* lay for twenty-seven years unpublished in Spain, under papal interdict.

CALDERON. Born at Madrid. The best of Spanish dramatists, as Lope de Vega the most prolific. *Life is a Dream* and the *Wonderful* (or *Wonder-working*) *Magician* are the most celebrated of his works. The first is founded on the same story (a story also known in the East) as that of Shakespeare's Induction of the *Taming of the Shrew*.

CAMOENS. The author of the *Lusiad*, the epic of Portuguese glory, is also notable as a sonneteer.

The Romance of *Bernal Frances*, p. 131, is what is called a *Xacara* or *Chacra*, a ballad sung by the people, from oral tradition. The *King's Slipper* (*O Chapim d'El Rei: chapim*, a slipper or sandal, more exactly a clog), p. 133, also called *Green Leaves of the Vineyard*, is another *chacra*: put together from oral fragments by Sig. Almeida-Garrett. The English

translation reads so uncouthly in parts, that occasional omission of useless words and some slight transposition have been ventured on, for the sake of rhythm; but the sense is nowhere altered.

Mordomo is the major-domo, the steward of the king's household.

GUILLAUME DE POITIERS. William, ninth Count of Poitiers and Duke of Aquitaine, Lord of Gascony, Limousin, Berry, and Auvergne. One of the early Troubadours.

MARCABRUN was probably a contemporary of Count William; and the Crusade referred to in his poem would be that of Louis VII. in 1147.

BERNARD. Son of the baker in the castle of Ventadour or Ventadorn.

GOBIN. Another Troubadour, or Trouvere, of the time of St. Louis, King Louis IX.

CHARLES D'ORLEANS, Duke of Orleans. Taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, in 1415, he was held captive in England for twenty-five years. His verses are most of them roundels with two rhymes.

VILLON. So known from the name of a patron, his real name François de Montcorbier, born in the year of the judicial murder of the patriotic peasant girl, Jeanne d'Arc. A man of genius, but most disreputable life. His principal poem is his *Greater Testament*, dated 1461, probably near the time of his death. He also wrote ballads and rondeaux.

MAROT. A lyrical poet and epigrammatist. In conjunction with the reformer Beza, he translated the *Psalms* into French.

DU BELLAY. Probably younger than Ronsard, but writing a little earlier.

RONSARD or De Ronsard. A native of Vendome. A page of James V. of Scotland. Besides songs he wrote a "tedious artificial epic," the *Franciade*.

CHATEAUBRIAND. Viscount Chateaubriand; in the biographies his name is François Auguste; but in his Memoirs he calls himself René instead of Auguste. Known best by his poetical prose romances of *René* and *Attila*, and by his *Genius of Christianity* and other prose works.

BÉRANGER. Song-writer: Songs, 1815 to 1857, amatory, convivial, satirical, pathetic and humorous; and political (for which he was twice imprisoned). The lyric poet of France, the French Burns, the poet of the people.

LAMARTINE. *Poetic Meditations*, 1820; *Jocelyn*, 1835; the *Fall of an Angel*, 1838; *Harmonies Poetic and Religious*, 1839.

HUGO. The works of the greatest of French poets are too numerous to be here named. *Irtamène*, a tragedy, when he was fourteen years of age, in 1816; *Odes and Ballads*, 1822; *Les Orientales*, 1826; *Cromwell*, *Marion Delorme*, *Le Roi s'amuse*, *Hernani*, *Lucrèce Borgia*, *Ruy Blas*, (dramas); *Les Feuilles d'Automne*, 1831; *Les Voix Intérieures*, 1837; *Les Châtiments* (printed at Brussels), 1853; *Chansons des Rues et des Bois*, 1865; *La Legende des Siècles*, 1859-1876: the list is not exhausted. Greatest of all his works, for power and variety of expression, is his *Châtiments* (*Chastisements*), a scathing denunciation of the French Empire, with passages of wonderful sublimity and pathos, written during exile. From this are the several poems at pp. 159, 161-4, and 166. Miss Blind's translation of *Burning the Library* was made for a new edition of Mr. Ireland's *Enchiridion*.

DE MUSSET. Poet and dramatist.

GAUTIER. Poet, dramatist, novelist, and critic. *Poems*, 1830, 1845, 1852.

JASMIN (or *Jansemin*), a barber of Agen in Gascony, published in 1835 his *Papillotes* (*Curl-Papers*), in Provençal, or rather Gascon *patois*; following this at intervals with lyrics and impromptus and some romances (tales in verse, one of which, the *Blind Girl of Castèl-cuillé*, has been translated by Longfellow). *The Enchanted Siren*, p. 170, is from *Françonette*, the "noblest and most chastened" of his works, a story of the sixteenth century and the Huguenots in France.

MISTRAL. Born at Millaine (Bouches du Rhone) is a true Provençal. Our extracts are only detached stanzas from Mrs. Preston's translation of *Mireio*, a poem in Provençal, published in Paris, with a French translation, in 1859. *Calendau*, also with French translation, appeared in 1867, and a volume of various poems later.

The *magnarello* are women-rearers of silk-worms.

O'HUSSEY, "the last hereditary bard of the great sept of Maguire," flourished about 1630.

The *Legend of Fergus Leidson*, p. 173, belongs to the tenth century. The date of *Deirdra's Lament*, p. 175, is unknown. *King Dathy's Death*, p. 177, is only given by Mangan (whose translations never pretend to literal fidelity) as "from the Irish."

LLYWARC HÊN (the Aged), a prince of the Cumbrian (Cumberland) Britons, living before the death of Arthur (placed at 542) and far into the seventh century.

GWYLYM (David ap), the "Welsh Petrarch," is said to have flourished in the fourteenth century, his poems earlier than Chaucer's.

CÆDMON was first a herdsman, then a monk of Whitby in Yorkshire, where he died in 680. He is called the "Father of English Song," the "Milton of our forefathers," by Mr. Thorpe, the translator of his paraphrase in Anglo-Saxon (the Saxon of Alfred) of portions of the Bible. The manuscript of this, a small parchment folio of two hundred and twenty-nine pages, is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

ICELANDIC. The *Counsels of Sigrdrifa* are a part of the Lay or Song of Sigrdrifa in the *Elder Edda*, a collection of thirty-nine poems, myths, and legends, from oral tradition, reduced to writing about 1240, or perhaps a century earlier. Out of the story of *Siegfrid and Brynhild*, in this Edda, arose the German *Niebelungen Lied*.

MUNCH. Numerous lyric poems, 1850; and two dramas, *Solomon de Caus* (the discoverer of steam power), and *Lord William Russell*, 1858.

WERGELAND. Born at Christianssand, Norway. *Sinclair's Death*, a tragedy, 1828; *Lyrical Poems*, 1829; an "elephantine drama" on *Man and the Messiah*, 1830; *Jan Van Huysum's Flower-Piece* (lyrics with prose ejaculations); and the *English Pilot* (his greatest poem); besides other work. *The Wall-flower*, p. 192, was written on his death-bed.

BJORNSON, besides his peasant romances, and an epic poem of little merit, has written several plays on old Saga subjects, satirical comedies, and numerous songs and short poems. His Saga plays are *Between the Battles*, *Lame Hulda*, *King Sverre*, *Sigurd Slembe*.

IBSEN was born at Skien in Norway. His tragedy of *Catiline* was written in early days. His maturer work, twelve years later, 1862, is *Love's Comedy*, a satirical play of the present times; and his most powerful, produced in 1873, *Emperor and Galilean*, in two parts, *Julian's Apostacy* and *Julian the Emperor*. He has also written several other historical and satirical dramas.

TEGNER. His great work is the Saga or Tale of *Frithiof*, a poem built of materials furnished by *Frithiof's Saga*, ascribed to the twelfth or thirteenth century, and the *Saga of Thorstein Vikingson*, of a century later. These early Sagas are narratives in prose.

RUNEBERG. Of Swedish extraction, and wrote in Swedish, though born in Finland. *The Grave in Perrho*, 1831, Mr. Gosse describes as "a masterpiece of scrupulous realism." *The Elk-Hunters*, 1832, is a national epic. But his greatest poem is *King Fjaler*, 1844, an epic of the days of Ossian. In 1841 he published *Nadescha*, a poem of Russian character and manners; and in 1848 *Ensign Stahl's Stories*, a series of narrative poems. *The Kings of Salamis*, a classical tragedy, and *Can't*, a comedy in rhyme, were his latest works. He wrote also Idyls, Songs, and Epigrams.

FINNISH. *Woinomoinen's Music*, p. 201, is described by Borrow (who gave it in his *Targum*, "Specimens of Thirty Languages," printed at St. Petersburg, in 1835) as the fragment of a poem concerning a contest betweenWoinomoinen, the God of Music in the Finns' mythology, and the Giant Joukkawainen. The poem would seem to be one of the cycle of songs first edited by Dr. Elias Loennrot in the same year, 1835, which he had collected from the mouths of aged Finns, and arranged without alteration, as the *Kalevala*. This first edition contained about twelve thousand lines, in thirty-two runes or cantos. Further researches produced new poems; and the edition of 1849 includes fifty runes, and 22,793 verses. The *Kalevala* is called by Max Müller the fifth national epic of the world: the other four being the *Iliad*, the *Mahábhárata*, the *Shah-Námeh*, and the *Nibelunge*.

The *Three Cuckoos*, p. 202, is from the *Kalevala*.

OEHLENSCHLAEGER. Born at Copenhagen. *Aladdin*, a lyrical drama, was his earliest production. Other dramas by him are *Earl Hakon*, *Axel and Walborg*, *Correggio*, *Queen Margaret*, *Charlemagne*, *Saint Olaf*, *Kiartan and Gudrun*, *The Normans in Byzantium*, and *Hamlet*. He has also written numerous lyrics.

TESSELSCHADE (Maria Tesselschade Krombalgh, her married name), the daughter of the rhetorician and poet Roemer Visscher, was the feminine star of a constellation of Dutch poets in the seventeenth century: Hooft, Starter, Brederoô, Huyghens, and Vondel.

VONDEL was the author of *Lucifer*, the grandest of all Dutch poems, a lyrical drama, put on the stage and printed in 1654, four years before the time when Milton is supposed to have begun his *Paradise Lost*, thirteen years before the publication of that. Vondel also wrote a number of Biblical and other tragedies and lyrics; besides translations of Sophocles, Virgil, and Ovid. When nearly eighty, he wrote his *Adam in Exile*, with "lovely choruses."

STEINMAR was one of the early German Minnesingers.

GOETHE. The great German's works, like Victor Hugo's, are too many to be named here. Between 1827 and 1835 they were published in fifty-six volumes. Only a few of the poetic must be mentioned: his young work *Götz von Berlichingen*, in 1773; *Egmont; Iphigenia in Tauris; Torquato Tasso; Hermann and Dorothea;* and the greatest of all, *Faust*, the first part of which appeared in 1802.

SCHILLER. Of his dramatic works the *Robbers* came out in 1777. *Fiesco, Cabal and Love, Mary Stuart*, and the *Maid of Orleans*, were produced between that date and 1799, when he brought out *Wallenstein*, comprising two five-act dramas, *The Piccolomini* and *The Death of Wallenstein*, and a prelude, *The Camp of Wallenstein*. *William Tell* is dated 1804.

Vivos voco—mortuos plango—fulgura frango (I call the living; I wail the dead; I break the lightning): words on the great bell of the minster at Schaffhausen. It was believed that the clangour of the Bell would break the electric fluid. The poem was written during war with France.

UHLAND. Songs and ballads, and some dramas.

KOERNER. Born at Dresden. Lyrical poems, tragedies and comedies. He died in battle.

HEINE, born at Dusseldorf, besides his well-known lyrics, wrote two tragedies.

FREILIGRATH. Of Westphalia. Poems of occasion. *The Dead to the Living*. Poems, 1836, 1849.

MICKIEWICZ. The Polish poets, Mickiewicz, Krasinski, Slovacki, like the Russian Byron, Pouchkine, are chiefly known through the French. Mickiewicz, a Lithuanian Pole, has written largely: *Grajina*, a story of the time of Pagan Lithuania in conflict with the Teutonic Knights; the *Dziady*, or *Feast of the Dead;* and his latest work, *Pan Thaddeus*, a poem of Lithuanian characteristics, place him in the foremost rank of poets. The *Ode to Youth*, p. 272, was written in 1830; the Sonnets (the first sonnets in Polish), pp. 274–5, during a journey in the Crimea.

RUSSIAN. To Mr. Ralston we owe these Songs of the Russian People, taken from his book so entitled, published in 1872.

SERVIAN. *The Building of Skadra* (Scutari), p. 279, and *The Holy Nicholas* are from Sir John Bowring's *Servian Popular Poetry*. *Stojan* and *Stojana* are Servian proper names, and imply a pun on two similar words—meaning *stand* and *station*. *Kral* is king; *Vaivode*—governor; *neimar*—master. The *Vila* is a presiding genius, capricious and sometimes malevolent, generally appearing as a woman of wondrous beauty, prophesying and dooming.

FALUDI is the Magyar Poet. His works were collected in 1786–7.

RADAY died in 1792. The date of his birth is not known.

SZLENTMYKLOSSY is without date.

PETÖFI (in Hungarian Petrovich Sandor) served in the Hungarian struggle for independence, in 1849, as adjutant to the Polish general, Bem; and is believed to have fallen at Segesvar. He is said to have written during six years nearly two thousand poems, chiefly lyrics, besides two dramas, translations, tales, and travels. The longest of his poems is *János, the Hero*.

RIGA. Spoken of by Byron as a Thessalian who fell in battle in the first outburst for Greek freedom.

FEZOULI. A Turkish poet. The lines at p. 293, from Borrow's *Targum*.

ARABIAN. From Mr. Payne's translation, yet in progress, of "*The Thousand Nights and One Night*," in which, he says, there are at least

ten thousand verses, in this twelve-syllable measure,—"poetry and doggrel."

FERDAUSI. Mr. Palmer styles Ferdausi "the Homer of Persia." His *Shah-Nameh*, or *Book of Kings*, is an epic. He was born in Khorassan, about 932 A.D.; the date of his death unknown. His real name (Ferdausi only assumed) was Abu'l Casim Mansur.

Rustam is the Persian Hercules. The *Kamand* is a kind of lasso.

OMAR EL KHAYYAM. Omar the Tent-maker. Astronomer and poet. Born in Khorassan in the latter half of the eleventh and died within the first quarter of the twelfth century. Contemporary and friend of Hasan Ben Sabbah, known to the Crusaders as the "Old Man of the Mountain," or "Chief of Assassins." Of these Quatrains or Tetrastichs (the stanzas generally independent of each other) a first edition, but a portion, from a manuscript written at Shiraz, A.D. 1460 (and now in the Bodleian Library), was printed in 1859. The Asiatic Society's Library at Calcutta has a copy with over five hundred Quatrains.

The *Little Crescent* is the New Moon, the first sight of which ends the fast of Ramazan.

SADI of Shiraz: whose each word is said to have seventy-two meanings; "the most eloquent of writers, the wittiest author of ancient or modern times; the Nightingale of a thousand songs." These "Rose-Leaves," p. 302, are from the *Gulistan*, or *Garden of Roses*, a work of unbounded popularity in the East: a long prose-poem,—short stories or maxims followed by verse in couplets and quatrains, and sometimes longer pieces, divided into eight chapters,—"*On the Manners of Kings—Qualities of Dervishes—Excellence of Contentment—Advantages of Taciturnity—Love and Youth—Decrepitude and Age—Effect of Education—Duties of Society.* This may serve as sample:—

MAXIM XXXVI.

"There is no better ornament for the ignorant than silence; and did he but know this, he would not be ignorant.

STANZA.

"Hast thou not perfect excellence, 'tis best
To keep thy tongue in silence,—for 'tis this
Which shames a man, as lightness does attest
The nut is empty, nor of value is."

Besides his *Rose-Garden*, Sadi wrote both in Persian and Arabic.

HAFIZ. The lyric poet of Persia was born at Shiraz in the early part of the fourteenth century, and died in 1388. His works comprise some seven hundred poems, mostly short pieces on love and wine, not without mystical meanings.

JAMI (his real name Abd. Al. Rahman), the last of the great Persian poets, was born in Khorassan. In addition to a variety of prose works, he wrote sixteen poems, the most notable his *Yusuf and Zulaikha*, our Bible story of Joseph and the wife of Potiphar, told in about ten thousand lines, with the marriage of Joseph and Zulaikha (under advice of the Angel Gabriel) for the happy ending.

Nún, sád, mim, alif, sin,—are letters of the Arabic alphabet, supposed fancifully to bear some likeness to Zulaikha's points of beauty. *Nún* is a crescent with a full point in the centre ن, and the centre inverted resembles the pure arch of the eyebrow; *alif* is a straight line, and so is her nose; add a cipher to it, it becomes 10, the "ten strong spells for the conquest of men." *Fount Kafur* is a fount in Paradise; the *garden of Iram* was a fabled garden in Arabia; the *seeds of rue* were used in enchantments.

HINDOO. The *Legend of Dhruva*, p. 307. The translator, Toru Dutt, was a young Hindoo girl of marvelous ability and promise, born in 1856 and dead in 1877. From her fourteenth to her eighteenth year she was in Europe, somewhile in France and Italy, and afterwards in England, attending the lectures for women at Cambridge; else her brief life was spent in her native Hindostan. She wrote a novel in French, of more than ordinary worth; she translated French poetry into English, how admirably may be judged by referring to the poems at pages 157, 166, and to 170, taken from her *Sheaf gleaned in French Fields* (printed first in India, in 1876); she translated Legends from the Hindoo; and wrote original poems of no mean excellence.

JAPANESE. *No Tidings*, p. 313, is from the *Mañyefushifu*, a collection of *A Myriad Leaves*. The shorter poems, pp. 313 and 314, from the *Kokiñshifu*, Odes Ancient and Modern of Japanese Classical Poetry.

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